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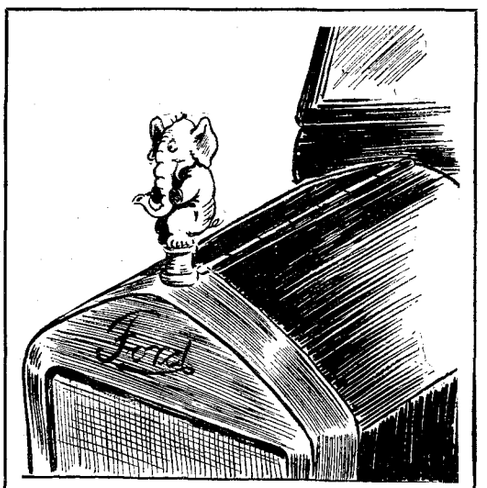
20

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

FIGURING THE HORSE-POWER OF THE FORD INDORSEMENT

A FEW MONTHS before Calvin Coolidge's unexpected accession to the Presidency, newspaper rumor has it, the Coolidge family held a serious conference to decide whether or not they could afford a Ford car. Not only has that problem presumably ceased to trouble him, but the President now finds himself in possession of shiny brand-new four-cylinder Ford indorsement for the Presidential race next fall. Since Henry Ford and "90 per cent. of the people" feel satisfied that "the country is perfectly safe with Coolidge," says Mr. Ford, "why change?" And he added in a statement which caused a sensation in the camps of all the candidates and took Mr. Ford's own candidacy out of the political trenches before Christmas: "I would never for a moment think of running against Calvin Coolidge for President on any ticket whatever. In this present situation I am for Coolidge."



THE NEW RADIATOR CAP

—Pascke in the Louisville *Times*.

This indorsement from a man who has been so widely and persistently discust as a candidate for the Presidential nomination on either the Democratic or a third-party ticket, the correspondents tell us, "brought unconcealed elation to Administration leaders interested in Mr. Coolidge's cause." "It pleased the White House so much that the President sent a telegram of thanks to the automobile manufacturer," we read in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Henry Ford's support, one correspondent avers, "makes of the Coolidge bandwagon a high-powered machine." At the same time, according to Louis Seibold, Washington correspondent of the Republican New York *Herald*, "it makes the road rougher for all except the President." A less sympathetic view is that of the Democratic Springfield *Illinois State Register*, which remarks that "Henry Ford's political flivver has attached itself as a trailer to the big limousine of Privilege, in which Calvin Coolidge hopes to ride to Presidential victory."

Henry Ford, correspondents remind us, was regarded by the political managers of the two old parties as "the bogie man of the 1924 Presidential campaign," and by many of the third-party advocates as a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness. In the dramatically unexpected statement issued from Detroit on December 18, from which we quoted at the beginning of this article, he said in part:

"I believe it is the wise and natural thing for the people to agree on the nomination and election of Mr. Coolidge. I am satisfied that 90 per cent. of the people feel perfectly safe with Coolidge, and I feel, too, that the country is perfectly safe with him. And if this is the feeling of the country, why change?

"Mr. Coolidge has shown in these months of service a great many qualities that should please his countrymen. I think they all feel that Mr. Coolidge means to do right. And when a man means to do right, so far as I have observed, it is usually quite easy for him to find the way to do right.

"Some people seem disturbed over the conditions which business will face during the Presidential election year. Of course there must be an election. But there is no reason why business should be disturbed by it, if the people by common consent agree they will hold to a good man while they have him. Public sentiment can be so formed long before the election that there need be no doubt about the election."

On the subject of his own candidacy, he added:

"No man has a right to say he never will consider public office nor accept public office. No man can predict his own acts and feelings so strongly as that. But this I will say, that I would never for a moment think of running against Calvin Coolidge for President on any ticket whatever. In this present situation I am for Coolidge."

Some of the possible effects of this move of Mr. Ford's, as predicted by the leaders of various political groups, are briefly listed as follows by a Washington correspondent of the Republican Springfield *Union:*

"1. Mr. Coolidge is virtually assured of the nomination.

"2. Democratic unity is made more certain, for Mr. Ford will not be knocking at the door of the 1924 national convention.

"3. William Gibbs McAdoo's chances for the Democratic nomination are strengthened, for Mr. McAdoo now may claim to all the surging Progressive sentiment, particularly in the West, which he and Ford heretofore had shared.

"4. Hiram Johnson has suffered another setback in his quest for the Republican nomination.

"5. Major obstacle is removed for Robert Marion La Follette in the event he wants to carry the third party banner which Ford has disdained.

"6. Mr. Ford's plans to develop Muscle Shoals in order to provide cheaper farm fertilizier probably will prevail."

The Ford indorsement, papers of all parties agree, virtually assures Calvin Coolidge's nomination—on the first ballot, say some Republican prophets. Hence the Ford statement is very generally described a "a terrific blow to Hiram Johnson," Mr. Coolidge's only avowed rival for the Republican nomination. According to the New York *Tribune*, a leading Republican paper, "it has already driven Senator Johnson to despair." Mr. Johnson, however, points out that Mr. Ford's "political opinions can not control a Republican nomination"; and he broadly

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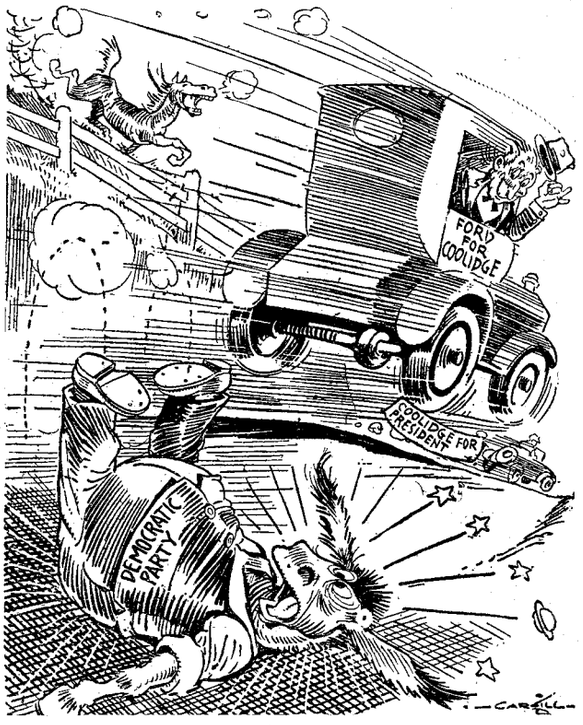
hints that the Ford indorsement of Coolidge is linked with the Ford offer to lease Muscle Shoals, and that the Detroit automobile manufacturer, eliminating himself as a Presidential candidate, will get Muscle Shoals as proposed in the Mellon bill, pending in Congress.

"In all discussions of the Ford indorsement, the Ford offer for Muscle Shoals has prominent mention," reports a Washington correspondent of the Democratic Birmingham *Age-Herald*. But the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) quotes "a man who knows the facts" in flat denial that any business or political "trade"



JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER!

(A Republican view of the situation.)

—Carhill in the Kansas City *Journal*.

transpired between the President and Mr. Ford. "To think such a thing would be an unjust reflection on both Mr. Ford and Mr. Coolidge," declares the Democratic Montgomery *Advertiser*, and in another Democratic paper, the New York *Times*, we read:

"As it stands, Senator Johnson's charge is little short of a political outrage. He adduces no facts to sustain it; only his small-minded surmises. The record of the whole transaction concerning Muscle Shoals is straight and clear and open to the public. Senator Johnson merely puts upon it an unfounded and malicious interpretation."

But if Mr. Ford's move means for Senator Johnson a loss of strategic position, for Senator La Follette it means an opportunity, some observers say.

The farmer, many political observers report, is the uncertain and unsatisfied element in the country at this time; and Henry Ford is supposed to have a big following in the agricultural sections. Can he bring the farm vote into the Coolidge camp? This question is answered with an unqualified negative by Roy M. Harrod, of Omaha, president of the National Ford Club. Says Mr. Harrod, as quoted in Mr. Hearst's New York *American:* "Henry Ford can never influence the farmers of the West to support Coolidge." On the other hand, we find the editor of the Des Moines *Iowa Homestead*, a farmers' weekly which strongly supported Brookhart in his campaign for the Senate, assuring his readers that "President Coolidge wants to do the right thing." Mr. Coolidge, this spokesman for the farmer adds, "is trying to be the President of all the people."

In the Republican camp Ford's indorsement of Coolidge was the signal for a jubilatory chorus. "It will be a great boost," exclaims Representative Wood of Indiana, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. It "shows how the tide is setting," remarks Senator Lodge. It "settles the whole business," in the opinion of Gov. Alexander Groesbeck, of Michigan. It "has helped crystallize a sentiment —'Coolidge and Confidence,'" says the Grand Rapids *Herald* (Rep.); and in the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) we read:

"Mr. Ford has not only taken himself out of the Presidential running, but has supplied the country with a watchword which will have its marked influence in electing Mr. Coolidge. His decision not to run against Mr. Coolidge 'on any ticket' will increase the certainty of Mr. Coolidge's election."

"Mr. Ford is probably as well informed regarding the sentiment of the country as any other man," thinks the Buffalo *News* (Rep.); and the New York *Herald* (Rep.) declares that "Ford has an enormous following with the American voters.' "When Mr. Ford says that Coolidge is the friend of the people the Ford adherents may readily accept his judgment," remarks the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.). "No one man in the United States could mean so much to the Coolidge candidacy just now as Henry Ford," declares the Boston *Herald* (Rep.). "Mr. Ford may have talked considerable nonsense, but he is talking good sound common sense now," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). The Chicago *Post* (Rep.) describes Mr. Ford's statement as "a worth-while tribute from one efficient man to another." The Manchester *Union* (Rep.) rejoices that "a very powerful ally has put himself squarely in the Coolidge column"; and the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil* (Rep.) remarks: "It will be reasonably safe now to proceed on the theory that we are going to have four more years of Coolidge."

In the independent press we find a general agreement that President Coolidge has gained greatly by Mr. Ford's support. "The immediate effect on the Coolidge boom is tremendous," says the Detroit *Free Press*, which reports that "for the time every Presidential candidacy except that of Mr. Coolidge is completely in the shade." "There can be no doubt of the value to the Coolidge candidacy of the indorsement of the man who was being boomed as his most radical opponent," remarks the New York *Evening Post*. But the Springfield *Republican* points out that "Republicans and Democrats find a common cause for rejoicing in the removal of the serious menace of Ford's independent candidacy which could have cut across regular party lines." This independent Massachusetts daily goes on to say:

"Ford more than any other man could have polled a dangerous independent vote in the South, or the Democratic border States. Now that he is eliminated as a Presidential possibility, regular Democrats feel that the going is better. Their fight over the nominations will be an old-fashioned family mix-up."

Turning finally to the Democratic testimony, we find a widespread feeling that the problems confronting their party are simplified and clarified by Mr. Ford's statement. Senator King (Dem.), of Utah, "does not think that 10,000 votes will be affected by the announcement." "The withdrawal of Henry Ford from the political arena is viewed by the McAdoo forces as favorable to their candidate, because they had feared that his activities in the Democratic primaries would detract greatly from McAdoo's strength and weaken him when he came up against the two-thirds vote in the convention," reports a Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald;* and in a Washington dispatch to the Detroit *News* we read:

"The Democrats see their situation clarified. In addition to

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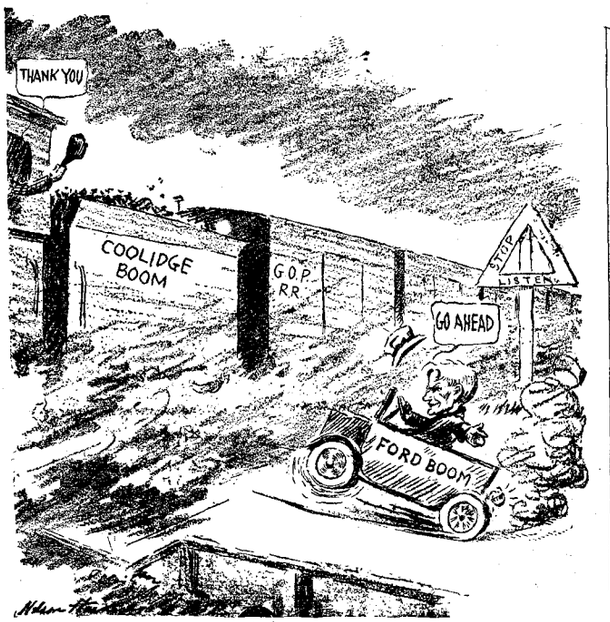
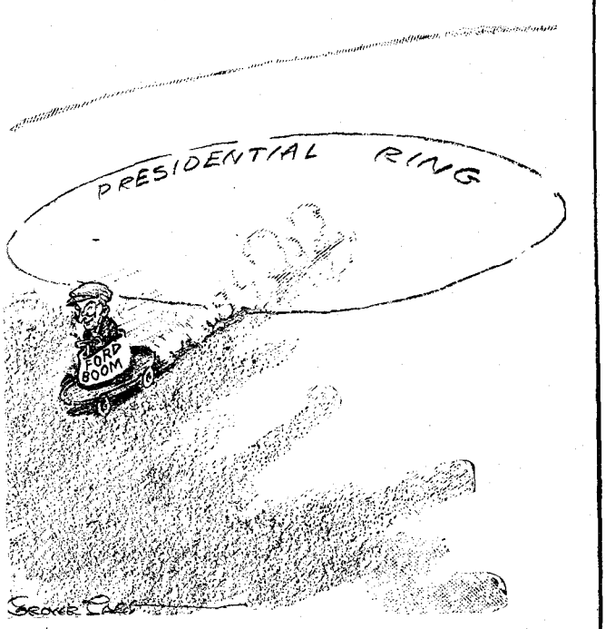


SAFETY FIRST
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.



UNDER ITS OWN POWER
—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

DEMOCRATIC BELITTLEMENT OF HENRY FORD'S SELF-DENIAL

he removal of Ford as a disturbing element in their party, the act that his announcement has increased the probability of Mr. Coolidge's nomination by the Republicans has simplified the Democratic situation, because it has set up the President as a lefinite target for them to shoot at.

"If Mr. Coolidge is to be the Republican candidate, and his party platform is to be modeled on the conservative lines of his message to Congress, the obvious course for the Democrats is o pick a candidate of liberal tendencies, and seek to garner all he elements discontented with the Administration attitude.

"The consensus of opinion here, therefore, is that Mr. Ford's leclaration has strengthened the position of William Gibbs McAdoo, already regarded as the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. Mr. McAdoo is the most liberal of the ctive Democratic aspirants."

Another source of Democratic consolation, we are told, is he theory that "most of the men who have supported Ford are voters with Democratic leanings whom Ford will be unable to carry into the Republican camp." "The class of Democrats who have exprest a preference for Ford are not conservatives, and few of them can be seduced into the high tariff fold of the Old Guard," declares the Democratic Louisville *Courier-Journal*. As the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.) sees it, "the greater part of Mr. Ford's support would have come to him because of his personality, and in spite of his political views; but this personality is not transferable." Mr. Ford's enlistment under he Coolidge banner, declares the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.), nstead of weakening the Democratic situation, "undoubtedly strengthens it." This Georgia daily proceeds to analyze the situation as follows:

"In the first place it removes a 'bogy' that has bobbed up in practically every State where preferential primaries for next spring are being planned or arranged for.

"The continual uncertainty as to what Mr. Ford would do, as to what brand of party politics he would finally call for, and as to how serious were his Presidential aspirations, if any, have all served to drop a fog over the whole political surface; and democratic leaders everywhere have been groping in this fog, trying to get their bearings.

"As it is the Ford statement lifts this fog, and makes it possible to proceed with the strength of certainty and definiteness as to the 1924 campaigns.

"That Mr. Ford's support of the Republican nominee can not be appraised with any alarm by Democrats is obvious to any student of American politics.

"In the first place, Mr. Ford's greatest strength is in the South and Southwest, and these States will go for the Democratic nominee in the general elections in spite of any one man's allegiance to the Republican ticket, including the Detroit manufacturer.

"His next greatest strength is in the Republican States of the West, and his support will add to the popular vote, perhaps, but will not change the figures in the electoral college.

"In the Northwest where Republican defection is anticipated, which can, in cold-blooded appraisement, serve only to strengthen the Democratic position, the Ford support of Coolidge will accentuate that defection.

"In the East, where Mr. Ford is regarded as more or less of a political fanatic, tho according to him immeasurable merit as a manufacturer, the Ford support of Coolidge will be more of a liability than an asset.

"On the whole, the Democrats, if they will act with discretion in Congress, cease flirting with insurgents, clasp hands with the Republican majority in enacting constructive economic legislation, including tax reforms, and attempt no baby-act tactics for 'party expediency,' will find the definite Ford position more helpful than otherwise."

"Whoever inherits the fatherless Ford votes, the one thing the Ford decision has done has been to clarify the campaign situation and mark with some certainty the lines on which the battles will be fought," remarks the Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and it goes on to say:

"Ford's personal declaration in favor of Coolidge may be expected to affect a good many ballots. On the other hand, those Republicans who might have voted for Ford because of dissatisfaction with the Administration conceivably might still prefer the Johnson candidacy. On the Democratic side, the candidates who would have suffered most with Ford in the running are those who will profit most by his elimination. McAdoo's supporters, in particular, probably count the Ford withdrawal as of benefit to their campaign. With all this still in doubt, the automobile manufacturer's announcement nevertheless disposes of the one great question of the early campaign. The political leaders whose minds it has troubled may well thank him for answering it thus soon. They know now where they stand and who their rivals are. This will be no 1912. A rattling good fight in the conventions, and an uncomplicated two-party election in the fall. No Ford to worry about, and nobody else to inject unknown quantities into the campaign. So much is settled."

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First, President Coolidge Said:

"Our Government does not propose to enter into any relations with another régime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations. I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandise of any American principles.

"But while the favor of America is not for sale, I am willing to make very large concessions for the purpose of rescuing the people of Russia. Already encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society can be detected. But more are needed. Whenever there appears to be a disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled, and to recognize that debt contracted with our Government, not by the Czar, but by the newly formed Republic of Russia; whenever the active spirit of enmity to our institutions is abated; whenever there appear works meet for repentance; our country ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia. We have every desire to help and no desire to injure. We hope the time is near at hand when we can act."—*From the President's address to Congress, December 6.*

Then, Foreign Minister Tchitcherin Replied:

"After reading your message to Congress, the Soviet Government, sincerely anxious to establish at last firm friendship with the people and Government of the United States, informs you of its complete readiness to discuss with your Government all problems mentioned in your message, these negotiations being based on the principle of mutual non-intervention in internal affairs.

"The Soviet Government will continue whole-heartedly to adhere to this principle, expecting the same attitude from the American Government.

"As to the question of claims mentioned in your message, the Soviet Government is fully prepared to negotiate with a view toward its satisfactory settlement on the assumption that the principle of reciprocity will be recognized all around.

"On its part the Soviet Government is ready to do all in its power, so far as the dignity and interests of its country permit, to bring about the desired end of renewal of friendship with the United States of America."—*Note to President Coolidge, December 17.*

Then, Secretary Hughes Closed the Conversation:

"There would seem to be at this time no reason for negotiations. The American Government, as the President said in his message to the Congress, is not proposing to barter away its principles.

"If the Soviet authorities are ready to restore the confiscated property of American citizens or make effective compensation, they can do so. If the Soviet authorities are ready to repeal their decree repudiating Russia's obligations to this country and recognize them, they can do so.

"It requires no conference or negotiations to accomplish these results, which can and should be achieved at Moscow as evidence of good faith.

"The American Government has not incurred liabilities to Russia or repudiated obligations.

"Most serious is the continued propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country. This Government can enter into no negotiations until these efforts directed from Moscow are abandoned."—*Statement sent from the State Department to our Consul at Reval, December 18.*

A LITTLE TALK WITH RUSSIA

NO RUSH TO KNOW RUSSIA

VISIONS OF UNCLE SAM extending a diplomatic hand of recognition and greeting to the Moscow Government, which appeared to various minds in Washington and Moscow after the President spoke of his hope of a change of attitude "near at hand" in his address to Congress, went glimmering when Secretary Hughes had his say on Russia less than two weeks later. And the upshot of it all is that our editors and political correspondents seem certain that recognition of the Soviet Government is now farther away than ever, opinion being divided over the desirability of the prolonged postponement, and over the Hughes way of doing the postponing. Incidentally, the subject is opened up for Congressional discussion, with Senators Borah and others demanding more light, and Secretary Hughes publishing documents showing the Muscovite desire to put a Red flag on the White House.

There seems to be little sectional or partizan grouping of the apparently predominating proportion of papers which express approval of the Hughes policy as exprest in the note quoted on this page. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.) likes the "ring of righteous wrath to the Hughes note." The Providence *News* (Ind.) declares that Secretary Hughes never contributed "a finer moral document" than his reply to the Russian officials. In the "humble estimation" of the New York *Commercial*, "Secretary Hughes, by the manner in which he addrest the Russian despots, did more to reaffirm the people in this country in the wisdom of leaving the Communist terrorists and nation-wreckers to stew in their own juice until they have a change of heart than he could by a baker's dozen of diplomatic notes, couched in involved phrases capable of being read any way that best suited the reader." As the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) sees it, whatever the temporary profits of broader trade relations might be, "we can not afford to deal at present with a Russia which stands aloof from decent standards of international association." Russia now, it explains, does not respect the rules of international comity or the sanctity of international engagements, "it does not want to acknowledge the validity of the Russian Government's debt to the American Government, or of Russian debts to American citizens," and it encourages "propaganda here for the forcible overthrow of our Republican institutions." According to *The Tribune:*

"These offenses against international decency make Soviet Russia an outlaw. Our people do not deny Russia's right to govern herself and to put up with despotism, posturing either as Bolshevism or Czarism. But we do demand that Russia shall go back to civilized conduct of her foreign relations before the United States gives her the benefit of diplomatic recognition.

"Russian Communism is a Box and Cox affair. Governing in the Kremlin, it may promise not to agitate for the destruction of other Governments. But sitting in the Third Internationale, it can supply State funds for such agitation, as it has been doing for a long time in the case of the United States."

Or, as a Democratic paper, the Wilmington (Del.) *Every Evening*, puts it:

"So long as the Communist party thrusts its fingers into all the activities of life in Russia, including its economic side, and its educational and religious sides; and so long as the peasants and the industrial classes attempt to set up a rule of equality of ownership and socialistic confiscation, Russia's Government always will stand upon an uncertain brink. Evidently it is this condition that impresses itself on the mind of Secretary Hughes; and until Russia has found herself in the spirit of true representative government, based upon sound legal and economic principles, she will remain isolated from the other nations of the world."

Just to indicate the breadth of the editorial support given to the Hughes statement, it may be interesting to note that among the applauders are found the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), *News Bureau* (Ind.), *Herald* (Rep.), and *Post* (Dem.), Manchester *Union* (Rep.), Providence *Journal* (Ind.), New York *Herald* (Rep.), *Times* (Dem.), *Daily News* (Ind.), and *Evening Post* (Ind.), Buffalo *Courier* (Dem.), Albany *Journal* (Rep.), Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.), Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), *Record* (Dem.), and *Inquirer* (Rep.), Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* (Rep.), Washington *Post* (Ind.), and *Star* (Ind.), Charleston *News and Courier* (Dem.), Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.), Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), Indianapolis *News* (Ind.), St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Rep.), Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.), Des Moines *Capital* (Rep.), and St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Ind.).

And a number of these papers return again to applaud when they find Mr. Hughes, in their opinion, "producing the evidence of the Soviet Government's continued propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country." For the day after the Hughes statement there was published from the State Department a set of directions from Zinovieff, President of the Communist Internationale and of the Moscow Soviet, for the guidance of the

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Workers' party of America, the Communist organization in the United States. Instructions in this document provide for propaganda among workers in our large industries, for the organization of these workers into units of ten, and for the appointment in each of these units of ten of a fighting unit of not less than three men who "must once a week be given instructions in shooting," then the hope is exprest that the party will win over the proletariat of America, "and in the not distant future raise the Red flag over the White House." In reply to critics it was later given out from the Department of State that these instructions were not "old stuff," but were issued in August, 1923, and the *Isvestia*, a Moscow Soviet organ, was quoted as saying on November 7, 1922, that "the close organic and spiritual connection between the Soviet Republic and the Communist Internationale is an accomplished fact."

Upon which documents the Philadelphia *Inquirer* comments that "it was bad enough for that Government to confiscate American property and to repudiate Russian obligations to this country, but to ask us to embrace such brigands and murderers when we know that they are seeking to stab us in the back is to go upon the assumption that the American people are both blind and feeble-minded." And the Indianapolis *News* argues that while there is no reason for alarm over the possible success of this propaganda among our workers, "there is every reason for refusing to recognize the Government which plans it."

From Russia, however, comes the flat statement that "the Soviet Government never sent such or any other instructions to the American Workers' party or any other party in the United States." In the United States Senate, Mr. Norris (Rep., Neb.) has attacked the Hughes note as "bluntly discourteous," and declares that "there is no scintilla of proof of the alleged revolutionary enterprise." The correspondents report that the matter will have a full investigation in connection with Senator Borah's pending resolution proposing Russian recognition.

And there are newspapers which are not altogether satisfied with the Hughes documents. The New York *American* thinks that "the misrepresentation of Russia by Hughes" is a grave blunder, and it does not recall any situation "when our Government was put in a position more discreditable by our State Department." Mr. Hughes's "confession of childish fear" imply amuses Mr. Arthur Brisbane of *The American*. "Secretary Hughes is a fool," is all Heywood Broun can think of saying when he turns his attention in the New York *World* to matters of politics for a moment. In its editorial columns *The World*, while admitting that the document published by the State Department may be authentic, wonders whether Mr. Hughes really expects people to take seriously "such ludicrous propaganda" about the Red flag and fighting units—

"Such preparations for carnage would rouse more apprehension if it were not for the memory of those supposedly harmless *Schützenfests*, once so popular a diversion among the German-Americans in and around New York. They actually got together and shot at targets for prizes. Nothing came of it, and the custom passed with the war; but if the Reds start it, our civilization is, of course, tottering. Officially it is up to us to be frightened to death. Officially we are."

"EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

More seriously, *The World* declares that—

"Secretary Hughes does not need to prove that there is a connection between the Russian Soviet Republic and the Third Internationale. What Mr. Hughes is called upon to prove is that the oligarchy in control of the Russian Government is now engaged or has within any reasonable time been engaged in promoting revolution in the United States. That is what the Zinovieff document, issued the other day by the State Department, was supposed to prove. The document is unconvincing because it is not yet certain that it is genuine."

Nor are all our editors convinced of the impossibility and undesirability of recognizing Russia. As the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* (Dem.) argues on general principles:

"We believe that Russia, while in the hands of a government highly objectionable to us, would not act as badly if received back into the family of nations as if kept out, and we feel sure that the recovery of sanity there would be hastened by the resumption by all the nations of friendly relations with Russia.

"Recognition of a form of government would not mean approval of that form. It would be merely an admission that that form of government existed in that country and was accepted by its people. Since we don't propose to go to war with Russia to force our ideas on her, we might as well resume our relations with her as she is, as we have in the past held friendly relations without trying to force our ideas on them. The influence of our ideas would be much stronger if we abandoned an attitude of impotent hostility."

Then, too, the bruskness of the Hughes note to Tchitcherin is disliked by papers like the Boston *Globe* (Dem.), Cleveland *Press* (Ind.), and Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.). The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), which remarks that "the State Department is still busy hanging camphor-bags around its neck to ward off scarlet fever," thinks that we might well approach the subject of Russia's debts "with at least the spirit of concession that we have displayed at winking at the virtual repudiation that has overtaken our war loans to the minor nations of Europe." And if it is true that no negotiations are necessary in regard to the Russian financial claims, it seems strange to the Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.) that we should be negotiating with Germany over such problems by means of a Mixed Claims Commission—

"We have one method for our late enemy and another for the country which sacrificed infinitely more than we did for the Allied cause. And toward Germany we are much more generous."

Finally, the New York *Journal of Commerce* recounts certain facts which apparently go to show that Great Britain and the Mediterranean countries are arriving at "a fairly definite understanding with Russia," and adds:

"It is certainly not necessary either for the protection of our citizens, the safeguarding of our 'principles,' or the maintenance of anything we have stood for in the past that we should absolutely refuse to consider the question of relationship with Russia. What we do want is to find out first of all the facts about the whole matter and to put them forth in a concrete form. Finally, we need to make up our own minds as to the purposes that we seek in our Russian negotiations and definitely to settle the question whether we want to reestablish trade relations, or to permit opportunities to be absorbed by other countries."

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IS GERMANY STARVING?

THE NEW YEAR is going to be cold and cheerless in Germany, according to unbiased reports from our Commercial Attaché at Berlin and heads of various relief and welfare organizations. Roughly, one-third of Germany's population—20,000,000—are suffering "acute privation," says Secretary Hoover's agent, because of "wide-spread unemployment, financial exhaustion of the German Government, inability of merchants to finance the usual margin of imports, the breakdown of German currency, and consequently of distribution of domestic

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY
—Cargill in the Kansas City *Journal*.

supplies from the farms to the cities, and the inability of large masses of the people to buy, even if supplies were available." As the Philadelphia *Record* explains, "the city people have nothing to buy food with except paper marks, and the country people will not accept them." "The class in Germany that feels the pinch most at present," observes the Des Moines *Register*, "is the upper middle class."

In the opinion of the Dayton *Journal*, "the principal question is whether this hunger is caused by natural or artificial conditions." Some authorities maintain that there is an actual shortage of food. Others affirm just as vigorously that there is no shortage, but that "an artificial one has been created." In view of this conflict of opinion, let us see what C. E. Herring, our Commercial Attaché at Berlin, reports from first-hand information obtained in Germany. Says this agent of the Department of Commerce:

"The purchasing power of millions of the industrial population has been so affected by unemployment that they can no longer provide a minimum ration for themselves and their families. It is estimated that on November 1 between two and three million were totally unemployed in unoccupied Germany, and seven million on part-time work, of whom three million were on half-time or less. This leaves about one and one-half to two million in unoccupied territory on full time. In the occupied area from 80 to 90 per cent. of organized labor is still totally or partly unemployed.

"The Government doles for total or partial unemployment are entirely inadequate, and the financial exhaustion of the German Government is so great that it is questionable how long even the present amounts can be continued.

"Normal food distribution has practically broken down because of the failure of the old currency. These difficulties are further complicated by food riots in the cities, the plundering of food-shops, and the seizure of food in shipment."

Hiram K. Moderwell, an experienced foreign correspondent also points out in a Berlin dispatch to the Washington *Star* that—

"Germany, before the war, raised 85 per cent. of her own grain, 65 per cent. of her meats, and 50 per cent. of her fats and dairy products. Farm produce is now reduced to about 25 per cent., and the Government is financially unable to import supplementary food. . . .

"The unemployed, who are now living on the last resources of the German Government, receive a dole sufficient to purchase one loaf of bread daily. The results on the health of children are as might be anticipated.

"It was recently stated that one baby out of every ten now born in Berlin goes to an orphan asylum. If such condition had come suddenly they would have caused a bloody revolution but, coming gradually, they have weakened the people so that they literally have not sufficient energy to revolt."

"There are towns in Germany where one child in four is tuberculous," a school-teacher told another writer, "and these must infect the others in time, because everybody is undernourished." Continues this observer, S. L. Bensusan, in a London daily:

"The town is overcrowded and rooms are rationed. The children, or a great number of them, have no underclothing. Many boys go about with just two garments, a coat and a pair of trousers. Where the coat does not fit tightly, you see bare skin. The girls have a jacket, skirt, stockings and boots or shoes; the little babies in their charge are in rags."

This, in brief, is the situation in Germany, as reported by unbiased observers. That the United States is not unaware of these conditions is shown by the announcement of President Coolidge, through Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, that the Administration approves and desires to encourage to the utmost private charity for the relief of the people of Germany. W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, also declares that the Administration is considering a proposition looking to an appropriation of $150,000,000 for German food relief this winter. Continues this veteran political correspondent:

"If Congress favors this plan for German relief, where will it get the ready cash? It will not want to authorize a bond sale nor to increase taxes. I am told that the War Finance Corporation has approximately $150,000,000 of unexpended funds in its possession, and that these will be used in case Congress looks with favor upon the proposition.

"The farmers will be expected to support the loan, and their bloc in Congress is large enough to control any situation that may arise. If wheat and pork products to the value of $150,000,000 can be bought and shipped out of the country during the next six months, farm prices generally will begin to increase, and by spring agricultural unrest may largely be a thing of the past."

The American Federation of Labor is also reported to have undertaken relief work for the support of labor organizations in Germany, while Representative Berger, Socialist of Wisconsin, has introduced a bill in the House asking the Government to guarantee a loan of $1,000,000,000 to Germany. Meanwhile Germany herself has not been caught napping. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Paris, she has asked the Reparations Commission for permission to pledge the resources of the Reich as guaranty for a loan of from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000 with which to buy grain and fats abroad.

While Germany comes in for a scathing arraignment here and there, "no one," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "is hard hearted enough to be willing for any of the Germans to die of starvation." And this seems to be the attitude of the majority of American editors. Already Maj.-Gen. Henry T. Allen

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formerly in command of the American forces of occupation in Germany, has been placed at the head of a children's relief committee, for, as we are told by the New York *Tribune*, "Americans are averse to visiting on the innocent, either in Russia or Germany, the sins of the guilty."

The food problem in Germany, declares the Boston *Globe*, "is definite, real, and appalling," and the Springfield *Republican* contends that "to feed the starving is as essential as to care for the wounded after a battle, and America has never shown herself slow to respond to such a call." This is the attitude taken by such widely scattered papers as the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Altanta *Constitution*, Los Angeles *Times*, New York *Evening Post*, Houston *Chronicle*, Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Salt Lake City *Deseret News*, Davenport (Iowa) *Times*, and Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

On the other hand, not a few American editors suspect that this latest move in behalf of Germany is another piece of "Junker trickery." It is not easy, for instance, for the Troy *Times* to understand why so many Germans should be suffering from hunger. As this paper points out:

"Germany has rehabilitated many of her factories, some of which have been increased in capacity and put in far better condition than before the war. German companies have been constructing vessels, and the country is gradually resuming the prestige it once enjoyed on the seas. If they have money with which to rehabilitate factories, and build ships, it would seem that they would have a sufficient supply of food to meet the demand."

"There are unhappy conditions in Germany," admits the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, "but they are curable by the Germans themselves." In the belief of this paper:

"Before the treasury of this country is opened for food supplies to be sent to any land there ought to be accurate information secured and the need for the food established. There has been about enough post-war trickery played."

The French attitude, as reported by Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, is that—

"To allow Germany to float a food loan having priority over reparations means to delay reparations by just that amount, which, in turn, means that Frenchmen who have wealth must loan that much more to the Paris Government.

"Inasmuch as billions in wealth have been sent out of Germany to avoid paying reparations, it is up to those German holders of wealth rather than French holders of wealth to finance German food imports.'

"France is skeptical about the German food shortage, and insists the German wheat crop is the best in thirty-five years," notes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Moreover—

"France recalls its earlier consent to a similar German food credit. This was to aid German restoration; but nothing of the kind happened. No restoration attempts were made; but Germany became more determined than ever to pay no reparations. For France all that came of it was the loss of her part of 1,000,000,000 gold marks."

"Time and again," we are informed by the Troy *Record*, "the American people have contributed without stint to assist sufferers in Russia, Japan, Italy, and other parts of the world. But charity for Germany is a very different matter." Continues *The Record:*

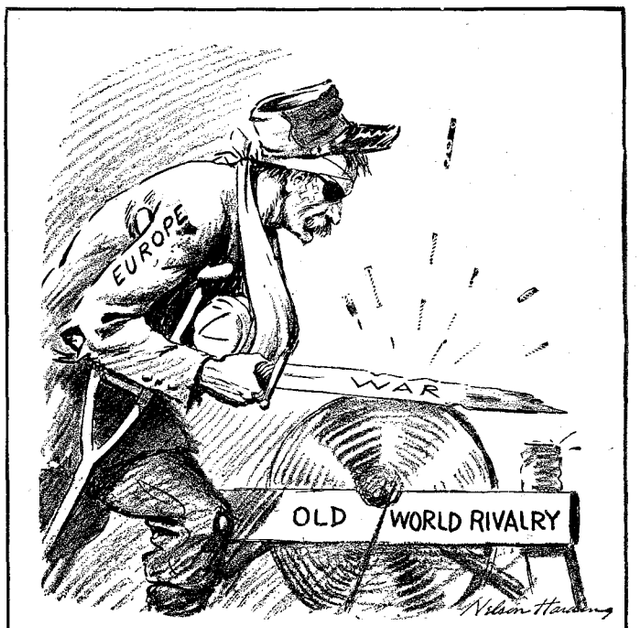
"War memories are still vivid in the public mind. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, attacks on American industry; shelling of churches and libraries in Europe; the killing of women and children indiscriminately on sea and land—all these are facts that stand out with great distinctness. We can not be blamed as a people if we do not forget them easily and quickly.

"It will be argued, of course, that the Germans who now are suffering were not the ones who did the fighting, or who were to blame for the war or the inhuman conduct of the war. But the Kaiser and his bunch had the backing of the German people. For that matter, not a few of them are loyal to the Kaiser still.

"The Germans as a people deserve no American sympathy."

IS GERMANY ARMING?

TO CRUSH FRANCE AND BELGIUM in a new war, Germany is arming, we are told by press correspondents, and "the day" is near at hand. "Rapid military training of large numbers of men in excess of the Versailles Treaty stipulations has been progressing," we read. "The 'Fatherland Association,' Hitler's men, the 'War Comrades,' the 'Steel Helmets,' and a hundred other such organizations are openly parading." In Bavaria, where "recruiting has been especially heavy," the police "have been seen engaging in maneuvers with the Army." Moreover, Wilbur Forrest cables the Chicago *Tribune* that a majority of the 1,500 war planes now being manufactured in Holland are destined instead for Germany, and the New York *Times* quotes General Malleterre's



CRIPPLED SOLDIER SEEKS OLD TRADE

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

statement that more than 2,000,000 rifles and 20,000 machine-guns "are concealed among the population as well as in military centers," along with abundant ammunition, while the Reichswehr affords "all the elements of an active Army." Supplies will come from Russia, it is said. As the interallied military control ceased more than a year ago, and as the French Foreign Minister recently declared that Germany would not permit its renewal, all these accounts, based largely upon French statements, are taken rather seriously by American editors. Says the Tacoma *Ledger:*

"Military men in Great Britain do not believe that Germany could make much progress against the French Army because of the absence of artillery and tanks, and that therefore a German uprising against the French would be 'mass suicide,' pure and simple.

"How any one knows that Germany is totally devoid of artillery, both field and heavy, is not very clear considering the fact that the interallied military control commission has not functioned for something like two years. During that time there has been no supervision of German plants and arsenals by Allied officers, and there is little reason why the adroit Germans should not have been quietly making guns and ammunition, at least until the supply of steel was cut off through the Allied occupation of the Ruhr.

"It was reported, and not denied, that the Krupps were given a substantial concession for the establishment of great works for the manufacture of agricultural machinery in Russia. Agricultural machinery plants might, in a pinch, manufacture machinery more fit to destroy a land than to cultivate it especially

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if the plants were owned by Germans and operated in the heart of Russia."

In a dispatch from Paris to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Wythe Williams reproduces General Mangin's announcement that—

"Many inventions are now being made in Germany and startling results already have been obtained. Precautionary measures have been taken against virtually every sort of poison gas. Special apparatus has been created to protect the whole body of the soldier like a monk's cloak and which also provides for the renewal of air—the mask of the apparatus providing not only for the creation but for the retention of oxygen, thus permitting it to be worn for a long period.

"Also a sensational type of airplane has been devised which, by casting a ray of light upon ammunition depots, will set them afire. To counteract this, we are now studying a new process to stop an airplane's engines in midair, thus enabling us to destroy it before it does any damage."

In an editorial headed "Starving and Arming?" the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer* quotes "an authority," who speaks of "very extensive recruiting and arming by a country that expects to be fed by foreign charity through most of the present winter." Whereupon, the Raleigh editor remarks:

"It is the way of the Junkers. They insist on carrying out their nationalistic schemes no matter if children starve and women weep. There is a degree of liberal opinion in Germany, but it is likely that no one on the outside knows anything of the fearful discouragements against which it has to struggle."

But cabling from Berlin to the Chicago *Tribune*, Raymond Fendrick gives his reasons for believing that the Germans are not by any means ready for an armed clash with their enemies:

"Germany is really helpless to undertake a war of revenge against France in the immediate future.

"This statement was given me to-day by one of the most important American military experts in Berlin who outlines his reasons as follows:

"1. Germany does not have one single first-class military airplane, while France has 10,000 and every airplane factory in France is working full time now to increase this vast aerial fleet. From their advance bases, every strategic point in Germany is within radius of this enormous fleet.

"2. Germany's steel and chemical industries and its coal-mines are largely in French hands.

"3. The French have an overwhelming superiority in light and heavy artillery, tanks, armored cars, motorized machine-guns and other war material.

"4. The French can advance down to the Main River valley from Frankfort, and cut off Bavaria without difficulty.

"5. From their advance bases in the Ruhr and Rhineland, the French can overrun all western Germany and force fighting on German soil before Germany can mobilize.

"6. The French have organized powerful armies in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia which can be thrown against Germany in a crisis.

"7. Five classes of young men in Germany who have grown up since the war have not even had the slightest military training.

"8. The German workingmen are more opposed to war than ever before, and the control of the autocratic classes over these workmen has been largely broken.

"9. Russia is now furious at Germany for crushing communism, and is negotiating an alliance with France.

"The hope of the German ruling classes to start a war of revenge against the French is an openly admitted fact in Germany, but they do not have the slightest chance of so doing in the immediate future. No one feels the truth of this better than Field Marshal von Hindenburg and other German leaders, because they have said it repeatedly in council speeches."

A dispassionate discussion of the reports of secret German arming, written from the British view-point, appears in a London letter to the Baltimore *Sun* from Hector C. Bywater. This authoritative writer on military and naval matters admits that the French are by no means alone in the suspicions thus phrased by one French observer of the defeated foes across the Rhine: "Give them another two years without supervision and they will be ready for the long-meditated war of revenge." We are told that "British officers with experience of control work in Germany are just as sure of her capacity and of her will to become a great military Power once more." One of these officers, Prof. J. H. Morgan, has stated in a lecture that "Germany is still a giant, if a maimed giant—how strong we never realized until we began to disarm her," and he adds that "no country is 'disarmed' if, after its war material has been scrapped and its armies demobilized, it has still got lethal secrets up its sleeve." The circumstantial reports of the manufacture and storing of war materials in the remoter parts of the Fatherland can not, we are told, "be brushed aside as mere tittle-tattle"; "they ought to be probed to the bottom, and that without delay, for the bare prospect of Germany suddenly taking the field to inaugurate a new continental war is enough to curdle the blood in the veins of every reflective European." This writer is, however, inclined to think that there is much of exaggeration in these stories, and he is imprest by the fact that when rumors about the secret building of submarines were circulated over a year ago an extended investigation found that they were absolutely without foundation. And "it is, in any case, hardly credible that the Germans, even the most desperate and least rational of them, would be so foolish as to do the one thing most calculated to bring England into line with France regarding the coercion of their country."

THE SOUTHERN DELEGATE "SCANDAL"

"AN ACT REPUGNANT to every sense of fair dealing" is Senator Hiram Johnson's characterization of the measure increasing Southern representation in the Republican National Convention. "The will of the Republican party has been flouted," declares the Californian in a statement to the press. Instructions given by the last National Convention have been "contemptuously ignored." As a result, "the Republican States are penalized. The Southern States, where there is no Republican party and where delegates sometimes are a farce and a scandal, are rewarded." Senator Johnson points out that States which have never cast an electoral vote for the Republican nominees have been given power in the Convention equal to States always Republican. Taking South Carolina and Mississippi as "illustrating what was done and what now has been undone," the Senator tells us:

"South Carolina polled 2,600 votes for President Harding; Mississippi 11,500 votes. Under the mandate of the National Convention of 1920 South Carolina was awarded four delegates and Mississippi four. This action was yesterday rescinded by the committee. The mandate of the last Convention was contemptuously ignored and South Carolina is now given eleven and Mississippi twelve, a total for the two States polling 14,000 Harding votes of twenty-three delegates.

"In those States there is no real Republican party. There is nothing Republican in them except a few office-holders, absolutely under the direction and control of the Administration. South Dakota polled 110,000 votes for Harding and is given thirteen delegates. Michigan polled 762,000 Harding votes—fifty times as many as South Carolina and Mississippi—and is given only thirty-three delegates.

"This kind of politics needs no characterization.

"Nebraska polled 250,000 Harding votes, nearly eighteen times as many as those two Southern States, and has nineteen delegates. Indiana, with 606,000 Harding votes, forty-three times as many, has thirty-three delegates.

"California, polling 625,000 Harding votes, forty-four times as many, has twenty-nine delegates.

"New Jersey, with 611,000 votes, is given thirty-one delegates."

John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, defends the new apportionment, calling it a reward for "the healthy increase of Republican party strength in the South," we are told, but the Baltimore *American* (Rep.) finds a different explanation, and remarks:

"There are a number of pivotal States in which the negro holds the balance of power, and there was apprehension—so they tell

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us—that he might use it if there was discrimination against him in representation in the nominating convention."

Meanwhile, the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer* (Dem.) exclaims:

"So the Grand Old Party can not get along without the colored brother! It is afraid to limit Southern representation in the convention according to the Republican vote in the Southern States because of the fear that to do so will estrange the large colored vote in such states as Ohio, Missouri, New York, New Jersey and Illinois. It made great protestations of newly acquired virtue two years ago, but now that the test has come, there is abject surrender. It is what those wise to the party of high moral ideas had expected. Anything to win is the slogan. But this slogan may act as a boomerang."

That the Republican National Committee was actually intimidated in the interest of the negroes, is the belief of the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), which tells us:

"When the body first convened it appeared to have no thought of doing what it has done. Indeed, it turned down coldly the first attempts of the representatives from the rotten borough districts to get the subject before the meeting. But finally Harmon L. Remmel, national committeeman from Arkansas, remarked pointedly that the negroes hold the balance of power in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, and are an important factor in Pennsylvania and New York City, and he observed that, if he were a negro, he would desert the Republican party in case he were treated as under the new rule. Mr. Remmel's remarks seem to have frightened the spineless committee out of all consideration of what is fair, decent and equitable. The members promptly yielded to intimidation and knuckled under.

"But even their surrender was not clean cut, for their supreme act of weakness came when they undertook to excuse themselves by arguing that the new bonus system which gives additional delegates at large to States that went Republican at the last general election—and which, by the way, is of doubtful legality in the absence of authorization by the national convention—compensates for kicking over the reapportionment reform. That plea is so futile it will deceive very few."

"G. R. B.," who is humorist as well as philosopher, is having great fun over all this in the Washington *Post* (Ind.), where he announces:

"The price of hand-picked Southern delegates on the hoof (F. O. B. Euclid avenue, June 10) makes a sharp rise—like cotton—as the G. O. P. spurns the high morality of the Harding Convention, and returns to wallow in its old trough, and the steam-roller that almost flattened out the party once is greased up for another trip. Senator Pepper, going Quay and Penrose one better, hands Senator Hiram Johnson a moral issue on a silver platter. As Ike Walton observes about the hungry trout,

> "'How poor a thing sometimes I find
> Will captivate a greedy mind.'"

Tho recognizing that "the Republican party in the South is to a great extent made up of Federal office-holders and their personal contingents," the Providence *Journal* (Ind.) remarks that

"The Honorable Hiram in the rôle of complainant is not convincing. He continues to give the impression of a man fearfully anxious to be President, searching, with small success for a serviceable platform, attempting to copy Mr. Roosevelt's manner and to persuade the country that he is the late President's legitimate political successor. That he is helping to disrupt the Republican party does not seem to bother him. But for that matter his attitude toward the Republican Presidential ticket in 1916 never appeared to cost him a night's sleep."

The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) points out that "practically, the action of the committee makes little difference," and goes on to prove its point mathematically:

"If it had reduced the number of these delegates from the 167 of 1920 to the 145 which were expected for 1924, it would have reduced the percentage of these delegates to the whole number of delegates from 17 to 14. By not making the expected reduction, but, instead, increasing the total number of delegates, the committee has left the percentage at about 17. Whether the committee had the right to take this action in face of the instructions of the 1920 convention is a legal question, but it must be an unusually conscientious politician who can get all worked up over a fundamental principle which makes a difference of only 3 per cent. either way."

"BEWARE OF A DARK MAN!"

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

In his statement to the press, Chairman Adams shows that the entire increase in the number of delegates is only 125, and that the States carried by the Republicans in 1920 gain 166, while the "Solid South" gains only nine. "Certainly that is no enormous boon to the States 'below the line,'" observes the Boston *Post* (Ind. Dem.), continuing:

"The 'bite' of the explanation comes in the reminding of the country that the Democratic party down South denies Republicans the ballot, and for that reason the new apportionment is made on the principle of giving one delegate to every congressional district. Nobody doubts that the Republicans are there in very large numbers; they are the colored citizens of both sexes who overwhelmingly cleave to the G. O. P. and would vote for it if they were permitted to. Being there, the national committee counts them in, even if they do not dare to show up on election day. And that strikes us as pretty good argument.

"What the party should do, however, now that it is in power, is to penalize the Democracy of the South by reducing its representation in Congress in obedience to the mandatory clause of the Constitution, which says (Amendment XIV, Clause 2):

"'Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male members of such State, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such State.'

"In spite of that 'shall' no Congress has had the courage or the respect for the clear command of the Constitution to reduce the representation of the Southern States at Washington. Our own member, George Holden Tinkham, is about the only Republican bold enough to suggest such a thing, and he is not having the success he deserves to have."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

FOREIGN policy: Waiting to see what France is going to do.—*Canton Repository.*

IN Mexico the lame duck seems to be a game bird.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

AMERICA is now dry twelve miles out and wet twelve miles in.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

THE junker who says the Fatherland needs a helm doubtless means a Wilhelm.—*Marion Star.*

A "TRAMP'S OPERA" is to be produced shortly. Surely the music ought to be ragtime.—*The Humorist (London).*

A MELTING-POT can't change them into good Americans unless they were good Europeans.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

PREMIER BALDWIN is facing an unemployment crisis.—*New York Evening Post.*

ANOTHER oil war is being started. One might call it the stormy petrol.—*Toledo News-Bee.*

M. POINCARE should now insist that Germany pay for the next war in advance.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

UNCLE SAM will not recognize Russia till she can recognize her financial obligations.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Republican slogan is expected to be "Keep Coolidge." Some, however, will shout, "Hire Hiram!"—*South Bend Tribune.*

THE Democrats would have more power if they controlled the House, but they wouldn't have nearly as much fun. — *Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

IT is now said by impartial observers that Germany is preparing for the next war. Well, we hope she is preparing to pay for it.—*Philadelphia North American.*

AMERICA doesn't mind doing her part in the world's affairs. What she objects to is doing Europe's part.—*Springfield (Ohio) Sun.*

ONE fine thing about broadcasting campaign speeches by radio—it is easier to turn the switch than it is to get up and walk out.—*Omaha Bee.*

THE economy program will make better speed when Congressmen begin to realize that if the taxes don't fall the axes will.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THERE are so many drys and so many wets that the poor politician can't do a thing but declare that Prohibition isn't an issue.—*Martins Ferry (Ohio) Times.*

"A HEALTHY optimism is a great asset to a doctor," says Dr. Edwin Smith. Providing, of course, that it doesn't belong to his patients.—*The Humorist (London).*

A CRITIC complains that the actions of Congress in getting organized are childish. Well, it did spend a lot of time playing with its blocs.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

MR. VAN LOON can not be charged with leaving nothing to his readers' imagination when he tells them that the serpent "handed" Eve the fruit of the tree.—*Boston Herald.*

MEXICO will continue to have these strenuous election campaigns as long as it remains true south of the Rio Grande that "to the evictor belongs the spoils."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE ONLY CLOUD ON THE HORIZON
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

QUACK doctors are smart ducks who should become jail-birds.—*Washington News.*

GERMANY should realize that it can't fiat its way out of reparations.—*Washington Post.*

IN Mexico, Presidential elections are settled by an uprising vote.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

REDUCING the tax on "earned" incomes puts it up to your conscience.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

No wonder California's mountains are slipping around the landscape; think of the oil beneath them.—*Boston Herald.*

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY has given Sousa a degree. He is a Doctor of Music. Well, music needs one.—*Cleveland Press.*

No self-made man ever left out the working parts.—*Denver Express.*

A WOMAN'S face is her fortune only when it draws a lot of interest.—*San Francisco News.*

RECOGNITION of Mexico seems to have come either a little early or a little late.—*Springfield Republican.*

SPEAKING of German reparations, it does seem better to have an inquiry than an inquest.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

GERMAN GOVERNMENT has reached end of its rope—but unfortunately some of Germany's former rulers didn't.—*Wall Street Journal.*

GENERAL DAWES is to help the committee of experts stop the outflow of German capital—no doubt, with a good strong dam.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

SOME of the hats that are in the ring will find the heads greatly diminished when they get back home.—*Akron Beacon-Journal.*

A VIENNA doctor says he can tell character by the way a person sneezes. It sounds to us like atishoo of nonsense.—*London Opinion.*

THAT philosopher who says no new crime has been invented in a thousand years hasn't heard many of the new popular songs.—*Mansfield (Ohio) News.*

PENDING the elimination of grade-crossings, the locomotive designers might at least replace the antiquated cow-catcher with some sort of automobile mit.—*Boston Herald.*

WIRELESS enthusiasts in Norway have been hearing bagpipe selections broadcasted from Aberdeen. Many of the hardy Norsemen, however, are continuing to listen-in.—*London Opinion.*

KANSAS CITY thieves now drive up to a residence in a truck and tote away everything that is loose, and yet a scientist says we are less than 25 per cent. efficient.—*Scripps-Paine Service. (San Diego).*

LORD BIRKENHEAD says that if he went back to the Bar he could make £40,000 a year. A bootlegger says if America went back to the Bar, he'd lose just about the same amount.—*The Humorist (London).*

"THE six-wheel car is coming," says a motor expert. The average pedestrian is apathetic. By the time the two front wheels have passed over him, he is past caring how many more there are.—*London Opinion.*

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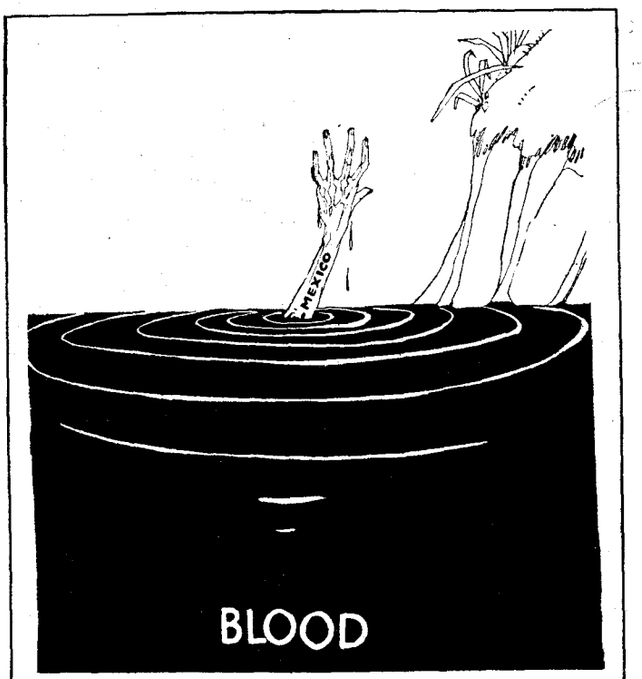
FOREIGN - COMMENT

MEXICO'S "UNPOPULAR" REVOLUTION

PUBLIC ENDORSEMENT of the supporters of the Obregon Administration in these days of revolution is lacking, according to some Mexican newspapers, which tell us that it is equally denied to the revolutionists, for the people are said to be indignant at the decision to settle by arms electoral differences which everybody wished to see smoothed out by peaceful balloting. These Mexican newspapers remind us that the present state of affairs resulted from the reported support given by the Obregon Administration to the candidacy for the Presidency of Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles and the alleged outrages committed against adherents of Adolfo de la Huerta, ex-Secretary of the Treasury. Actual hostilities began, it is recalled, when General Sanchez and General Estrada, commanding important bodies of federal troops, rebelled against the Central Government and recognized as provisional head of a new government Adolfo de la Huerta, who had sought refuge in Vera Cruz, surrounded by many of his supporters and the majority of the Mexican Congress. The Mexico City *Revista de Revistas* maintains that:



MEXICO'S SEA OF BLOOD

"The only thing clear to everybody."

—*El Mundo* (Mexico City).

"Calles and De la Huerta, who are apparently devoted to the same doctrines, are separated not so much by principles as by forms, which in the art of government are of the utmost importance. Owing to his militaristic education and tendencies, Calles believes in the efficacy of iron-hand methods, which, as some of our politicians have remarked, are extremely dangerous when not directed by superior brains. Calles is strong, impetuous and radical in his methods, and fails to assimilate or admit the existence of intermediate points of view. He would most likely transform Mexico into a barracks.

"No less energetic, De la Huerta is superior to Calles in diplomacy and sagacity and beyond the shadow of a doubt, he is more experienced in the art of government. Being a simple citizen De la Huerta would preside over Mexico by civic methods. Not so Calles, who would either adopt the proletarian or the militaristic form of dictatorship—either that of Lenin or Mussolini."

A caustic attack on the revolutionists is made by *El Universal* of Mexico City which declares that:

"The people are tired of internal struggles. They want a peaceful evolution of democracy. They want to work and to live. Knowing there is no Richelieu or Cisneros among them, they are anxious to see a simple citizen, no matter who it may be, become President, as long as he offers complete security and strict adherence to the Constitution, which they consider as the rightful gain of the ten years of internal warfare. To secure this end, so simple and logical, the Mexican people fail to see why it should be necessary to destroy the little progress made in the last three years.

"The Mexicans are not responsible for the present conflict, and they know it so well, that in view of the aloofness manifested by the man-in-the-street, the Executive itself withdrew from the Chambers the project of law declaring for a suspension of individual guaranties. It was considered an untimely attack upon the interests of the common people.

"The apathy pervading all Mexico in these days is astounding. Reported brawls and street fights in the past few months have been strictly confined to the politicians and the few individuals who expected to get something out of the troubled situation. The large majority of the people realize that their leaders are men without preparation, devoid of all patriotic motives and the prey of the most violent passions, uppermost among which is the lust for power."

According to *El Diario* of Chihuahua, the whole business may be called "a family affair" and it adds that the Executive has given "repeated proofs of neutrality in the electoral conflict," with the result that his opponents have been "forced to formulate a vague program of idealistic promises, mixed with grievances, to cover the bareness of their ambitions." An organ of the Conservative party, the Mexico City *Excelsior*, remarks:

"There is nothing more fruitless than our civil wars. When they aim at radical changes in the laws, customs or liberties, some of their evils can be overlooked in view of the benefits that may be obtained. But when nothing of the sort is involved, how can we endorse them?

"Therefore, we accept the label of reactionary, with which our adversaries seek to brand us, if it implies preference for a stable government, however bad it may be, rather than a revolution, however beneficent it may seem."

In reply to charges made by some newspapers that the Conservative party and the clergy sympathize with De la Huerta and are lending financial support to the revolutionary movement, the *Excelsior* avers:

"Charges that an agreement exists between De la Huerta and the big landowners and capitalists are totally without foundation. As everybody is well aware, capital always loses in an armed rebellion, especially so in our country where taxes and contributions are levied to pay for the forces raised by the belligerents. It is therefore foolish to think that our upper classes, so badly damaged by the score of past revolutions, would risk a renewal of warfare, knowing that they, as well as the people, would be the real losers."

According to *El Mundo*, of Mexico City, "all students of politics agree that progress in the development and upbuilding of democracy can not be obtained without changes of the parties holding the reins of government," and it adds that "in spite of the opinion held by many extremists, it can not be denied that only under the administration of the moderates has Mexico enjoyed a semblance of equilibrium." This daily goes on to express resentment over what it calls the "untimely intervention

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of the American Federation of Labor in the political controversy of our southern neighbors," especially the endorsement of the candidacy of General Calles through speeches and telegrams issued by Samuel Gompers. *The Excelsior* says acridly:

"What does Mr. Gompers know of our affairs? . . . Does he realize that our history, our idiosyncrasies and our secret impulses are mysteries to him? All Mexico knows that Mr. Gompers once prided himself on having contributed to the overthrow of Diaz and of Huerta, but he never dared publicly announce American intervention if we did not comply with his will in a question that is the business exclusively of Mexicans."

El Universal declares that "as long as the people thought the Government sympathized with both Calles and De la Huerta, neither had any popularity," but—

"As soon as symptoms began to appear in favor of the former,

THE PLIGHT OF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE

—*El Mundo* (Mexico City).

the latter became automatically the head of the opposition. History repeats itself. Federal intervention in matters pertaining to States has frequently caused irreparable disasters. Let us remember the cases of Madero, jailed in San Luis Potosi by Diaz, whom he later overthrew, and of Obregon, confined in Santiago Tlatelolco by Carranza, whom he also succeeded."

San Antonio press dispatches tell us of a manifesto issued by twenty-three members of the Mexican National Chamber of Deputies and made public by Ruben Vizcarra, President of the Chamber of Deputies and representative in San Antonio of Adolfo de la Huerta. In this manifesto, the blame for causing the revolutionary outbreak is placed on President Alvaro Obregon and these dispatches relate further that:

"The manifesto says it embodies the sentiments of a majority of the Chamber of Deputies. It declares that the President for many months has failed to respect the freedom of municipalities, and that 'in ousting constitutional boards of Aldermen by direction of unscrupulous Governors, supported by the President, flagrant violations of the sovereignty of the States occurred.'

"The manifesto declares that, foreseeing the danger of armed conflict, the majority of the Chamber of Deputies appealed to all constitutional resources and protested time and again, but without avail. President Obregon, it is charged, was more interested in forwarding the cause of Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles as a Presidential candidate than in the functions of government for performance of which he had been elected.

"The manifesto charges that Gen. Arnulfo R. Gomez, with the protection of the President, prepared to assassinate in mass the members of the Cooperatista bloc in the House of Representatives. Obregon also is charged with consenting to and ordering the arrest of Federal legislators and constitutional Governors. These acts, the manifesto asserts, 'have forged an opprobrious chain which the Mexican people will break even at the cost of its blood.'

"The manifesto concludes with a resolution expressing accord with the proclamation of Adolfo de la Huerta, subscribed in the Port of Vera Cruz on December 7, and recognizes De la Huerta as supreme chief of the revolution."

Observing the revolution from overseas, the Manchester *Guardian* "can not even say with confidence, tho one may guess what it is all about," and calls attention to the fact that there has been comparative peace in Mexico since 1921 when General Obregon gained supreme power. In the *Guardian's* judgment—

"That is a long period in a country where politicians and generals tire of peace in the same fatal way that domestic servants, without any special reason, grow tired of a 'place.' The occasion for the outbreak was that there should be a Presidential election next year. There was no lack of candidates, somewhere between twenty and thirty of them being, one might almost say with literal accuracy, in the field. There were two favorites one of whom, General Calles, was the nominee of the outgoing President. In Mexico the support of the President in office is apt to exercise a decisive influence with the free and independent electorate. The partizans of the other favorite, Señor de la Huerta, have gone so far as to allege that the Presidential support really amounted to imposing on the country the President's nominee, and in the name of liberty they have whipt out their sharp swords to assure for their champion the glittering prize of the chief office of State.

"Occasional telegrams speak vaguely of General Obregon as having interfered unduly with some of the State legislatures, but it is a new-found grievance, and not the sort of one that sends Mexican generals to horseback when the spoils of an election are to be won and lost. There has been little evidence of popular discontent with General Obregon, but the revolution is well in the long Mexican tradition which was only broken by the ruthless methods of the old tyrant Diaz. It is the old battle of the Ins and the Outs, and Mexico belongs to the order of States where the Ins hold office only until the Outs have guns enough to discuss the matter with them."

AUSTRALIAN REGRET OVER BRITAIN'S ELECTIONS—A sweeping victory for the Little Englanders and a smashing defeat for the Imperialists is what some Australian editors see in the recent British elections in which Premier Baldwin and his party suffered defeat in their plea for protection. To the Sydney *Sun* the Labor Party is "absolutely parochial in outlook and the Liberal only a little less," and, consequently, it believes that—

"For the time being the hope of securing further preference for Australian products and a closer approach to the idea of Empire Free Trade, with Protection against the outside world, is gone overboard. There have been reassuring statements with regard to the preference that has already been promised on such articles as are dutiable in Great Britain, but such statements are not worth much. What this means to Australia Mr. Bruce has clearly indicated. Unless Australia can secure an oversea market for her output she will have to revise the schemes of irrigation and settlement on which she has spent millions, and purposes to spend millions more. What will happen to the Singapore naval base, to which Labor is strongly opposed, while it is impossible to count upon Liberal support? For a generation Labor will be too busy with its program for Great Britain to devote much attention to the Empire problems, whether of defense or development. All indications point to a period of Labor dominance whether it governs by its own strength or as a third party holding the balance between the others. This changes Australia's outlook as part of the Empire. For years to come she may have to deal with a ruling party which, if not anti-Imperialist by nature will be too engrossed by domestic problems to trouble much about the Dominions. In the near future Australia will have to depend upon herself to work out her own salvation, and to expect little help from Britain in the difficult problems of defense and settlement, on which her greatness and her very existence depends."

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AMERICAN ALOOFNESS FROM EUROPE

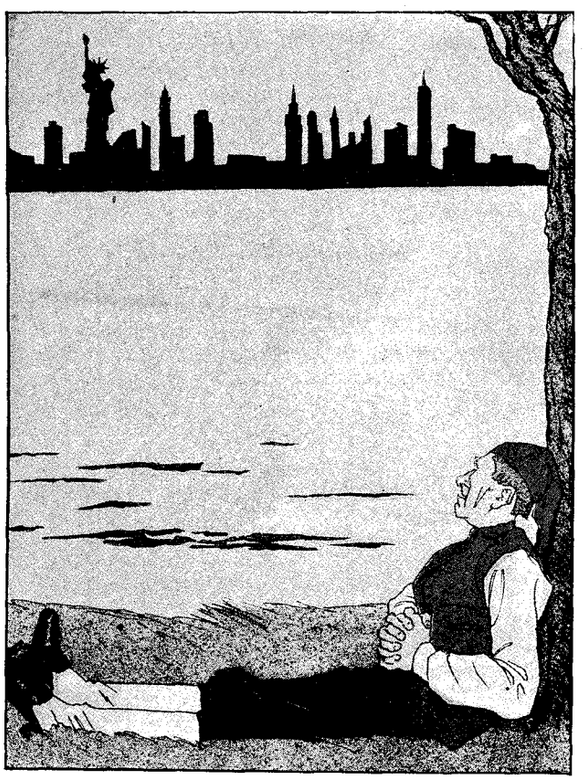
THE PILGRIM FATHERS were animated by a desire to shake the European dust off their feet, it is remarked by some English editors, in explaining America's aloofness from Europe as something bred in the bone. Washington himself, they point out, said in his famous Farewell Address in 1796 that Europe had "a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation." Hence, he wrote further, she "must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns," and therefore "it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities." Here is stated a principle, declares the London *Economist*, that is fundamental in the American mind, and any European who fails to grasp the fact will most certainly misjudge America, as many misjudged her in 1914, 1915 and 1916. This financial weekly goes on to say that:

"The war with Spain in 1898 was no exception to the principle. What are we to say of America's entry into the World War in 1917 and her subsequent policy? There is no question that her action in 1917 involved at the time a very drastic change in policy. It is true that her neutrality had been grossly violated by the Central Powers, and that her people had been profoundly stirred by the moral issues at stake. It may have seemed possible to President Wilson and his Cabinet for America to step in, strike a decisive blow, and retire into her traditional attitude of detachment, but events were too powerful and President Wilson had grasped the vision of a more lasting contribution by his country to the welfare of the world. Whether or not he had the solid opinion of his people behind him when he set his hand to this task, we must leave to American historians to say. Either he had not, or, if he had at the time, it swung back to the Washington-Monroe policy, and America now contemplates a European welter which, as a prime and disinterested artificer of the Armistice and of the Treaty of Versailles, she can not view with complete detachment and equanimity merely because she declined, with a perfect right to do so, to ratify the treaties of peace, and particularly the tripartite pact of 1919 guaranteeing France against unprovoked aggression by Germany. That America will ever join the League of Nations seems to us to become increasingly more improbable. That she has turned her back upon Europe forever, and will permanently withhold the help she could give is, in our opinion, equally improbable. True to Washington, she is unlikely to embroil herself in 'the ordinary combinations and collisions of (European) friendships and enmities,' but there are other ways in which she can lend a hand."

A GERMAN-SWISS SHAFT FOR AMERICA

"The vulture hovering over Europe in flames."

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).



GERMAN HOPE IN AMERICA

The German Michel dreams of the fair towers of the land of gold.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

The Economist then reminds us that America has been a pioneer in the conclusion of international arbitration treaties and in many other forms of international cooperation. Also it is recalled that America was a prominent member of the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and this weekly is confident that once it can be demonstrated to her people that the Permanent Court of International Justice is not the back door to the League of Nations, the late President Harding's recommendation to join the Court will be followed. What is more—

"The action of President Coolidge in reiterating a willingness to take part in an international conference upon the Reparations question on certain conditions is another indication that we have not seen the end of the new chapter opened by President Wilson in 1917. That offer is not receiving much encouragement in certain quarters where concurrence is necessary, but day by day opinion is hardening upon the supreme need of summoning a comprehensive and powerful conference representing at least all the belligerents in the recent war together, some neutral Powers as well, as the only means of rescuing Europe from its threatened disintegration. America is waiting for that moment, and when it comes her action, or inaction, will be a matter of such moment to the world that she will be impelled by the effect of world opinion upon the minds of her own people—Monroe Doctrine or no Monroe Doctrine—to play an important and, perhaps, a decisive part. That moment may be nearer than we imagine."

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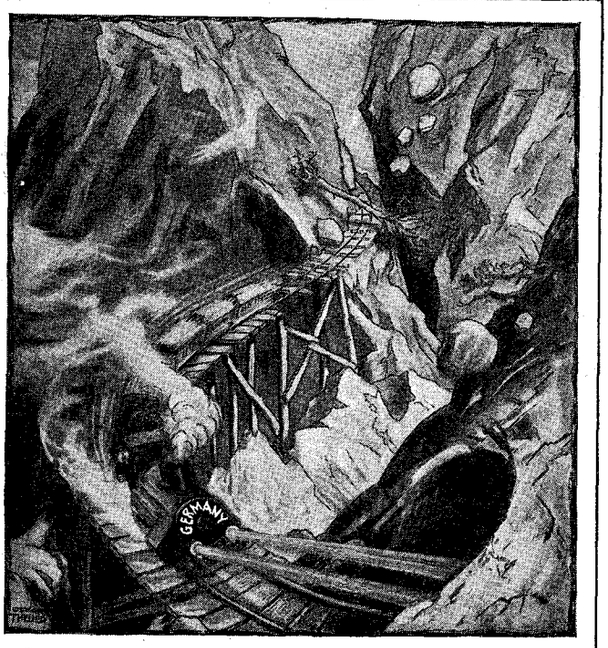
GERMANY'S NATURAL SEPARATISM

AS A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN of the modern State, Germany before the war was among the most admired countries of the world, it is noted by some British writers, who seek to explain why now Germany seems to be reverting to the separate fragments that once formed "a homogeneous whole, working with well-oiled bearings, pursuing a well-defined national policy." In some ways, Germany was the high exemplar of the modern State that she was supposed to be, according to Paul Barr, but the question occurs, he writes in the London *Fortnightly Review*, "whether it was so by natural healthy growth, or whether it had been made so by artificial and unnatural means." In other words, he asks, did the process of unifying Germany and forging into the single, flawless blade of steel it proved to be in 1914, correspond to a genuine instinct in the mind of the German people? The question is said to be of an importance "hardly to be exaggerated," and we read:



A GERMAN RALLYING CRY

"We must get through!"

—*Ulk* (Berlin).

"If Germany is an unbreakable, national whole, if Germans are indeed a nation in the sense in which the French are a nation, the outlook for Europe is unpromising indeed. Germany will, in that case, remain a sullen, discontented unit, seeking for means of revenge. And, do what we may, we shall not be able to prevent her. Sooner or later, the chance combinations of European politics will present Germany with an opportunity upon which, given real national consciousness, she will seize eagerly.

"But if Germany is not a nation—and some very shrewd observers who know her well, are beginning to believe that she is not—the prophetic vista becomes vastly changed. In this case, the process of German unity which Bismarck imposed by sheer force of will on his race, will be reversed. The natural lines of division are there; they are dictated by political, economic and religious differences. The South is Catholic and monarchistic; the Rhineland is Catholic but republican; the Center is Protestant and moderately republican; Saxony is almost communist; the North-East is Protestant but monarchist. Without a strong central Government, these elements will not hold together long.

"Germany will, if this theory is correct, become a heterogeneous collection of States, each with its own problems, and each attracted by some peculiarity of its people into the orbit of a neighboring Power—Saxony to Russia, the Rhineland to Belgium, Bavaria to Austria. The citizens of these States would all be Germans in a sense, just as Zurichers or Bernese are Germans to-day. But not in a political sense. As a Power of the first magnitude, Germany will have ceased to exist. The peace of Europe would, in that direction, be assured, for no one need then fear the specter of German revenge."

This contributor to *The Fortnighlily Review* then proceeds to remind us of what a gaping wound was left in the side of France by the tearing off of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, and he emphasizes his point by saying that "we in Britain can conceive what a burning outrage it would be to the national consciousness of every man, woman or child of us, if some two or three English or Scottish counties were to be alienated to a foreign Power, either permanently or merely for a time." He continues:

"To-day Germany is playing at a show of similar resentment. Her politicians, her agitators, her leader-writers, are uttering sonorous sentences about the inviolability of German soil and the indivisibility of the German people. Her ordinary citizens will, when conversing with foreigners, knowing them to be foreigners, use very similar language. But penetrate more deeply into the life of the people, study their thought and their view-point as one of themselves, or at least one who can pass for such, and you will discover an entirely dramatically different state of affairs.

"Make no mistake. The average German is intensely annoyed at the Franco-Belgian seizure of the Ruhr. But the annoyance has its roots in economics, not in politics.

"Between themselves, Germans do not use, when discussing the Ruhr, flamboyant phrases about the sacredness of Germanic soil. They concentrate on the one point: we in Berlin, or in Hanover, or in Leipzig, or wherever it may be are in an extraordinary economic mess because the French are in the Ruhr. We have to pay absurd prices for bread, butter, meat, and the like, because the French are in the Ruhr. We are units in a great industrial organism, of which the Ruhr, we are told, is an essential part. So long as industry is paralyzed in the Ruhr, so long must we suffer. That is the line of argument, or, rather, line of feeling. It contains no more element of German nationalism than does Mr. Baldwin's line of thought on the same subject, which, incidentally, it curiously resembles."

This is no isolated instance, according to the *Fortnightly's* contributor, who tells us that the same thing happened a year or two ago about Silesia when German politicians and journalists said the Allies were tearing the very heart out of the living body of Germany. The average German had been told, we are reminded, that the loss of Silesia meant the ruin of German industry, but little by little he discovered that German industry was not at all dead, and that to its welfare "it mattered not one row of pins whether Silesia was under the German or the Polish flag." We read then:

"The minute he realized that, he ceased to care about Silesia. It was dead meat to him. Germans from outside Germany are not blind to these portents. A very prominent Austrian, able journalist and shrewd man of affairs, who has just been spending some time touring Germany, said to me the other day: 'I used to believe in German national unity. I was wrong. It was an artificial creation. It started with Goethe on cultural ground, it was created by Bismarck on political ground, and it was carried to a pitch of convincing perfection by the schoolmasters and university professors of the Wilhelmian era. But it has no substance. If it had, this Ruhr question would have inflamed the hearts of men from the Alps to the North Sea. It has inflamed the hearts of nobody except two or three quixotic young men. It has filled the gasbags of professional politicians and irritated the pocket of the man-in-the-street. That is all.'

"Evidence tending in the same direction abounds on every side. It is a truism among men who are interested in emigration that the German families that proceed abroad become more speedily denationalized than those of any other race. And that, despite the fact that before the war an elaborate and costly machinery was set up to keep German emigrants true to Germany by means of German clubs, leagues, schools and newspapers. The failure of these efforts, particularly in North and South America, used to be one of the great griefs of Wilhelm II. A Scotsman in the Argentine does not require official machinery to prevent him from becoming an Argentino. The German in the

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Argentine becomes to all intents and purposes an Argentino in one generation."

Turning then to the Germany of Goethe and Schiller and of the intellectual "giants," to the Germany of flourishing universities, of successful scientific research, this writer admits that without them there never would have been "even the semblance of German national unity." But he maintains that in themselves they do not prove the reality of that unity, and to-day they are beginning to "count very little." For all his "very many admirable qualities," this writer goes on to say, the German "when you get to the root of him, has very little real culture," and altho—

"He does lip-service at the altar of Goethe and the 'giants,' in essence they are mere names to him. They do not color his life; they do not influence his thought. He is essentially a sentimental materialist. His horizon is limited by his family, and his emotions are governed by his own little romance. The furthest stretch his political or cultural imagination will take without artificial aid from such things as the school instruction of the Wilhemian era, is the Tribe. It is not for nothing that the ex-Kaiser so frequently, in his addresses to his subjects, made use of the phrase 'German tribes.'

"This is true politically. Left to himself, the average German's utmost limit of vision is, not the empire, but the tribe. Above all else he is a family man, and the tribe idea appeals to him because it is just an enlargement of the family idea on a scale still understandable to him."

This is true culturally, also, according to this informant, who tells us that there is a chasm between what one might call the cultural atom of the Pomeranian and the Bavarian, or the Suabian and the Westphalian, or the Prussian and the Saxon. Only by artificial means, can they be reduced to a common denominator, we are told, and such means were provided before 1918 by the strong Imperial Government in political matters and by the standardized system of national education in cultural matters. Now the former has gone, the latter is becoming looser and more regional daily, and there is nothing to replace them, says this observer, who adds:

"The talk has been so far of the average German, of the masses. There are the intellectual classes to consider; and surely here, it will be thought, there must be an active, persistent response to the impulses of German national culture. The curious thing—and the significant thing—is that there is not. . . .

"Facts of the present, the history of German culture, and, if further proof were necessary, the political history of the German people (the main facts of which are surely too familiar to require expansion here), all tend toward the same conclusion—that Germany is not a nation.

"If, in the history of individuals, prophecy is rash, in the history of a race it is foolish, and the present writer has no intention of making a dogmatic statement that Germany will inevitably dissolve into several States. There are accidents that may very conceivably prevent it. . . .

"These things are possible. But the balance of probability is the other way, because the other way is the way of nature, the line of least resistance, the course that responds to the deepset instincts of the great mass of Germans."

A SWISS VIEW

"On which rock—Communism, France or Monarchism—will the German ship of state be shattered?"

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

CHINESE AS A BUSINESS NECESSITY

THE NEED OF KNOWLEDGE of the Chinese language in order to do business in China is said to be overlooked by some American firms, and this fact is much regretted by an American weekly of Shanghai. Three or four years ago American business men in that city, we are told, showed a keen interest in the study of the Chinese language, and a large number of young men from various American firms enrolled in the Chinese courses offered in the British Chamber of Commerce language school. But, says *The China Weekly Review*, American firms in Shanghai have apparently ceased to care to study the Chinese language, and while there are a number of American young men studying the language privately, it thinks the fact unfortunate that more are not taking the advantage for better and more efficient study offered by the school maintained by the British Chamber of Commerce which was opened to American students in 1918. We read then:

"It is not necessary here to dwell upon the importance of a knowledge of the Chinese language on the part of those who expect to do business in China. The man who possesses a knowledge of the language of China is so far ahead of the man who does not possess that knowledge that there is no comparison of their abilities to get along and make progress in business in China. The excellent progress which American business has made in China in recent years should cause Americans interested in business to take a deeper interest in the study of the language rather than a lessening of interest which apparently has been the case. The man who can meet the Chinese business men and discuss with them their problems in their own language has an untold advantage over the man who must depend upon interpreters. Interpreters have a well-known way of giving twists and turns to conversations that are calculated to give pleasure on both sides, but which often beclouds the subject under discussion, and gives an entirely different impression from that intended."

The fact that the missionaries and the foreign governmental agencies in China have always insisted upon a knowledge of the Chinese language, says this weekly, should be sufficient for the most doubting business man. What is more, under modern methods of instruction the Chinese language is no longer the impossible task it once was considered to be, and we are told that:

"It is now possible for the student who will devote a reasonable time to the matter to acquire a working knowledge of the spoken language in the space of a year or so, and at the same time acquire a sufficient understanding of the Chinese characters to check up such matters as contracts, legal documents, and so on. It would seem that this matter of encouraging a study of the Chinese language on the part of young Americans coming out to China for business and professional careers might well be a matter of consideration on the part of the American Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations interested in the welfare of American business in the Chinese Republic."

We are told further that the British Chamber of Commerce Chinese Language School is excellent "from the standpoint of methods used." Classes are arranged for students employed during the day in office-work, and the system of the school is far superior to the "old hit-or-miss methods of a private teacher."

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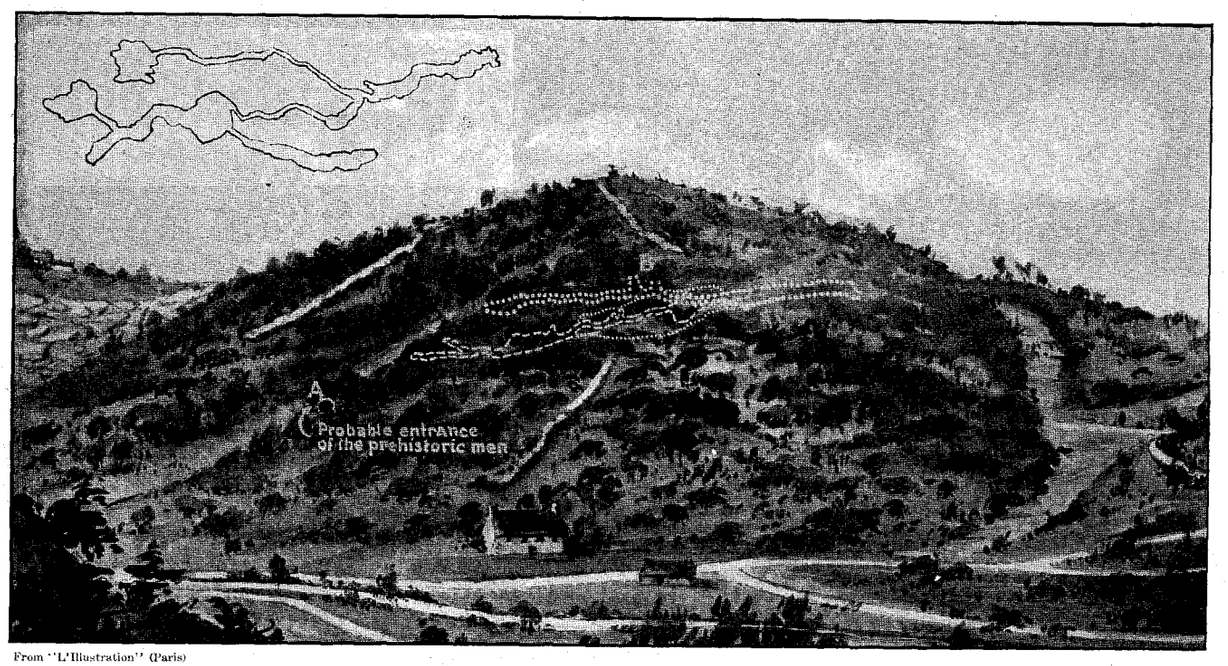
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



From "L'Illustration" (Paris)

WHERE THE SUBTERRANEAN PREHISTORIC LABYRINTH AND ART GALLERY WAS DISCOVERED

The drawing of this hill, in southern France, shows by dotted lines the location of the labyrinth: (A) the probable pre-historic entrance and (B) the entrance used by the explorers. A ground plan of the labyrinth is inserted above.

CAVEMAN ART UNEARTHED IN FRANCE

FRANCE WAS EVIDENTLY one of the favorite "stamping grounds" of our prehistoric ancestor. The caves where he dwelt, and where he left evidences of his mode of life and stage of culture, are one by one yielding up their secrets, altho none can doubt that many more remain to be found and studied. The fact that one of the most recent finds was made by swimming under water through a rocky passage, about whose other end the swimmer could know nothing, shows that there is adventure, with the spice of danger, in archeological investigation, no less than in the armed field. We quote first an account, translated for *The Illustrated London News*, from an article by Jean Labadie, of the amazing discoveries of the Abbé Lemozi, a country curé in the Department of Lot, in southern France. Says the writer:

"In his presbytery at Cabrerets he has formed a veritable museum and laboratory, where in his hands the smallest objects assume an intense interest.

"'What can be done with a pointed flint?' he said to me one day. 'Just look at this stone.' A faint outline, at first barely perceptible, resolved itself on closer inspection into a prehistoric design. The subject was a deer, sketched to the life, a veritable 'snapshot' of the animal licking itself, or merely turning its head.

"'It is the first engraving on pebble found in the Lot,' said the Abbé, 'and one of my finest specimens. It comes from the Murat rock-shelter. Besides this deer, I found engravings of horses and reindeer, and implements of all sorts. The profusion of graving tools, and even some traces of baked red earth, convinced me that a whole colony of professional artists had lived there.'

"In another cave, that of St. Eulalie, the Abbé had discovered a lifelike engraving of a reindeer, the animal on which prehistoric man depended largely both for food and clothing. It took him five hours to break off, with light taps of a hammer, the stalagmite encrustation of many thousands of years. Nothing must be left unexplored. A mere fox-hole may lead to treasures, and that was precisely what happened in the valley of the Sagne, where an ordinary hole under a rock on a hillside was found, when cleared, to lead to an important cavern, the Marcenac grotto, about 150 yards long and adorned with paintings. It was closed at the end by fallen rock, but its paintings indicated that it was an entrance hall to one of those sanctuaries where the primitive folk collected their totemic idols and celebrated their religious rites.

"A strange chance was to reveal this particular sanctuary, whose existence had hitherto been purely conjectural.

"A boy of fourteen, named David, who had learnt from the Abbé something of subterranean exploration, having nothing better to do one Thursday in July, 1922, resolved to visit on his own account a certain hole in the ground near a clump of oaks on his father's land. The hole was narrow, but the boy was not very big. An initial ascent of six feet brought him to the edge of a passage sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees into the blackness. Provided with a candle, the boy went along the gallery, which grew larger as he advanced. Presently he reached a kind of landing or platform. Evidently it was the entrance to something bigger still."

Much excited, young David climbed back to the sunlight and told his father, who sent a message to the Abbé. The latter came at once and entered the cave with the boy. The ever-narrowing tunnel suddenly expanded and debouched into a vast hall, with the usual fantastic decorations common to limestone caverns. Several more halls followed. In the following month renewed exploration led to an immense gallery about 125 yards long by 12 broad, on whose walls were about forty pictures, engraved or painted in black and red, representing prehistoric animals—mammoths, bison, horses, and fish. We read further:

"Here and there were ten detached silhouettes of human hands in red ochre. The whole of the work was starred with symbols which were not decorative, and must therefore be more or less hieroglyphic. There was no sign of any human hearth or implement. On the ground were remains of animal bones and—a still more moving sight—traces of footprints in the hardened clay.

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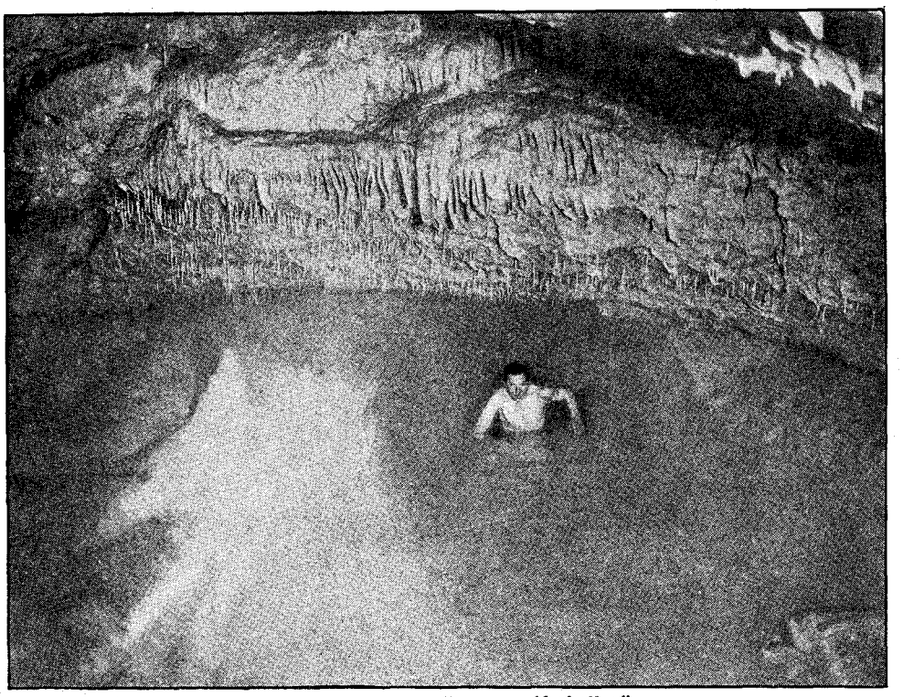
On the ceiling, at a height of some twenty-three feet, were engraved interlacing designs.

"With the great hall of paintings are connected two small 'salons.' One is comparatively large and contains a beautiful engraving of a bear. The other is smaller, and contains engravings, paintings, bones, and fossilized excrement of bear, indicating a prolonged occupation by the animals. What desperate conflicts must have raged in this cavern—fangs against spears! Which remained masters of the field?

"The drawings are not all of the same period. M. Lemozi regards them as a little earlier than the Magdalenian paintings of Eyzies. The Age of the Reindeer is very shadowy, extending over several thousands of years. It is enough to know that it was the first to deserve the title of 'civilized.'

"According to M. Marcellin Boule, the Paleolithic race immediately preceding (that is, the Neanderthal race) could not properly be called 'Homo sapiens.' They were beginning to make things, to fashion axes and javelins, but that was hardly enough to merit the name of 'man.' The reindeer-hunter, on the other hand, and especially the Magdalenian, had his religion, his rites, his sanctuaries, his works of art. It is only there that humanity begins. In such places as the Caves of David, therefore, we touch on the true origins of our European race."



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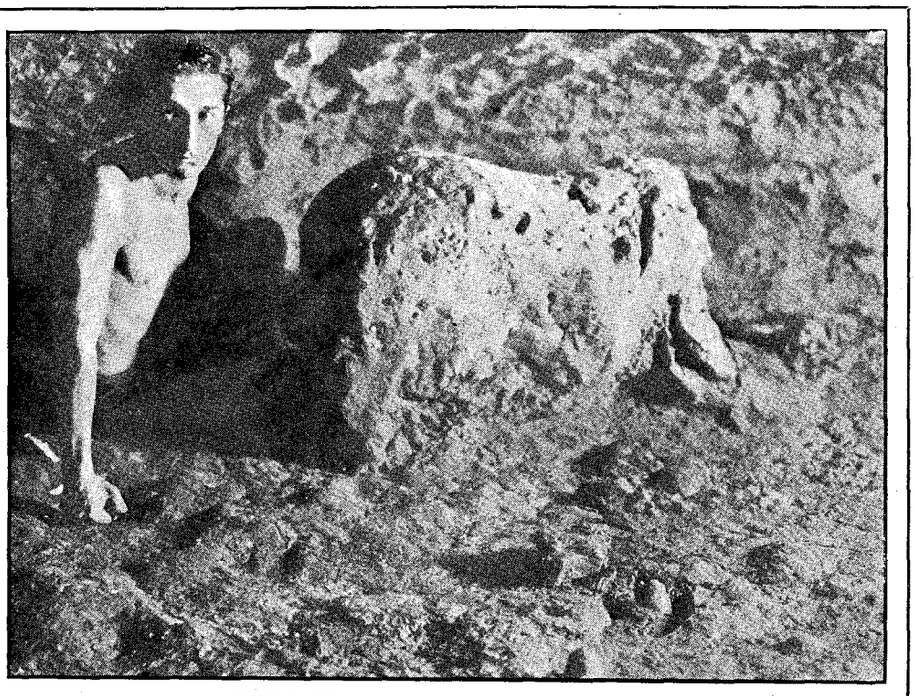
AN ARCHEOLOGIST WHO HAS TO BE A HUMAN FISH

Norbert Casteret in the cavern just beyond the entrance to the subterranean art gallery. "The water is low, but when there has been rain it comes to the top of the arch, and the first time M. Casteret went in he had to dive and swim under the water. He is facing the entrance, and the sculptures are about 300 yards further in." The caverns are thought to have been witch-doctors' caves.

Still more recently, other remarkable finds have been made in a cavern at Montespan, Haute Garonne, which are described in the same London paper. Their enormous importance, from an archeological point of view, we are told, resides in the fact that only once before have examples of prehistoric sculpture ever been found, and that the new specimens are believed to date from 25,000 years ago. The previous examples (two figures of bisons) found in the same locality by Count Henri Bégouen date from the Magdalenian epoch, about 15,000 years ago, tho some authorities have estimated their age likewise at 25,000 years. The interest of the new discovery is also enhanced by the perilous nature of the exploration, which was made by Norbert Casteret, a young archeologist, and involved swimming and diving through a subterranean stream. We read:



THE EXPLORER AND ONE OF HIS FINDS

Norbert Casteret is here seen beside a clay figure of a bear (3½ feet long by 2 feet high), which is marked by spear-thrusts made by prehistoric hunters during rites of propitiation, and from which a real bear skull has fallen down between the forepaws. This is in the cavern of Montespan.

"Our special photographer, Mr. Coles, had likewise to work under almost equal difficulties. 'The stream was rising,' he writes, 'so the work had to be done at once. It is now impossible until next year, as there was a storm of rain the next day. Even as it was, I had to spend five hours in a bathing-suit, having to go nearly on all-fours part of the way in places which are now full of water.' In a note on a photograph showing a clay bear, M. Casteret says: 'This statue is at the far end of the cavern. The head was never sculptured. In place of it was fixt a real bear's head, which fell off and now lies between the forefeet. One observes on the body a number of marks made by spear-thrusts.' The spear-marks

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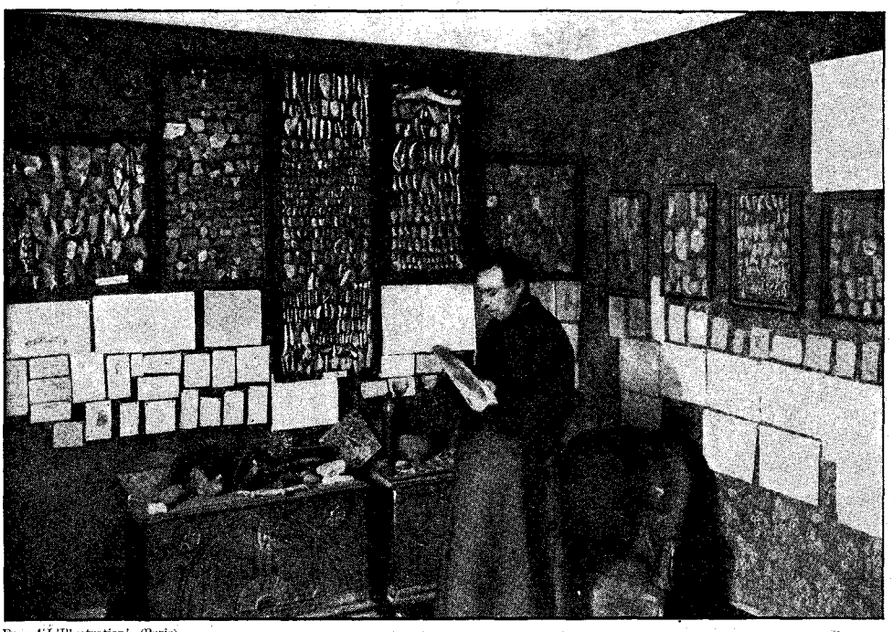
on the bear and other figures are of the highest interest, as throwing light on prehistoric religion. Count Bégouen, who is Professor of Anthropology at Touloseu, said after a visit to the cave, as reported in the London *Daily Mail*, 'The strangest part of it all is that all the animals had apparently been mutilated, especially in the vital parts, by somebody contemporary with the artist who modeled them. This confirms the theory that these caves with models or paintings of animals were primitive witch-doctors' caves. They are all placed in very inaccessible spots, and the animals modeled or depicted are always wounded by axes or arrows. Just like the redskins or the African tribes, these people, who lived 25,000 years ago, must have practised the use of magic. We can imagine these men in their dark caves, black with soot from their reindeer-oil lamps, and clad in skins. On the eve of a hunting expedition they gathered round the priests of the tribe, and there stabbed and maimed the animals they feared, or those they wished to catch.'"



From "L'Illustration" (Paris)

"JUST LOOK AT THIS STONE!"

The Abbé Lemozi in his museum and laboratory, in southern France, handling one of his specimens, and surrounded by prehistoric remains. "The subject was a deer, sketched to the life."

In a later issue the same paper tells us that M. Casteret risked his life when he first entered the cave, and swam alone through the subterranean stream, 1,300 yards long, that runs right through it beneath a hill. Says the writer:

"He wore bathing attire, and carried a candle and matches enclosed in a rubber case. At several points the stream formed 'pipes' or water-tunnels. Through these he dived, swimming under water into the unknown, trusting to reach a surface beyond.

"A more daring feat can hardly be imagined. He was rewarded by reaching—far within the cavern—a great gallery 220 yards long, containing numerous works of prehistoric art. The sculptures—figures of animals modeled in clay—included a bear, 3 tigers, 3 horses, and 20 modelings of uncertain character. The rock-engravings comprised 12 horses, 9 bisons, 2 mules, 1 wild goat, 1 deer, 1 reindeer, and many mysterious signs, possibly the first writing of the cave-men. There were also innumerable finger impressions, and traces of cavities from which clay had been extracted.

"The entrance to the cavern is a natural shaft or well, descending into the stream, which actually emerges a little lower down. The cavern near the entrance is thus described by Mr. Coles: 'The water is low, but when there has been rain it comes to the top of the arch, and the first time M. Casteret went in he had to dive and swim under the water. He is facing the entrance, and the sculptures are about 300 yards further in.' Works carried out by M. Casteret since his discovery have reduced the water-level, making access much easier."

MOTHER EARTH'S HARD HEART

THE EARTH IS BUILT SOMEWHAT on the same principle as an old-fashioned metal-cored golf-ball around which are wrapt several layers of lighter material, ending in a thin surface crust. The metal core is pure iron or an alloy of that metal with nickel, says a report of Drs. E. D. Williamson and L. H. Adams, scientists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to the Washington Academy of Sciences. We quote as follows from Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Adams said it was possible that the inmost core of the earth might be gold, or platinum, or other metals heavier than iron, but that it was practically certain that the center of the earth was an irregular sphere of iron about 4,200 miles in diameter. From the outer edge of this core, which is not sharply defined, to the surface is about 1,800 miles, and this distance is divided into three layers. Next to the central iron core, Drs. Williamson and Adams relate, is a sort of mixed layer of iron and of rock, which extends with a gradually diminishing proportion of iron to within about 900 miles of the surface. Above this is a layer of rock resembling that found at the surface, but containing more magnesia and less silicates. Finally, there is the surface crust, about 35 miles thick, consisting essentially of the granitic rocks. All this insight into the earth's anatomy is afforded, the scientists say, through a study of the velocity of earthquake waves through the earth, mathematical considerations having to do with the mass of the earth as a whole, and a study of meteorites, whose average composition is believed to closely resemble that of the earth as a whole. For example, it is known that the density of the whole earth is about 5.52 times that of water, while the average density of the surface rocks is only 2.7. There must, therefore, be something heavier inside."

SHIP-TRAFFIC SPOILS BROADCASTING—Amateur interference with broadcast reception has now been eliminated through the government regulation providing for evening "quiet hours," but the Department of Commerce is now faced with a situation that threatens the pleasure of many thousands of listeners—namely, the interference which is being caused nightly by scores of ship-telegraph stations. Says *The Radio News Bulletin* (Hartford, Conn.):

"Ship transmission is vital to safety at sea and to commerce. On the one hand are thousands of listeners clamoring for relief from interference that is spoiling their concerts, and on the other the positively essential ship and commercial air traffic. Commercial stations, both ship and shore, use that band between 300 and 3,000 meters. The Navy employs waves from 600 upward, while the Army, which causes very little interference, follows the Navy. Among the national organizations which have announced their intention of bringing this matter before the Department of Commerce officials is the National Association of Broadcasters, the executive chairman of which, Paul B. Klugh, says: 'We agree that ship-to-shore and commercial stations on radiophone wave-lengths, during popular broadcasting hours, are the real disturbance to uninterrupted reception. We hope to bring some regulation of this at Washington. The uninformed broadcast listener, enraged by interference, feels that he must blame some one, and the amateur seems to be the inevitable target. This condition can be much relieved.'"

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ALASKA MOOSE PERISHING FROM BUTCHERY AND RABBITS

RUTHLESS AND LAW-BREAKING HUNTERS and hordes of rabbits bid fair to exterminate the great moose herds of the Kenai peninsula of Alaska—the largest animals of their kind in the world. They are being killed off by "moose butchers" and starved out by rabbits, which live on the same food as the larger and clumsier animal, and can get at it quicker. A contributor to *American Forestry* (Washington), signing himself "An Alaskan," tells us that a real emergency exists. The crime of exterminating our buffalo when the West was young was committed openly, he says, without defiance of law; for there was no law. The crime of murdering our moose in Alaska is to-day being committed in defiance of laws enacted through our Congress and made sport of by the moose butchers of Kenai. We read:

"The moose of the Kenai Peninsula are world-famous as the largest in existence. The spread of their antlers is enormous, the record pair measuring a little more than seventy-eight inches. Altho found throughout other wooded sections of Alaska, these moose range in greatest number and reach their highest development in the Kenai Peninsula. I do not pretend to speak for what is happening to moose in other parts of Alaska, but here in the Kenai country the area occupied by these noble animals of the wild has decreased very materially in the last few years, due to overkilling and to starvation.

"I will speak of overkilling first. Our game laws are supposed to be enforced by the territorial government. They permit each hunter to kill two moose a season. The hunting season opens August 20, but the moose butchers kill when and as many as they please. Up until last spring there had not been a game warden in the moose country since the warden at Kenai was removed and not replaced, eighteen months before. Our restaurants are serving moose and other wild-game meat, both in and out of season. One can find moose meat at almost all times of the year at the road-houses, tie camps, and restaurants in and around Anchorage, Seward, and Seldovia. It is the hindquarters of moose which have been brought in by the market hunters, by natives and whites, and sold for whatever they will bring. In most instances the fore-quarters of the animals have been left in the woods.

"Kenai has a population of some three hundred people, whites and natives, and that many more dogs. They all live on moose meat. The government teacher at Kenai told me that the people there kill about 450 moose every year, of which 90 per cent. are cows. I myself have seen whole quarters of moose meat lying around the village, where the dogs had eaten their fill.

"The arch-enemy of the Kenai moose is the market hunter—the moose butcher. He works on a large scale, in summer and fall, throughout the Cook Inlet section. The sale of his meat taken from wild animals, in or out of season, is so common that no one, excepting a few individuals honestly seeking to promote game preservation, pays any attention to it. On March 10 last a meeting of natives and whites was held in Kenai for the purpose of stimulating interest in wild-life preservation. At this meeting a man who had lived among us for sixteen years arose and said:

"'The game laws of Alaska are being violated every day. The moose are decreasing rapidly in the Kenai Peninsula and in all the Cook Inlet country. Hundreds of moose are being killed here each year without more than half of them being taken out of the woods. Moose meat is right here to-day being fed to dogs and foxes. In the winter the dogs around here are fed almost nothing else but moose meat. If the Government doesn't soon take a hand, the moose will be a thing of the past, as the caribou around here now are.'

"Under present laws the natives may kill moose at any time of year, provided their need of food justifies it. The natives are too lazy to cure salmon for home consumption and for dog food, altho our streams abound with salmon. It is so much easier to get moose meat. Therefore the natives kill, paying little, if any, attention to whether it is closed or open season.

"Eight years ago, when the government railroad was being built from Seward to Anchorage, moose were plentiful in the upper Kenai Lake country. The route of the railroad was through the heart of the moose pastures. To-day one has to go twenty-five miles back from the railroad to see moose. It has been estimated by a man in close touch with the wild life in the Kenai country that the moose here have decreased at least 80 per cent. in the last ten years."

The other enemy of the Kenai moose is, strange as it may sound, the rabbit. These animals multiply in great numbers by cycles of seven years or so, when an epidemic of disease all but exterminates them. They are just now at the peak of their productivity, and because they feed on the same food as the moose—willows, beech twigs and leaves, alder bush, aquatic plants, etc.—they are bringing famine to the moose. To quote further:

By courtesy of the "American Forestry Magazine" (Washington, D. C.)

"THE MOOSE WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST"

And glorious creatures like this antlered giant will be seen no more in Alaska, says a resident of the Kenai Peninsula, "if the Government doesn't soon take a hand."

"In winter the moose feed in the old burns and open places, digging into the snow for food, if necessary. Last winter the rabbits had so reduced their winter feed that I found many calves dead of starvation. From my own observation and reports made to me by others, I estimate that at least 50 per cent. of last year's moose calves perished in the snow from starvation.

"This winter the situation will be even more critical, for the exterminating epidemic of the rabbits has not yet begun. Another enormous death toll, therefore, faces the Alaskan moose, especially the young ones. One thing only can save them, and that is man.

"This may sound like a gigantic or impractical task. In fact, it is a very simple and inexpensive one. Eight or ten men, properly placed throughout the winter range of the Kenai moose, could supply most of the herds with food by cutting down birch trees, which have no commercial value. Under extreme hunger, moose soon abandon their fear of man and congregate in large numbers about sources of food supply. A sum of three thousand or thirty-five hundred dollars would employ the men needed, since feeding will be necessary only during February and March, and possibly some of April. It would not have to be repeated until seven years hence, and then only if the rabbits become as numerous as at present. What an insignificant expenditure and an insignificant effort to save thousands of America's finest of wild animals from the silent and unseen agonies of winter starvation!

"Congress appropriated just $20,000 for game administration and protection in all of Alaska during 1923—a sum insignificant even for warden service. There is, therefore, no hope from that source for the coming winter. The money must be raised quickly

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by individuals and organizations interested in wild-life conservation.

"But this winter's feeding is only incidental to preserving these animals. What the situation demands, and what all real sportsmen of the United States should demand, is a fearless and efficient enforcement of the game laws by the territorial government and an appropriation by the Congress at Washington sufficient to make that enforcement possible. We sportsmen and lovers of wild life want game laws for game protection and not for political jugglery."

BIRTH-RATES AND RACIAL STOCK

FOREIGN-BORN MOTHERS in the United States have 33 per cent. more children than the native born, according to a recent census report discust in *American Medicine* (New York). The birth registration area of the United States now contains 65.3 per cent. of the population and is composed of twenty-seven States and the District of Columbia. In this area during 1921 the birth-rate was 24.3 per thousand population, with the proportion of children born, 1,059 males to 1,000 females. We read:

"This slight excess of male births is more than wiped out in the early mortality rate of infants, for during the same year the deaths of infants under one year of age evidenced a proportion of 1,314 males to 1,000 females. In general, it would be said that male births exceed the number of female births, altho there appears to be no tenable theory to account for this fact. By many it has been believed that wars and epidemics are followed by increases of masculinity of living births. The actual accumulation of data, however, would indicate a lack of sufficient material to justify this conclusion, despite the fact that it continues to exist as a tradition. Nor is it possible to interpret the evidence from foreign countries as sustaining this conjectural, intangible relation, when consideration is given to the sex of stillbirths, as well as living births.

"In comparing the size of families, it is interesting to note that the average number of children ever born to the mother of 1921, and the average number of these children now living were, respectively, 3.3 and 2.9, for all white mothers. When considering the variations in the countries of birth of mothers, distinct variations are found. The white mothers born in the United States have an average of three children, while foreign-born mothers have four. It is striking that the English stock averages three, whereas the Austrian and German average 4.3, Italian 4.4, and Polish 4.6. It is evident that foreign-born stock reproduces more extensively than do native American or English stocks. Nor is this reproduction cut down very extensively by very greatly increased mortality rates among the foreign-born, so that the general increase of the American population is definitely away from the traditional Anglo-Saxon stock, so thoroughly approved of by those thinking in terms of the foundations of this country.

"This variation in fecundity may be illustrated by a consideration of the distribution of children in the order of birth per thousand births for white mothers. During 1921, 328.2 of each of the births to American-born mothers were first children, as compared with 200.4 for all the foreign-born mothers. A special contrast is noted in the rate of 107 first children for Polish mothers, 143.9 for Austrian mothers, 157.5 for Hungarian mothers, and 323.3 for mothers born in England, Scotland and Wales.

"There is, thus, ample evidence of the comparatively small families that are being raised by our native population. This fact merits consideration in formulating plans for giving adequate care to the infant population if one is to project the educational work where it will be of the greatest service. It clearly indicates, also, that the complexion of American citizenship is undergoing a marked alteration in racial inheritances. The difference in mortality rates of children born of mothers in various countries opens many questions as to whether the discrepancies are due to racial stock, nurture, literacy, intellectual status, greater or less nervous stability, periods of breast feeding, or to entirely accidental causes. An analysis of factors such as these requires a considerable period of time, but merits the closest study.

"It is frequently assumed that a low birth-rate carries with it, necessarily, a low infant mortality rate. While there is undoubted evidence that this combination actually exists, it would not follow that the low infant mortality rate is entirely due to the altered economic conditions incident to small families. The part that nationality, education, instruction in hygiene and medico-social agencies play has not received sufficiently careful statistical study to justify the conclusions so frequently urged by those advocating family limitations. There is little doubt, however, that the mere fact of small families is conducive to better care and more adequate physical protection.

"With the downward trend of child-bearing among American-born mothers it becomes highly desirable to possess more accurate statistical information concerning the elements involved in still further lowering the infant mortality rate. At the present time American stock is undergoing a marked alteration, so that the influences upon the future generations are bound up in the relative proportion of racial inheritances that are preserved through the reduction of infant mortality, as related to the actual birth-rate. The social and hygienic significance of these two items is of more than passing statistical interest. It is inevitably linked up with countless health problems in the future."

"COTTON-BATTING" FROM WOOD-PULP

A NEW PRODUCT OF WOOD PULP has recently made its appearance in Germany to which the name of "cellulose batting" has been applied. A German consulting engineer, Anton D. J. Kuhn, describes the method of making it, in a late number of *Die Umschau* (Frankfort). He says:

"To begin with, the cellulose is freed from resin, so far as possible, and in this condition is used for unbleached cellulose batting. To prepare the bleached batting the deresined sulfid cellulose is very carefully bleached with chlorin, pains being taken not to injure the fibers. The chlorin and acid are then removed by washing. The mass is then pumped into several pulping machines, from which it passes, after a short time, to the vats of the batting machine.

"This machine, running at a regular rate of speed, forms an extremely thin fleece, which is prest while more or less moist on the drying-cylinder. The heat causes rapid evaporation, with the result that bubbles of steam are formed between the fleece and the surface of the cylinder; these produce a partial loosening of the fleece, and, furthermore, a bursting of the separate fiber-cells."

The dried fleece is carefully scraped off of the cylinder by an instrument which produces a "crêping" effect. The fleece is highly elastic, full of minute folds, and extremely absorbent. It is said to look like a delicate spider-web. On leaving the scraper it is made up into rolls. The single fleece is, of course, too delicate of texture and too porous to be used for bandages and for the other purposes for which cotton-batting is commonly employed, hence a number of fleeces must be superimposed. This is done mechanically, different thicknesses of 6, 12, 16 or 24 layers being prepared. These are made up into rolls or flat packages of various sizes. Sometimes this cellulose batting is enclosed, as is ordinary cotton-wool, between two layers of gauze, and used in this form. Besides its employment for surgical uses, this material can be used as a substitute for lamp-wicks, or in the soles of shoes, slippers, etc. It is an excellent packing material, especially for delicate wares, such as porcelain. This new material is also admirable as a non-conductor of heat; hence it can be used as an insulating packing against cold or heat. Since it is both tasteless and odorless it is excellent for filtration, for which purpose it is furnished in a special form. It consists of pure cellulose and closely corresponds in its properties to short-fibered, bleached cotton freed from grease. When first manufactured there was so much dust in the product that it was not suitable for bandages, but improved processes have almost entirely removed this disadvantage. During the war it came to be highly valued by the physicians and hospital directors of Germany because of the difficulty of obtaining raw cotton for surgical uses. Herr Kuhn says in conclusion:

"Quite recently, cellulose batting prepared by a special patented method has been made into blotting-paper. Its absorption index runs as high as 145, whereas the best rag-made blotting-paper now on the market has an index of 110 at most. . . . The many qualities which this new material has in common with cotton-wool, such as great softness, high absorptive powers and ease of sterilization, will increasingly extend its use for old and new purposes."

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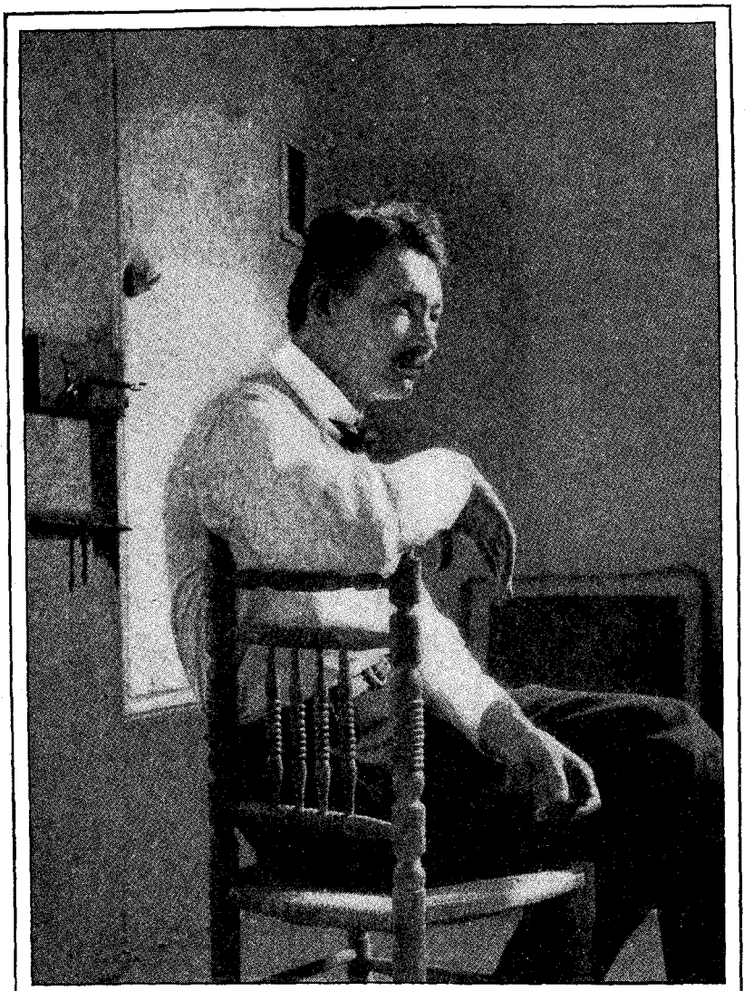
THE ARTIST'S PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS PUBLIC

THERE IS AN IDEA IN AMERICA that people can be told how to appreciate pictures, says Robert Henri in his new book on "The Art Spirit." "Whereas," he counters, "the appreciation of art is a very personal and special response to creative work. And it must be a part of the province of the artist so to present his work as to help create this response." The passage which shows Henri's humanity is typical of himself and his book. It is far away from the hauteur of some painters who throw the whole responsibility on the one who looks, and despise him if he misses the message. Henri's book is on "the concept and technique of picture-making; the study of art generally, and appreciation." George Bellows, the artist, writing of it in *Arts and Decoration*, declares it is "comparable only to the notes of Leonardo and Sir Joshua," and "infinitely more suggestive than either of these to the artists of to-day." "Most books which have been written about art in recent times," continues Bellows, "are technical; whereas Henri's book expresses his personal philosophy, a wide interest in humanity, a vast knowledge and wisdom, as well as much technical advice for the student." Henri's book begins everywhere and ends nowhere. Something sets him off, some unrecorded observation of a bystander, as this passage seems to indicate:



Pictures from "Robert Henri, His Life and Works"

ROBERT HENRI TELLS YOU

That "if you have the idea that an artist is not a decidedly practical person, get over it." The artist must help you appreciate his work.

"If you have the idea that an artist is not a decidedly practical person, get over it.

"Don't think that Frans Hals was drunk when he painted his vital pictures. Let the romancing historian think so, but just look at one of his heads and realize what cool generalship and positive, immediate decision were necessary to place those solid forms in action, and to render so much completion with such simple strokes. Wonderful judgment in the conception and execution of these works. A great order in them. The whole thing an invention. No copying. He must have had a fine working mind and he must have used it as its master. I'll bet his tools were the best, and everything in the right condition, and the right place, for immediate use.

"One man, all distinguished bearing, another fat and soft, with a ribald joke on his lip, one made of iron, and by his side a dandy.

"Frans Hals liked them all for what they were, and he gave his best to each one.

"Every bit of Frans Hals's painting is sheer invention. Examine the structure in the strokes which make the heads. They are parts of mighty buildings. Look at a mere tassel on a boot or a sword-hilt, you will find it a marvelous composition.

"Frans Hals was a man of wonderful judgment. He saw life and people in his own peculiar way and he was a supreme master of the tools in his hands."

Again, it is life as well as art, life before art, perhaps, that occupies him. Henri spent considerable time in the Southwest, and we find his impressions of Indian life there reflected in his teaching as well as in his work. Here is a passage, interesting to-day now that the Government is considering the censorship of Indian dances:

"What does a man see when he goes to the Indian dance? What are all these impressions? I have gone to many, had a perfectly delightful time, and then later hearing others talking of what they had seen, have found that from their point of view I had missed everything of importance. I have gone again and have struggled to see the 'right' things. In doing so, I have felt quite educational, but I have not had any happiness. The effort has prevented me from seeing what are *my* things in the dance. But what does a man see when he sees his own things? A few have found out—somewhat.

"If a picture is not of these self-seen things, then it must be a mighty interesting accounting of externals. It must be strong in its kind. It would be a big job really to paint the Snake Dance. I have never seen it, but of course with my knowledge of other Indian dances, I have a ground to base imagination on. I know that I would see a vast country, an immense sky, great space. In this great space there would be the mesa, the pueblo, the little crowd of spectators, and then the dancers with rattlesnakes in their mouths. Something happening way off there, a little speck on the face of the earth. But how would I see it? Would it not be a reversal of all these proportions: the smallest become the largest? I can believe that the tiny little snakes would so enlarge

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upon me that I would be filled with an overpowering sense of their writhing strength, their quick and slow movements, strike and poison. They would dominate the sky and the mountains, which would have to take shapes according to them. It would be the Snake Dance filling the universe.

"Isadora Duncan dances and fills the universe. She exceeds all ordinary measure.

"The difficulty for us is to know what, or how we see material things, when we are seeing beyond material things. If we could only know what we see, and paint what we see!"

Here is some practical advice:

"If you want to be a historical painter, let your history be of your own time, of what you can get to know personally—of manners and customs within your own experience.

"John Leech was a comic artist on *Punch*, and while no one would care much to look over the Royal Academy catalog of his time, the pages in *Punch* by John Leech hold our interest to this day. Leech is known as a 'comic' artist, but his pictures went deep into life, and the choice of his expression was noble. He is one of the greatest artists England has had, and because he was so interested in life as he found it, his works have a great historical value.

"Rembrandt did not go out of his own sphere to make his religious subjects—he applied the ideas to the materials of his own life. That is one of the reasons his work is so lasting in our interests.

"If you must paint a 'Good Samaritan,' do not paint the old story, in the old form, but let your subject be the recurrence of the spirit of the Good Samaritan as it presents itself to you in your own environment. These great moments didn't happen just once—they still continue to happen.

"Perhaps some of you will recall seeing a picture painted by John Sloan of the backs of the old Twenty-fourth Street houses with the boys on the roof startling the pigeons into flight. It is a human document of the lives of the people living in those houses. You feel the incidents in the windows, the incidents in the construction of the houses, the incidents in the wear and tear on them; in fact, the life of that neighborhood is all shown in the little line of houses, yellow and red houses, warm in the sunlight. And the quality of the sunlight is that of a caress; the houses, the atmosphere, are steeped in its warmth. That canvas will carry into future time the feel and the way of life as it happened, and as it was seen and understood by the artist."

Henri's own work knows no national boundaries. He is at present in Spain in search of what he calls—

"My People

"The people I like to paint are 'my people,' whoever they may be, wherever they may exist, the people through whom dignity of life is manifest, that is, who are in some way expressing themselves naturally along the lines nature intended for them. My people may be old or young, rich or poor; I may speak their language or I may communicate with them only by gestures. But wherever I find them, the Indian at work in the white man's way, the Spanish gipsy moving back to the freedom of the hills, the little boy, quiet and reticent before the stranger, my interest is awakened and my impulse immediately is to tell about them through my own language—drawing and painting in color.

"I find as I go out, from one land to another seeking 'my people,' that I have none of that cruel, fearful possession known as patriotism; no blind, intense devotion for an institution that has stiffened in chains of its own making. My love of mankind is individual, not national, and always I find the race exprest in the individual. And so I am 'patriotic' only about what I admire, and my devotion to humanity burns up as brightly for Europe as for America; it flares up as swiftly for Mexico if I am painting the peon there; it warms toward the bullfighter in Spain, if, in spite of its cruelty, there is that element in his art which I find beautiful; it intensifies before the Irish peasant, whose love, poetry, simplicity and humor have enriched my existence, just as completely as tho each of these people were of my own country and my own hearthstone. Everywhere I see at times this beautiful expression of the dignity of life, to which I respond with a wish to preserve this beauty of humanity for my friends to enjoy.

"This thing I call *dignity* in a human being is inevitably the result of an established order in the universe. Everything that is beautiful is orderly, and there can be no order unless things are in their right relation to each other. Of this right relation throughout the world beauty is born. A musical scale, the sword motif for instance in the 'Ring,' is order in sound; sculpture as the Greeks saw it, big, sure, infinite, is order in proportion; painting, in which the artist has the wisdom that ordained the rainbow, is order in color; poetry—Whitman, Ibsen, Shelley, each is supreme order in verbal expression. It is not too much to say that art is the noting of the existence of order throughout the world, and so, order stirs imagination and inspires one to reproduce this beautiful relationship existing in the universe, as best one can. Everywhere I find that the moment order in nature is understood and freely shown, the result is nobility—the Irish peasant has nobility of language and facial expression; the North American Indian has nobility of poise, of gesture; nearly all children have nobility of impulse. This orderliness must exist or the world could not hold together, and it is a vision of orderliness that enables the artist along any line whatsoever to capture and present through his imagination the wonder that stimulates life."

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

THE FUTURE OF OUR GREAT ORCHESTRAS lies with the children; and the love and interest for symphonic music is, so far as possible with us, made a part of the children's education. How far this is a peculiarly American enterprise may not have been realized, until coming upon the article by the American pianist, Ernest Schelling, in the London *Daily Telegraph*. New Yorkers or Chicagoans may not perhaps be aware of efforts similar to their own made outside their own boundaries, therefore the facts collected by Mr. Schelling are probably as new to us as to his English readers. Mr. Schelling is likely to find no opponent to such a statement as this: "A child's mind is so receptive for good or bad, such a fertile ground for the stimulation of the imagination, if properly interested at an early age, if taught to listen intelligently to beautiful music, it will always remember; and the early training will mean untold enjoyment and understanding later on." Mr. Schelling's survey covers the main points of information without attempting critical comparisons:

"Concerts for children seem to be an American development. I have been unable to find any record of anything similar in Europe, in the past. The only early instance of an attempt to interest children in music seems to be that of the Allgemeine Musik Gesellschaft in Zurich, which began publishing in 1813 an annual or semi-annual pamphlet, a short record of contemporary musical doings and biographies. The title of this series was: 'Neu Jahr's Geschenk an die Zurcherische Jugend'—'New Year's Present to the Young People of Zurich.' The title was borrowed from an earlier musical association which published a similar series from 1780 to 1812. Both of these societies gave regular series of concerts during this period, and it may be assumed that some of them were for young people. I am indebted for this information to Dr. Kinkeldey, the erudite chief of the music division of the New York Public Library. Concerts for young people have been given in America since 1898. Pioneers in this work were Dr. Frank Damrosch and his brother Walter Damrosch, whose concerts for young people with the New York Symphony Orchestra were among the first, and have been an uninterrupted series since that date.

"Wonderful work is being done by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of that admirable musician, Frederick Stock, who has led children's concerts for a number of years. Two series of six concerts each are given every year, and approximately 2,500 children attend each concert. Adults unescorted by children are not admitted. These concerts have programs with notes which represent an important factor in the educational work of the concerts, and are written with an astonishing understanding of child psychology. Mr. Stock uses the full orchestra of ninety-five men, and talks to the children, explaining the music, and encourages them to learn the important themes by singing them. He states that it is surprizing how keen the children's ears become in the matter of orchestral color. They identify the various choirs of the orchestra immediately. The cost of the tickets is 10 cents, and the Chicago Orchestra Association spends $28,000 annually to bring good music to the masses, who respond by filling every available seat, and there are long waiting-lists. Leopold Stokowski, the leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has two series of four concerts, which are run on similar lines. Mr. Stokowski, a great lover of children,

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who understands their psychology admirably, explaining the history of the instruments used by the orchestra, and giving examples by solos from the principals. Last winter Mr. Stokowski gave at one of the children's concerts 'The Carnival of Animals,' by Saint-Saëns, to illustrate which a number of the animals were on the stage—the elephant, however, not being in a receptive mood for symphonic music, was the only one to voice his disapproval."

In Cleveland public schools take turns going to the children's concerts of that city's symphony orchestra, regulating the turn by the alphabetical order of the names:

"The public school children gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to attend these concerts, and absorb their full quota of 2,400 tickets for each concert. The children from the parochial schools also absorb the quota of seats allocated to them. In order to stimulate the interest among the children of the public schools, memory tests have been conducted as follows: The Educational Committee furnish a list of the orchestral music included in the contest to the supervisor of music of the Cleveland public schools, who purchases a number of phonographic records of musical experts on this list. The class-room teachers are asked to play these records to the children and teach them the names of the compositions and the composer. At the final concert of the series, examinations are held in the concert hall. Out of each school thirty of the best children are selected to represent that school. Teams come with banners. Each child is furnished with a card and pencil. Mr. Sokoloff, the conductor, plays compositions without announcing the name. After each composition the children put down the name of the piece, the name of the composer, and his nationality. When the scoring is finished the results are announced, and the winning team receives a prize—a large bronze tablet presented to the school it represents. Children are awarded an individual button for the best card.

"The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Rudolf Ganz, gives five children's concerts a season to about 2,000 at each concert, also one or more concerts for colored children only. Mr. Ganz also gives children's concerts with the Symphony Orchestra in many cities besides St. Louis. Last year he played to as many as 35,000 children. In Kansas City the St. Louis Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Ganz, gives children's concerts in a hall that holds 10,000 children. The Board of Education of Kansas City cooperates with the orchestra, and the head of the Department of Music of Public Schools sees that the programs played by the orchestra are made familiar to the children in the class-rooms of their schools by having the orchestral numbers played by phonographic records. I mention these orchestras, as I am more or less familiar with their work, but many other musical associations are also doing splendid work. I have seen really remarkable results achieved by the Justine Ward classes for sight-reading."

New York, with its half dozen or so orchestras, great and small, has formerly depended on the Symphony for its children's fare. Mr. Schelling tells us of another entering the field:

"In New York, Mr. Clarence Mackay, president of the New York Philharmonic Society, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, and Mrs. Charles E. Mitchell, heads of the educational committee, are inaugurating a series of ten children's concerts with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by myself. The first series is to be for public-school children, the second series for private schools and individual children, but no adults will be admitted unless accompanied by children. In these series I intend presenting similar programs to those given by the Chicago and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras, but with an innovation, which has been successfully tried by Mr. Stock, of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

"As we derive three-quarters of our knowledge through our eyes, why not use this means to interest children and impress them doubly, audibly, and visually. Bearing this in mind, I have had some 300 slides made of the various instruments in the orchestra, and slides of the composers and of the principal themes and works performed. As only the children of the first few rows would be able to see the violin, oboe, or other instruments presented by the soloist, the throwing of highly magnified slides of that particular instrument on a screen will show it to all. The children will be able to see and tell at a glance the difference between the oboe and the clarinet, and at the same time hear the difference in sound. To see what the composer looks like will give an added interest, and the themes on the screen will enable the children to follow the music better, and so thoroughly familiarize themselves with the themes.

"The principals of the different choirs, eminent artists, will illustrate soloistically the qualities of their instruments. Public-school children will pay 10 cents for admission to these concerts, and the others will pay the regular concert prices. The deficit, amounting to about $30,000, will be met by the Educational Committee."

"JOSEÉ"

One of "My People," as Henri refers to his subjects. This one looks like a product of the Mexican strain in our Southwest.

No one doubts that the Symphony Orchestra is "the greatest instrument for the forming of a higher appreciation and love of the highest in music," but there are many who have to sit up nights to figure out how these expensive institutions are to be supported. The ground must be prepared a long way ahead:

"It is unnecessary to dwell on the advantages of a symphony orchestra to any community, and there are among the guarantors and backers of symphony orchestras in America many public-spirited citizens who, without any knowledge of music, without its even making the slightest personal appeal, have been, and are, willing to help support an institution which they consider to be indispensable to the education of the community. But how much easier would it be to find supporters of symphony orchestras if the love and interest for symphonic music had been made part and parcel of a child's early education."

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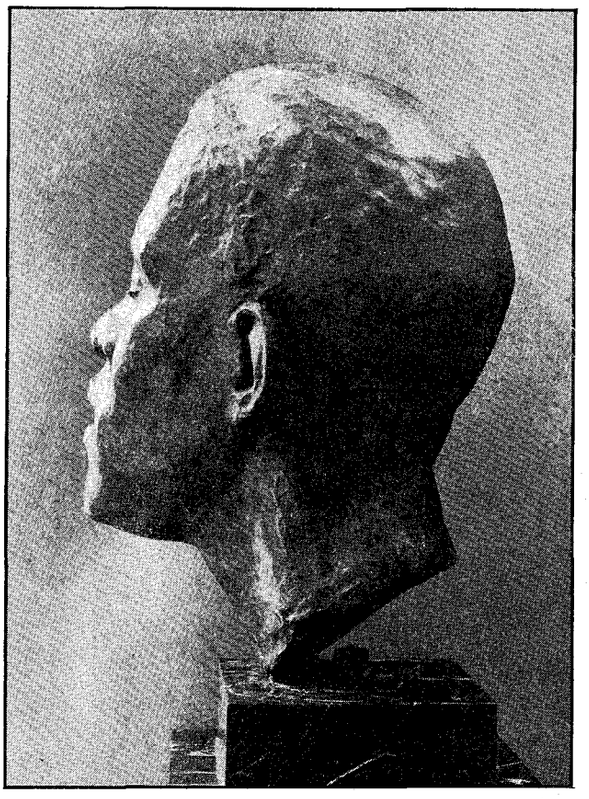
A NEGRO ARTIST IN SONG

AS AN ARTIST AND A MAN Roland Hayes makes his appeal to an audience and not as some one unusual and eccentric in his race relations. That he is a negro is in no way emphasized in the program of songs he offers, except that there are "spirituals"—peculiar to the music of his race—which he sings as do many white musicians, only he does them better. "To write only of his singing would not be enough," says Henrietta Straus in *The Nation*, "altho that alone would place him in the front rank of concert artists, regardless of race or nationality." She goes on to call him "our finest American lieder singer," tho something of the same thing was recently said by critics of Paul Draper. Mr. Draper, however, lacks the natural endowment of a good voice. The gods were generous to Roland Hayes. "He has a tenor voice of rare beauty and unusually rich middle register, and its wide range and easy production enable him to give with equal perfection the lyric loveliness of a song or the dramatic force and accents of an aria," His life, as sketched by this writer, is not without elements of romance, mingled with the hard work necessary to produce an artist:



AN AMERICAN NEGRO ARTIST-SINGER

Roland Hayes, represented in bronze by Renée Vautier, while singing the negro spiritual, "Steal Away to Jesus," at the Salle Gavau, Paris.

"During his years of study in the South, he worked as a waiter, and when he finally went North to live he seems to have taken with him the respect of his white patrons, as they subsequently proved. He remained North for some years, chiefly in Boston, completing his vocal studies, giving occasional concerts, and even venturing a début in New York, where, as I remember, he received unusually good notices. Then he found that there was no place for him yet as an artist in a country which had just fought to 'make the world safe for democracy.' So he went to Europe, where kings and titles and class distinctions still abound, and there he found recognition wherever he went, was lionized by the aristocracy of Paris and London, and was even 'commanded' to sing before royalty. But of none of these things does he speak. If you ask him why he went to Europe, he will tell you that he went to learn the languages and to try to understand the people, because he felt that if he could understand *them* he could understand their music. It is because he understands his own race, he adds, that he is able to sing their 'spirituals' so well, and he feels that the same principle could be applied to all humanity. By building on the best qualities in himself that are peculiar to his race, as well as those that are common to all mankind, he hopes to prove that the negro can be a universal artist, something more than a singer of 'spirituals.' In this way, and not by making a racial issue of his art, or of his career as an artist, he hopes to win recognition for his race. And he is accomplishing his aim. The citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, where he worked so long as a waiter, have asked him personally through the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, to come back and sing for them. And this request has pleased him more than all the commands of kings. For now that the South has begun to welcome him on his merits as a man and as an artist he knows that he has at last been able to show to his people a light where before all was darkness, and a safe footpath on a road that was deemed impassable. And so, seeking the verities of his art through those of life, he has been able to transmute that art from an expression of formal beauty into a spiritual utterance."

He is possest of an acute ear for language as well as for music and he manages the various repertory of song in English, German, French and Italian with almost equal success. Miss Straus refers to these attributes as only the "husk of his art."

"Its substance is something quite otherwise, an inward element that bears the stamp of an experience more spiritual even than artistic. It brings to his art what my old singing teacher used to call 'the most wonderful quality in the world,' namely, tenderness; because where passion can tear a singer to pieces and leave the auditors cold, against tenderness there is no defense. It is a quality that lends enchantment to the voice, yet it is not always included in the 'artistic temperament.' Clément has it in a marked degree, as has also his youthful successor, Baugré. But while in the French tenors it takes on a certain sensuousness, in Hayes it seems to spring from a deep and pure humanity, subjecting all that he sings to a sort of spiritual alchemy. And not all that he sings can stand the test. Pseudo-sacred music like Dvořák's setting to the magnificent text of his seventh Biblical song becomes unbearably cheap, like a commonplace church solo. Even the 'Dieu' of César Franck's 'Procession' seems a bit futile, the mysticism vanishing into thin air. Yet such an atmospheric fragment as Fauré's 'Clair de Lune,' stript of all sensuous nuance, will gleam suddenly like the ray of pale moonlight it was meant to be. And the 'spirituals,' like no other songs in form and content, will shine as pure gold, bearing a strange kinship to old masters like Bach, as tho they were merely repeating a familiar message in new words. Here is an interpretation of music that is independent of schools, and, to understand it fully, one must go to the man himself."

In Boston, where Mr. Hayes has lately been singing, his acceptance was as enthusiastic as it was in New York. We quote some paragraphs from Mr. H. I. Parker in the Boston *Transcript:*

"Certainly no better-bred singer now traverses our concert-halls. Slender, straight and graceful of movement, Mr. Hayes is a pleasing figure to the eye. His carriage is modest and poised—with the audience neither effusively deferential nor dourly aloof. He gives himself unobtrusively to the work in hand, he takes quiet satisfaction from the rewarding applause. Except in an obvious moistening of the lips before he begins to sing, he has not a trick of manner. His speaking voice, when he announces an extra piece or prefixes a word of explanation to a 'spiritual,' is clear and agreeable; his intonations those of a man of education and a man of the world. As a gentleman he practises his profession. . . .

"In the use of this voice Mr. Hayes now does the work of both skill and imagination. His ear knows, his tone follows, the true pitch. He strikes each note firm, full and clear, unless, for the sake of sentiment, he touches it with light, artful quiver. He rounds his phrases—within the contours of the melody. He is discerning and elastic with pace, rhythm, pause, transition, gradient, climax. Yet more is he expert singer in the apportioning, so to say, of his tones. He commands an ample, but never a forced, power."

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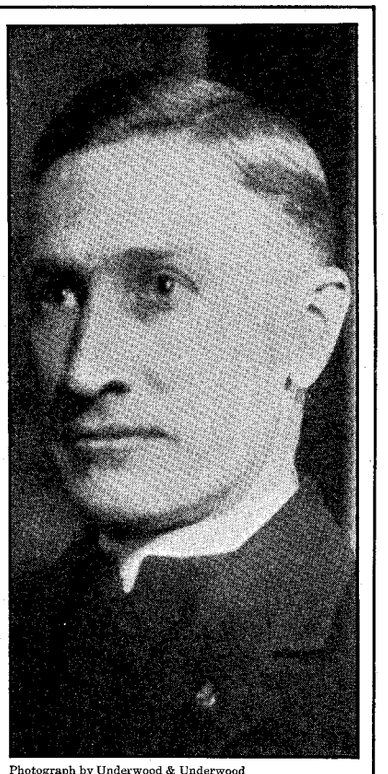
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE BATTLE OF THE CREEDS

THE REVOLT against the Dallas "decalog," as the Episcopal Bishops' recent pastoral from that city has been described, has come to a head in the challenge from the liberals that the conservatives carry out their threat to bring the Rev. Lee W. Heaton, of Fort Worth, Texas, to trial for having questioned the Virgin Birth. The issue in the Episcopal Church, over which the whole East has been aroused, is similar to that which has caused dissension in the Presbyterian and Baptist denominations, and less seriously disturbed the Methodists, indicating, in the opinion of some, that the cleavage between the literalists and the liberals in the Protestant branch of the Christian Church in America is widening to the point of permanent division. Lucky it is, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle* on some of the fiery utterances that have resounded from the pulpit, that the persecutions characteristic of a former day are unthinkable in this. "Nobody will be burned at the stake, nobody will have his throat cut, nobody will be tortured by either side. Words, not swords, will be the weapons." Of these there has been a torrential hail. The Modern Churchmen's Union, which is said to be composed of about five hundred Episcopal clergymen, has assumed the defense of Mr. Heaton by printing the evidence in his case, 10,000 copies of which are to be forwarded to bishops and clergymen, and by raising $1,000 for his defense. "If one goes to trial," runs the battle cry, "all must go."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CHARGED WITH HERESY

Rev. Lee W. Heaton, of Fort Worth, who has aroused a storm in the Episcopal church. The Modern Churchmen's Union will defend him if he is brought to trial.

If other spectacular feature to the revolt were needed, it is presented in the deliberate and dramatic utterance of the Rev. Leighton Parks, of New York, who, divesting himself of his priestly vestments, and appearing in his pulpit at St. Bartholomew's church in the gown of a "doctor of theology," defended doubt of the Virgin Birth, and suggested that Bishop W. T. Manning bring him, rather than an "obscure clergyman," to trial for heresy. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, who was recently admonished by Bishop Manning because he had permitted bare-legged dancing in his parish house; the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, whose late tilt with Bishop Manning over matters similar to those now at issue resulted ambiguously; the Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Church: the Rev. W. Russell Bowie, rector of Grace Church, and others, have joined the debate and given it an air of seriousness which few seek to cover up. Efforts by some of the conservatives to stop the controversy are complicated by the announcement that a declaration is shortly to be expected from liberal Bishops in the West, it being noted by a Modernist leader that "only 65 of the 140 Bishops were present at the Dallas meeting" in which the pastoral letter was drawn up and ordered to be read in every Episcopal pulpit. However, a truce to the controversy was called by Bishop Manning, who, in a pastoral letter, asked that discussion be halted until after the feast of the Nativity. He writes that "the position of the Church has not changed," and that the Bishops' pastoral, issued in response to "an important question formally presented by a large number of laymen," is not "a new statement of doctrine." He proceeds:

> "The present questions are serious and must be met faithfully, but as Bishop of the diocese I ask that controversial discussion of them shall be suspended during the Christmas season, and that all of us, clergy and laity alike, give our thoughts to the message of peace and good-will and brotherly love which the festival of our Saviour's birth brings to us."

Meanwhile efforts are being directed against placing Mr. Heaton on trial, and Bishop Harry T. Moore, Coadjutor of the Episcopal diocese of Dallas, is quoted as saying that no steps beyond formal presentation of the case to the Standing Committee have been taken against the Dallas clergyman. But the Modernists are bent on having the trial take place, so that the issue may be settled once and for all. The charge against Mr. Heaton is based on this paragraph in a sermon on "What is Truth?" delivered last Palm Sunday:

> "Consecrated Christian men differ much in their interpretation of the ancient creeds, and each succeeding generation must reinterpret for itself 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints.' For instance, there are those who cling with unquestioning minds to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth as a statement of physical fact, while others have been moved to analyze it and have discovered new spiritual truths that transcend what the form of words thus so imperfectly express. There are those among us who believe that Jesus was in all things and in every way both God and man; the incarnation of God and the son of Joseph. This is my own opinion, and there is room in the Church for those who must reconcile theology with religion."

This position is identical with that of Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts, says Dr. Stuart L. Tyson, honorary vicar of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, and vice-president of the Modern Churchmen's Union. "But, instead of taking a man like Bishop Lawrence," observes Dr. Tyson, as he is quoted in press reports, "it is proposed to take this young man from the Southwest for a test case." Dr. Tyson states that Bishop Moore had declared that "this Heaton case is the beginning of a concerted movement to cleanse the Episcopal Church of Modernism." Thereupon New York Modernists telegraphed Mr. Heaton to come to New York, and began a movement not only to defend him but to challenge the conservative wing in the Episcopal Church. This challenge is directly voiced in an onslaught on the Bishops' pastoral, which, with Bishop Lawrence's address, said to have prompted the letter, was reviewed in these columns on December 22. The Bishops' gage has been taken up by several of New York's leading rectors, by none more strongly than

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by the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, who declares that doctrine can be changed only by a concurrent vote of the bishops with the clerical and lay deputies to the General Convention, and asserts that the bishops were very unfortunate in their witnesses for the Dallas pronouncement. Dwelling on the specific questions at issue, Dr. Parks declares, as his dramatic statement is quoted in the press:

"There are many earnest ministers in our Church who believe the doctrine of the bodily resurrection is untrue. They turn to St. Paul's words.

"Why should we insist that the essential thing is the physical resurrection? This does not unchurch those who believe in the physical and bodily resurrection because they can find Scriptural grounds for their belief. And the man who does not believe this doctrine can find Scriptural grounds for his unbelief.

"Then take the doctrine of the Virgin Birth. Those who say

THE OLD QUARREL

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

Jesus Christ was born of a virgin are justified by the Scriptures, but so far I have been able to find but three references to it.

"The best scholars tell us that the word used by Isaiah in his prophecy means 'a young married woman,' and this was wrongly translated in Greek to mean 'a virgin.' It is possible that the early writers found it a beautiful suggestion that Christ was born of a virgin. St. Paul said that Jesus was born of the seed of David after the flesh. His ancestry in St. Matthew and St. Luke was traced through Joseph, and those two gospels state it was Joseph who was descended from David. We have no idea about Mary's ancestry. In St. Mark there is not one word about the Virgin Birth. The fourth gospel says His father was Joseph. There is justification from Scripture for those who deny that the Virgin Birth was a historic fact."

Dr. Parks later asserted that he had not "flouted the Virgin Birth," which "would be shocking," and that he had not defied the Bishop, which "would be disloyal." However, his statement on the resurrection and the Virgin Birth gives great encouragement to the Modernists. To Dr. Karl Reiland it seems "an exceedingly able and courageous utterance," and no one, he says, "will dare to bring Dr. Parks and Bishop Lawrence to trial. . . . If one goes to trial, we all go. In Dallas, Texas, they will proceed to try Mr. Heaton at their peril." The contest was bound to come, in the opinion of Dr. Reiland, and "it is just as well that it arose out of a pigmy pastoral." The best scholarship, asserts Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, has declared that the creeds were not an essential part of the early teachings of the Church, or even necessary to belief. "There are many in the Church, English and American, who still believe in an authority almost papal and wish practically to return to medieval ways. They have little sympathy with Protestantism." Dr. Guthrie, who has strest spectacular esthetic interpretation of Christianity in his church, and who was recently admonished by Bishop Manning for permitting too much exposure of feminine beauty in an interpretative dance, says that we must "fashion our churches after the Greek temples, where the presence of God was vocative, invocative and provocative."

However, the Bishops' pastoral, in which it is reasserted that literal interpretation of the Apostles' Creed is requisite in the Christian church, is not without support, some of it coming from the West, where the Modernists say they expect a declaration in their behalf. "We must make allowances for brainstorms, limelight lovers and bishop-haters and heresy trial-hunting heroes," says Bishop E. V. Shayler, of Nebraska, in a telegram to the New York *Herald*. Bishop Shayler goes on:

"I voted for the pastoral letter because I believe in the Virgin Birth of our Lord and in His resurrection. Otherwise Christ would be a dead man and Christmas no more than Lincoln's birthday. Loyalty exprest and pledged when their commission was given to these men demands the return of such commission when the pledge is revoked. The answer is, what would you do with a commissioned officer of the United States Army who denied the Americanism of our Constitution and interpreted the Constitution as Bolshevism?"

Asserting that the Heaton incident is of not much importance, Bishop William H. Moreland, of Sacramento, believes that "the vast majority of bishops, clergy and laity of the American Episcopal Church will prefer to accept the plain teaching of the New Testament and the Christian tradition of nineteen centuries rather than the private opinion of the estimable gentlemen" named in the *Herald's* request for a statement. The whole matter seems to Bishop Edward Fawcett, of Quincy, Illinois, to be "a passion for publicity rather than for truth."

Other pulpits have taken note of the Episcopalian controversy. The New York Unitarian Ministers' Association adopted resolutions supporting the Modern Churchmen's Union. But two Methodist ministers—Drs. Christian F. Reisner and Ralph W. Sockman—criticize the creed battles. "We want to hear less about the Church and get word from God more frequently," said Dr. Reisner in a sermon quoted in the press. "Only the man or woman who has had religious training early in life can win out in the game of life." "Scientifically we are adults; religiously we are in the nursery," says Dr. Sockman. And "when adult sciences strike a nursery religious mind, there is a shock." But, "if we train our children in religion as well as in science, there will be no such disgraceful proceedings as Fundamentalist-Modernist controversies twenty-five years hence."

On the same Sunday that the Episcopal Bishops' pastoral was read in the Episcopal churches, the following letter from Archbishop Hayes, head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York, was read in all the Catholic churches:

"The days that have fallen on mankind mark an era of hatred, distrust, persecution, revolt and injustice among men. The spirit of Herod, Nero and Julian the apostate—avowed enemies of Christ in their day—has come back to plague the world. Herod would have destroyed by the sword the Christ Child at birth, to hold his throne; Nero would have crusht Christ's Church to make a Roman holiday; Julian the apostate by legislative act would have prevented Christ's Church from exercising her ministry of worship and of teaching.

"Others have followed in the spirit of Herod, Nero and Julian even to our own day, and even in progressive and free America. Some out-Herod Herod, by denying the divinity and virgin birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. Some plot and act to persecute and proscribe the followers of Christ because of their loyalty to His Law and doctrine. Some apostatize from Christ, by rejecting His mandate of right, of conduct and of love, enacting laws and following practises that are abhorrent to elementary morality, common justice, and ordinary decency. 'Back to paganism' is the watchword, it would seem."

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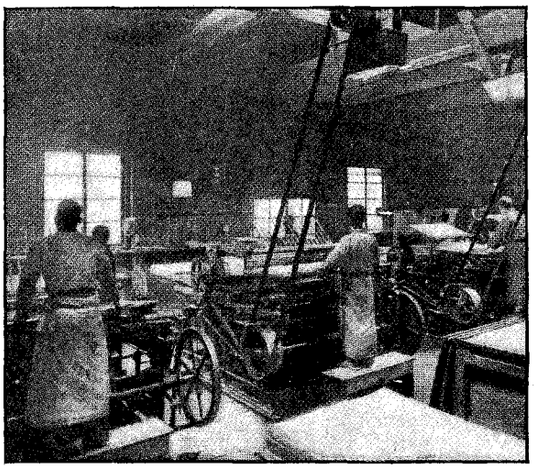

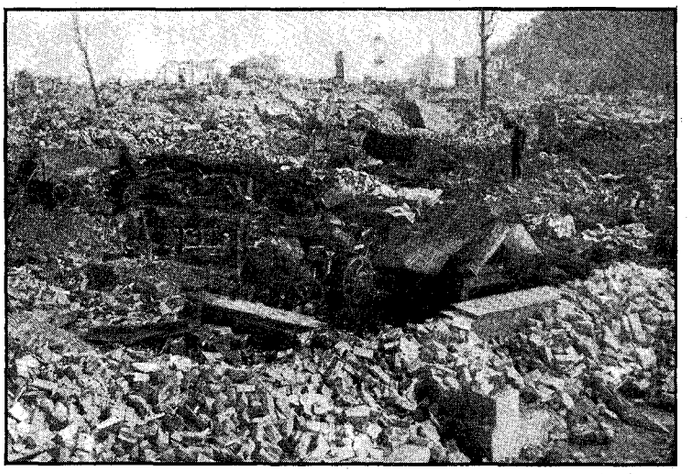

THE FUKUIN PRESSROOM, BEFORE AND AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

In the twinkling of an eye the Yokohama printing-plant, which was printing more Bibles than any other plant in the world, was reduced to a pile of débris, and one of the proprietors and many of the employees were killed.

JAPAN'S BIBLE FAMINE

A CARPET OF MELTED LEAD is all that is left of the printing-plates for the Bible published in Yokohama in twenty-five languages and dialects for Japan, China, Siam and the Philippine Islands; and the entire stock of Bibles on hand in depositories in Tokyo and Yokohama at the time of the earthquake are now part of the ash-heaps in those two cities. It was the greatest loss sustained by the American Bible Society in its history, says Frank H. Mann, General Secretary of the Society. It means, writes Howard A. Banks in *The Sunday School Times*, not only a Bible famine in the countries mentioned, "but also that the ordinary machinery of the Bible Society must come to a standstill until these plates can be reproduced; and that much of the mission work in these lands will be hindered, since the Bible Society is the ordnance department for Far Eastern Missions." Reckoned in dollars, the loss is put at $289,803; measured in terms of spiritual check and hindrance, the loss is incalculable. For, by a curious paradox, the Fukuin Printing Company, a single printing agency founded by a man originally a pagan in a land formerly hostile to Christianity, produced more Christian Scriptures than were being printed at the same time in any other city in the world. But something of the brave spirit of the founder was, perhaps, translated into action by the American Bible Society in New York. The fires in Yokohama had hardly cooled before the Society began to meet the emergency. Half a million copies of the Gospel of St. John in Japanese have been produced in New York by a photographic process from printed pages, and dispatched to Japan. The Society has also sent to the stricken area all the Japanese Scriptures available in its agencies throughout the world. But this will not be satisfactory as a permanent publishing and distributing plan, and the Society is seeking to reestablish the destroyed plant and make good its losses. Editors of a number of denominational weeklies called to a special meeting in New York have promised to cooperate in this effort.

Through the dark tragedy of the Fukuin [or Evangelicall *Printing Company*, possession of which had been acquired by the American Bible Society, runs the bright thread of romance. Its founder, Mr. Muraoka, was a Christian converted from Buddhism. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church in Yokohama, and was acclaimed a most devoted Christian, whose great interest was in the circulation of the Scriptures. The story is carried on in a pamphlet issued by the American Bible Society:

"Sensing the difficulties encountered in securing competent printers to print the books, Mr. Muraoka decided to start a printing-plant of his own. Upon receiving the assurance that he would be given a fair chance for the Society's work, the company was launched, Mr. Muraoka being the chief stockholder and manager.

"From the very first the company was decidedly religious. Mr. Muraoka rented a single room, only about ten by twelve feet square, and with a meager supply of types and equipment, a hand-press and a single helper, started in to print Bibles for the Orient. He once described that first morning thus: 'When I entered that little room and saw what was before me, I was very much discouraged. I realized that I had surrendered my position and had my living for myself and family to make. The thing seemed too small for the great task I saw ahead. I felt as tho the skies were crushing me down.' But he closed the door, and after reading a passage of Scripture in which the Master promised never to leave him nor forsake him, Mr. Muraoka dedicated the plant to the Lord and pledged himself to hold a similar dedicatory service every Monday morning. The Master wonderfully blest the plant. It grew and multiplied, until at one time the company had in its employ, in the main plant in Yokohama and two outlying plants, a total of nearly 1,200 employees. To visit one of those Monday morning meetings was an experience never to be forgotten. Attendance was not compulsory; but no work was to be done till the end of the hour. It cost that company something, since there was no piece-work done in the plant. The employees could go elsewhere and do as they pleased; but they seemed pleased to come to that service. It was no unusual thing to have 400 present out of the possible 650 or 700 in the plant.

"Mr. Muraoka's first work was to publish Bibles; and his staff became expert in that. They published practically all the Scriptures for Japan, China, Siam, the Philippines, and not a few for far-away Malaysian States.

"Out from this printing-plant flowed the stream of sacred literature that more than any other single thing was bringing cheer into the lives of despairing millions; giving inspiration to the multitudes who were turning to the Light; bringing poise and tranquillity to the nations of the East, and, in a word, leavening the entire life of the East. It was the fountain source from which this ceaseless stream was flowing. And what a stream it was!

"Few people realize that in all probability Yokohama was the city which produced more Scriptures for missionary purposes than any other city in the world. And practically all of these were printed in the Fukuin plant. Out from this great three-storied red-brick structure in Yamashitacho in Yokohama were shipped an average of 15,000 complete volumes of the Bible, entire or in part, every working day of the year, to the remotest parts of Japan and Korea, to the Japanese in China, Manchuria and Malay Peninsula, Hawaii, and California; to every nook and corner of the Philippine Islands, in Siam, and all over China. They have molded thought to such an extent that national customs and policies are being modified and moral standards raised almost beyond calculation."

A few years ago the founder of the Fukuin Company died, and the business was continued by his two sons. The elder of the

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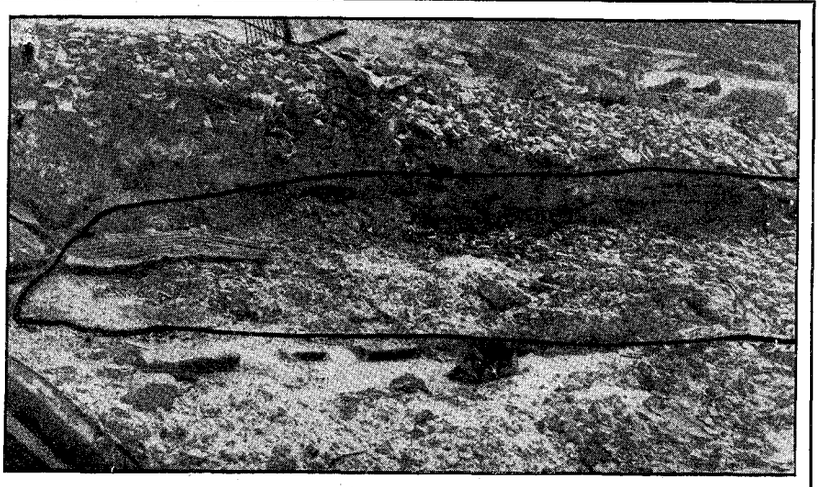
brothers and nearly a hundred of the employees perished in the earthquake. But the business is to be carried on, with the assurance, it would seem, that its continuance will be not unwelcome to those who cling to the faith of their fathers. Among these is Viscount Shibusawa, Japan's multimillionaire philanthropist, who is thus quoted in the American Bible Society's pamphlet:



BIBLE PLATES FUSED INTO A SINGLE SHEET

The black line indicates the extent under the débris of the metal slab, into which all the Bible plates kept by the Fukuin Printing Company were melted in the fire which followed the earthquake. The slab is from four to six inches thick.

"I am a Confucianist. There are a lot of things about Christianity which you preach that I do not understand. A lot of things you do look like foolishness to me. But there are two things in your program that are outstanding and appeal to me. One is your Bible. One was given to me years ago, and I have read some of it nearly every day since. It is the greatest book ever written. I wish there was a copy in every home in Japan. The other thing is the Sunday school, where young and old gather together to study this book. I wish every person in Japan had the opportunity to attend a Sunday school. It would be the greatest thing for business integrity and morality that could possibly happen."

SUBTERFUGES OF FOLLY—Excuses that would not be tendered for failure to attend a club meeting are offered in "amazing degree" for slighting church services. Whereas, says Dr. John Andrew Holmes in a quotation printed on postcards issued by a Richmond, Virginia, printing company, "the best excuse for absence from church is not so good as actual attendance. The sermon may save your soul, but it is not likely that the excuse will." It is safe to say, remarks *The Reformed Church Messenger*, that "thousands of men and women would put these miserable subterfuges to flight if they realized how much damage is being wrought by the unwholesome example of their daily lives." *The Messenger* goes on:

"One of the most disheartening factors in American life today is the large number of parents who are influencing their own children against the sanctuary of God, because the example they are setting is so utterly at variance with the precepts they profess, and with the heritage they have received from their own forefathers. Many of these do not seem to realize the extent to which their influence is counting against the Church of Christ. It can not be too frequently emphasized that the best way to keep the growing youth of America in our Churches and Sunday schools is by building a wall of fathers and mothers between them and the door of the sanctuary. It is only too true that not a single one of these excuses can save your soul. But, alas, any one of them may help to cause other souls to lose the vision of God."

OBERAMMERGAU'S REBUKE TO AMERICA

CHILL PENURY would no longer have repressed their "noble rage" had the Oberammergau Passion Players accepted any of the fabulous offers to produce their play for an American film company. But so they chose, and now twelve of them are in this country to exhibit and sell their wood-carvings and pottery wares in order to help their countrymen, and particularly the children, chief sufferers from the privation which has followed Germany's economic chaos. "If any large sum comes to us through our expedition," says Anton Lang, the *Christus* of the Passion Play, as he is quoted in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, "we want to see that money help the children of our country who are dying because they have not food enough to eat and clothes to protect them from the winter." The money offered for a reproduction of the Passion Play on the screen would have provided a luxurious living for all the Bavarian village. But, as Anton Lang is further quoted, that would have been "a desecration. It would destroy all the influence for good which the Passion Play has done for the world." Whereupon reporters told him of the religious clashes in this country, and of organized manifestations of bigotry, at which the Bavarian wood-carver seemed incredulous. He shook his head deprecatingly, and replied:

"At Oberammergau we have all kinds. There is a Catholic church, and a chapel that is used by the Protestants—Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and all kinds. But that isn't what counts. It is how one lives that makes one good or bad; and Jesus, I believe, will take us all to heaven according to our virtues. There are no religious quarrels in Oberammergau."

"And the Jews?" a reporter asked. Lang smiled again, and replied: "Yes, I think the Jews, too, will go to heaven." He did not mean to scold, observes the New York *World;* "but the rebuke to the little beasts in the Kilkenny cat fight of clashing creeds is no less real."

"Possibly he smiled because he could not see how evolutionists and fundamentalists can denounce and damn, hate and despise one another in the name of Him who came to tell us to love one another. And barely possible, because in the story of the Klan he but saw anew the age-old mockery and sham of stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.

"Maybe he smiled in meditating on the fact that while God's purposes and God's love are eternal, the petty bickerings of men who come and go and are forgotten are of very little moment after all.

"And again, perhaps, when they told him, if they did, of the lashing of men and women because of creed, and of the gesticulating evangels of scorn and hate in pulpits and on platforms—all in the name of religion—he may have thought of the admonition of the Christ—'Love one Another.' And that, too, would have made him smile.

"There are enough bigots of the fifty-seven varieties, lighting the fires of hate by using torn Bible leaves as tapers, to amuse, amaze, or shock the gentle figure from Oberammergau."

Other papers, too, express sympathy for the Bavarian players, and hope, as the Newark *News* puts it, that they will not go back empty-handed. But the Portland *Oregonian* regrets their coming, fearing the "commercial conversion of the simple villagers, whose lives have heretofore been devoted to the service of an ideal," and that "much of their charm of character and sincerity of purpose will seem distorted in a land other than their own." The visit and its project, says this paper, is by no means laudable. "Anton Lang and his fellow villagers belong in Oberammergau, as a stone in its setting, or a mountain on its own plain."

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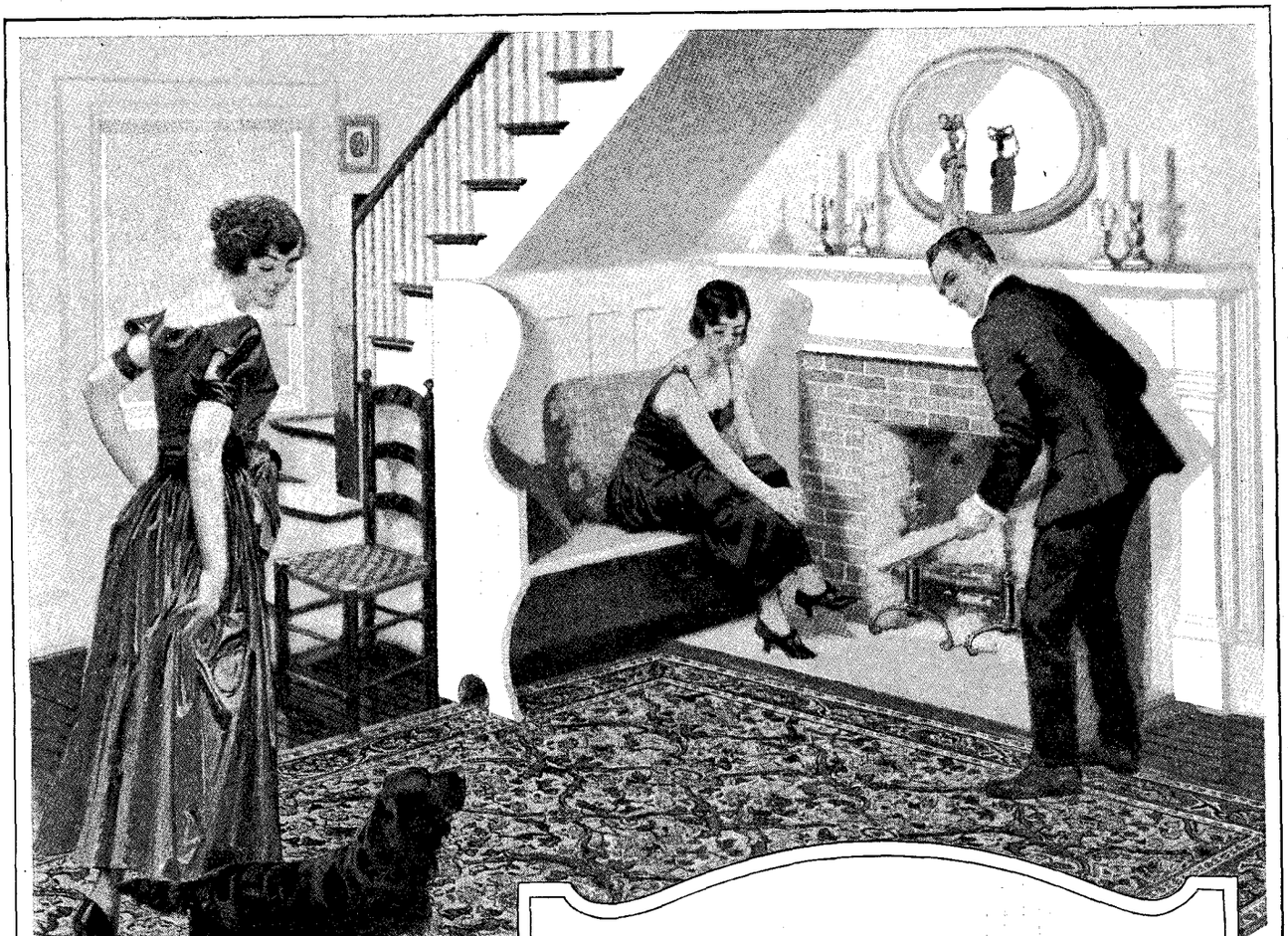

Above is pattern No. 532.

"Where've you been, Towser?"

Of course, he didn't wipe his feet when he came in. Dogs can't. Children don't. And grown-ups usually forget. But with a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug on the floor it makes no difference. Mud, dirt, dust, liquids and spilled things can be mopped right up and leave never a trace.

With their firm, durable, waterproof surface, these practical rugs are a comfort to the housewife—they save so much cleaning-time. A quick light mopping is all they ever need. And the patterns are exquisitely lovely—artistically adapted to all the various rooms in the house.

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6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made	1½	x 3	feet $ .60
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9	x 10½	feet	15.75	in other designs to harmo-	3	x 6	feet 2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00	nize with it.			

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

A DAY that is dead deserves honorable commemoration, tho our impatient youth would probably hasten interment. We quote first a poem by Edna Dean Proctor, selected by the Boston *Transcript*. The poet died December 18 at the age of 95. Her contemporaries were Whittier and Emily Dickinson. "Her poetry, of pleasing and formal character," says *The Transcript*, "was strongly marked by the didactic tendency of the period; it exhorted to hopefulness and to intellectual serenity." Here is

TAKE HEART

By Edna Dean Proctor

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And, cold upon her rosy prime
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one who grieves—

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some summer's golden bier—
Take heart! thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

We have read adjurations similar to this one in *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London), but we are too tradition-ridden to observe them:

A LITTLE WILL AND TESTAMENT

(A Ballad-Song)

By Herbert E. Palmer

When I am dead and done with,
And my spirit has taken wing,
Bury me high in the hill country
Where the moorland waters sing,
Lay my spent limbs near a trout river,
A stream that swirls from the fells:
I would hear the chimes of the rushing brooks
And the song of the merry moor bells.

If you should bury me in a churchyard
Near houses ruddy or gray,
Bone by bone with the town-bred men
Who have stolen Earth's Wonder away;
If you should bury me in the churchyard
Of a tarred and trafficking town,
I will push through the mould that covers me
And topple the tombstones down.

But let me lie near a moorland stream
'Mid the high menacing hills,
Where the founts of Life spill ceaselessly
Their glittering silver rills;
Put a smooth rock above my head,
And a bunch of ling at my feet,
Miles and miles from the living dead
And the tracks that the city men beat.

And take my creel and my fishing-rod
And a case of feathered flies,
Lay them deep in the turf that covers me,
And shed not a tear from your eyes;
Nail no prisoning coffin about my limbs
That were made to be blent with the dark,
For I shall ride on the nape of the wind
And shine in the rainbow's arc.

Take my big books and my little books,
And my clothes, smooth wool and tweeds,
Give them to struggling Tom and Dick,
Any indigent man with needs;
Let my kind wife choose whatever she will
Ere the fade of the next spring moon,
That she keep for herself and our intimate kin
Whatever her heart deems boon.

And sing no song with a solemn air
From black-bound missal of hymns,
But tune me a lay of a springtide fair,
Of one that no frost-blight dims.
O, breathe no song with a sorrowing air
To lull the freed spirit to sleep!
But sing of the birds and the cragland herds,
The lambs and the wilding sheep.

It is good that now and then some one dares to brave the general hush and give play to emotions that we have almost become ashamed of. In *The Atlantic* we read this:

YEARS AGO

By Archibald MacLeish

Why should I think of spring in France
When each new April's new mischance
Of gypsy magic and green change
Leaves earth familiarly strange?
Were there not springs before that spring?
Was there not whist and whispering
Of wind in willow until then?
And shall there not be springs again?
I can remember times more near
And longer past than that strange year;
Hip-booted springs, half faun, half boy,
Over the lakes in Illinois,
Following the swollen runnels down
To beaches where the waves broke brown,
Shaking the air, and the landward breeze
Smelled of fresh water and far pine trees,
And overnight in the steep ravine
The first hepatica grew green;
And brief, too brief, New Haven Junes,
Green mornings, harbor-smelling noons,
And twilights flat on the shadowy turf
Washed with the footfalls' shallow surf,
With a drifting voice far off and sweet,
And the rumble of wheels on the Chapel Street,
Drowsing and talking whimsily
Of Noah's ark and a life at sea.
I can remember springs more near,
Yet never when the winter's clear
And there's an earthy smoke about
And sluggard black flies blunder out,
Never do I remember these,
But seeing tint the apple trees
I see the orchards north from Meaux
Haggard with dust where the wagons go,
And smelling plough lands under rain
I smell the soft French earth again
Cut deep beneath the clumsy guns,
And hearing how some whistler runs
His broken scale, hear then the song
That sunny days and all day long
A dead boy used to sing and sing.

But there were songs before that spring.

Witter Bynner champions the Indian in *The New Republic*. For a ray from another facet, see the words of Robert Henri in the Letters and Art department.

PUEBLO DANCES

By Witter Bynner

I have seen them dancing, the Pueblos,
Honoring rain and corn—
Or telling snakes how well it goes,
How good it is to be born.

I have seen them showing to a whole town,
For laughing approbation,
The corn, the melon, the earth's own
Symbols of generation.

Open and honest, glad and good,
These partners of the land
Through centuries have understood
What we misunderstand.

Amidst much Christmas verse, *The American Poetry Magazine* for December gives this glimpse of romance. The magazine comes too late to secure quotation in our Christmas issue.

THE ROAD TO MIRAMAR

By John C. Almack

The crescent moon is swinging like a censer in the sky,
And flashing through the ether goes a single shooting star;
And the little night winds scurry for they know I'm in a hurry
When I'm riding in the evening down the road to Miramar.

The rosy glow still lingers like a rose within the West,
And clouds like golden galleons float outside the snowy bar;
The night-birds sing their best, from the thicket near their nest,
Music-charmed I'm gaily riding down the road to Miramar.

Like enchanted groves of Delphi the orange orchards sleep
Underneath the mystic mountain marked by many a weird scar;
Half-fearfully I creep where the eucalypti keep
Ghostly vigil on the highroad winding down to Miramar.

I can see the lamplight glimmer through the narrow fringe of trees,
Stretching forth its rosy fingers to welcome me afar;
Ah, the love that comes to meet me! ah, the lips that wait to greet me!
Where the journey has its ending at the gates of Miramar.

The Fugitive (Nashville) gathers up this sensitive and sympathetic threnody:

DE SENECTUTE

By Ridley Wills

She was so old, and so long in dying;
(Life is a swift thing to move so slow.)
Rust weed's adorning where she is lying;
The unpassioned breezes blow
Over the town where her dead youth wanders.
Sailing along in an aimless ramble,
Surely her spendthrift spirit squanders
Time and space, space and time—
Time that endured like a goalless race,
Space that was filled with a miscast mime.
God, who grants to the weary rest!
God, who peers from a high, white place,
Showering blessings on the blest,
Giving the graceful more of grace!
Generous God to him that hath!
Adamant God to the proud and strong!
Here is a case with an aftermath:
Her little life was so slow, and long.
Now she is dead and her spirit free
Wandering loose for a day or two.
Little the grant I ask of Thee,
Little enough for Thee to do:
She was so cold, and so long in dying;
(Life is a swift thing to move so slow.)
She was not questioning, Thou not replying,
How was her dullish old head to know
That life had imprisoned her while she had hoarded—
Prisoned in space with the rivets of years?
Bounteous God, Thou so much hast afforded!
Stanch then this suppliant's reverent tears.
For one meagre day, at a heedless pace
Let her extravagant spirit revel,
Squandering time, squandering space.
Afterward: Balance Thy book's with the devil.

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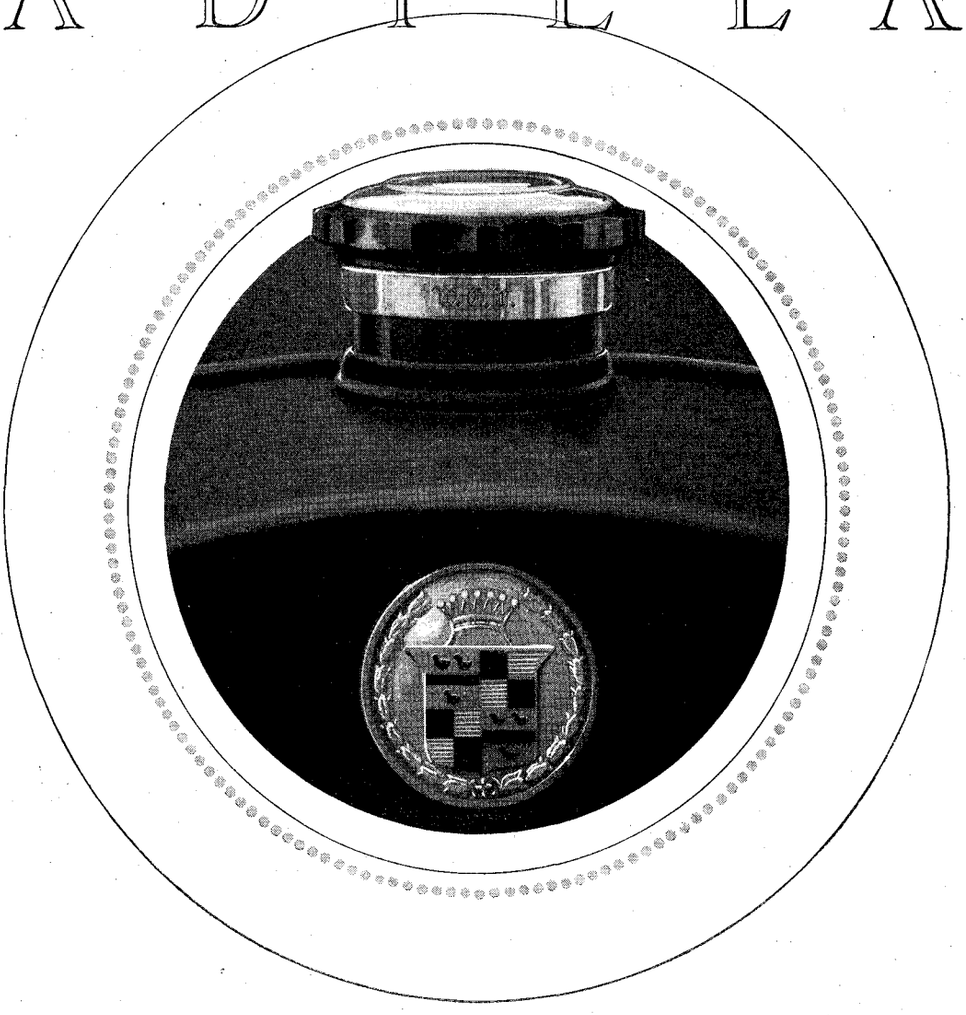
V-63

CADILLAC



Such a signal reputation have the years woven round its name that prospective owners know in advance that the new Cadillac will be all they have hoped for in a motor car.

Expect Great Things

V-63

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THREE WISE MEN WHO WORK FOR COOLIDGE

TWO OF THEM COME FROM THE EAST, and the third comes from Virginia, but they are a unit in proclaiming that Calvin Coolidge is destined to be the next President of the United States. The two who come from that historical abode of wise men, the East, are referred to by the Springfield *Republican* as "the heavenly twins" of the Coolidge campaign. They are Frank W. Stearns, already well known as the "discoverer" and confidant of Mr. Coolidge, and William M. Butler, the "man behind," about whom, remarks the Boston *Globe*, few people outside of political circles in Massachusetts know anything at all. "And yet," exclaims *The Globe*, "here he is to be the big chief in lining up the great forces to win a Presidential nomination!" The third member of the Coolidge campaign trinity, C. Bascom Slemp, the President's secretary, is credited with such superlative wisdom that the Republican machine all over the country is running more smoothly than it has for years. Mr. Slemp is renowned for his use of language. It is said that he can convert any disappointed office-seeker into a stalwart Coolidge partizan by his ready flow of gentle, tactful words. The two wise men from the East, on the other hand, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, are like Coolidge himself, "strong, silent men of politics." They will be the two managers chiefly responsible if Coolidge is reelected President, observes the *Republican* commentator, who thus continues his discussion of them:

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PUTTING IT IN TO STAY

—Reid for the Bell Syndicate.

Just such a team as Butler and Stearns has never been seen before in national politics, which adds to popular curiosity as to what they will accomplish. Men as quiet and controlled as Butler are rare, tho there are some who might be named, but the combination with Stearns is unique. Back in 1896 it is recorded that Senator Lodge walked into the room in a St. Louis hotel in which Mark Hanna was organizing the McKinley campaign, and coolly made a demand as to the platform. Hanna, angered by Lodge's manner, replied in so many words that Lodge could "go to hell." Most people feel the way Hanna did, at one time or another, altho some of them do not express it. Butler might easily feel that way to look at his jaw, but just as a matter of shrewd self-control, wouldn't put it into words in a political gathering. Whether Frank Stearns, amiable and benevolent, could feel that way is a question; if he did, he wouldn't express it—because he wouldn't know how.

Mr. Butler radiates an instant impression of quiet strength and decision; Mr. Stearns an impression of political innocence and good-will. With his close-cropped, iron-gray mustache, his ruddy, healthy complexion gained from outdoor life on his yacht and at his place on Martha's Vineyard, Mr. Butler looks like the proverbial taciturn "two-fisted" citizen. Mr. Stearns has a mustache that is longer and of more benevolent tendency, as it curls a trifle in front of round, good-natured cheeks.

Hitherto Mr. Stearns's method has been as simple as his political creed, and his creed has been "What Mr. Coolidge does is right." His method has been just to let his creed be known, but to feign or to frankly reveal at all times his own complete ignorance of politics and statecraft. Occasionally there has been ground for wonder, and there probably will be much more, whether his ignorance was not a little like that of the pretty girl who can swim like a mermaid, but finds it convenient to conceal the fact while a series of eligible young men endeavor to teach her the strokes. Mr. Stearns has ability, or he would not be the successful man of business that he is. He "boosts" Mr. Coolidge whenever and wherever he can, but he doesn't get mad if people don't agree—he just keeps on being friendly and hopes, with persistence, but with tact, that they will come to see things as he does. And there are worse methods in politics than that!

Mr. Stearns, as everybody knows, runs the big dry-goods store of the R. H. Stearns Company in Boston, established by his father more than seventy-five years ago. He has various other business and philanthropic connections at the Hub, but they are not so important for the purposes of this story as that he was graduated from Amherst in 1878 and has been a fellow trustee of the college with Calvin Coolidge, who graduated from Amherst in 1895. Amherst, then, is the motif in Mr. Stearns's greatest life romance in making a President.

Mr. Stearns disclaims having "made" President Coolidge. "God, inheritance and Coolidge himself did that," he once told an interviewer. Yet he was a John the Baptist, as the record shows, and as he proclaimed himself for years.

Mr. Stearns brought Mr. Butler into the limelight, remarks a special Boston correspondent to *The Republican*, and "provided 99 out of every 100 newspaper readers with the mystery of the week," when he announced that "the friends of President Coolidge are organizing under the guidance of William M. Butler, Massachusetts member of the Republican National Committee, and a friend of Mr. Coolidge of many years' standing." "Who is Butler?" and "Why Butler?" at once became prize puzzles for the rank and file of politicians and political writers. However, continues the correspondent, be all that as it may, the salient fact remains that:

The real political wise men were not surprized. Mr. Butler was the only possible manager for Mr. Coolidge's interests, they declare. His was the only possible selection for the peculiarly intimate and strategic post. The mystery is cleared away when William M. Butler is revealed as the political strong man whom recent governors have leaned on in time of stress; as the one man above others that Coolidge as governor relied on; as the man who was called to Washington as soon as Coolidge reached the White House.

There is no further difficulty when we learn that Mr. Butler, too, was a protégé of the late Senator W. Murray Crane, whose mantle has now descended upon him; that for twenty years Butler was Mr. Crane's personal counsel; that politicians went to Butler in Boston to get the ear of Crane in Dalton or in Washington; that when new Western Massachusetts members of promise went down to the General Court in Coolidge's generation, they understood that Mr. Butler was the man to see in time of trouble, that Mr. Butler's advice could be relied upon; that Senator Crane was in Washington during a part of Mr. Coolidge's legislative experience, and that Mr. Butler stood in the stead of Senator Crane to the quiet Northampton legislator; that no man stood so close to Mr. Coolidge, was so frequently consulted by Mr. Coolidge, and so absolutely depended on by

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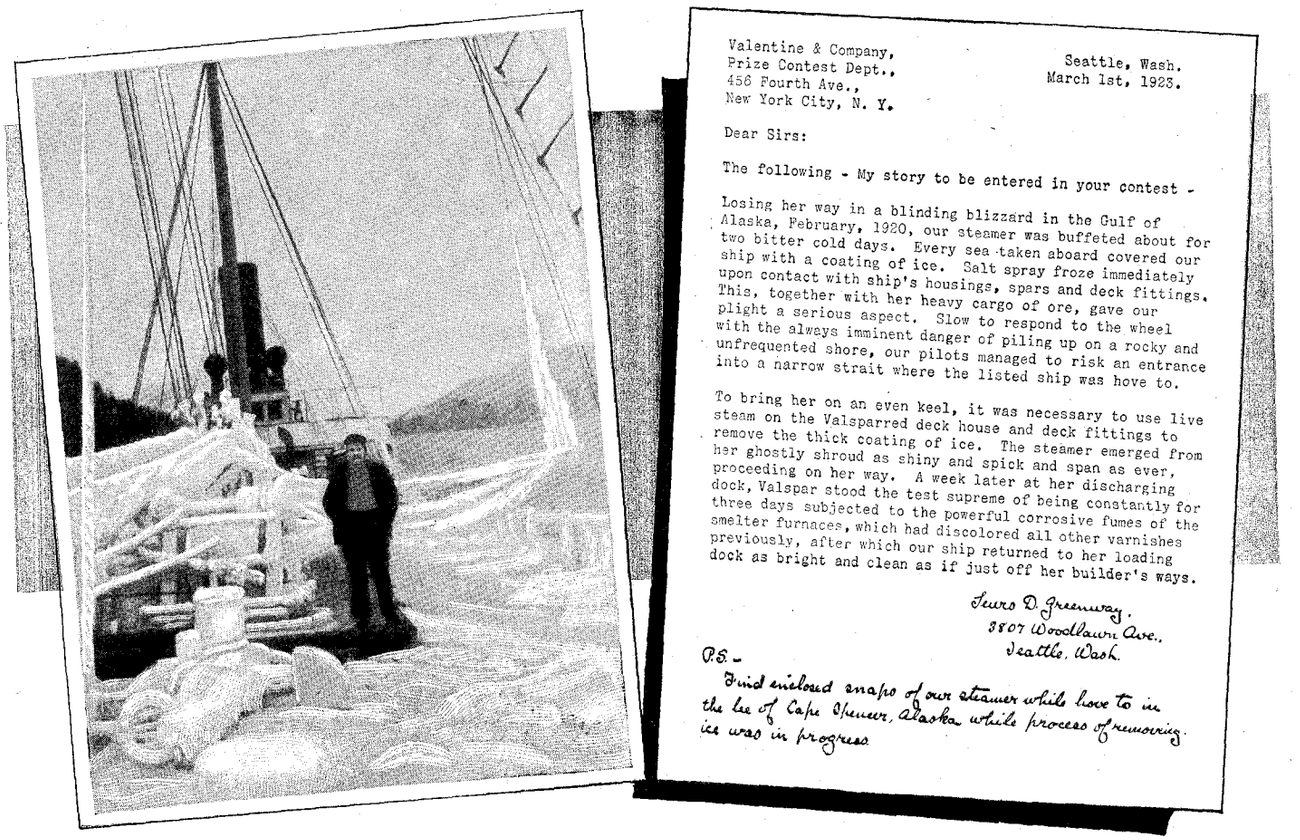

Valentine & Company,
Prize Contest Dept.,
456 Fourth Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

Seattle, Wash.
March 1st, 1923.

Dear Sirs:

The following - My story to be entered in your contest -

Losing her way in a blinding blizzard in the Gulf of Alaska, February, 1920, our steamer was buffeted about for two bitter cold days. Every sea taken aboard covered our ship with a coating of ice. Salt spray froze immediately upon contact with ship's housings, spars and deck fittings. This, together with her heavy cargo of ore, gave our plight a serious aspect. Slow to respond to the wheel with the always imminent danger of piling up on a rocky and unfrequented shore, our pilots managed to risk an entrance into a narrow strait where the listed ship was hove to.

To bring her on an even keel, it was necessary to use live steam on the Valsparred deck house and deck fittings to remove the thick coating of ice. The steamer emerged from her ghostly shroud as shiny and spick and span as ever, proceeding on her way. A week later at her discharging dock, Valspar stood the test supreme of being constantly for three days subjected to the powerful corrosive fumes of the smelter furnaces, which had discolored all other varnishes previously, after which our ship returned to her loading dock as bright and clean as if just off her builder's ways.

Yours D. Greenway,
3807 Woodlawn Ave.,
Seattle, Wash.

P.S. -
Find enclosed snapo of our steamer while hove to in the lee of Cape Spencer, Alaska while process of removing ice was in progress

The Valspar Prize Winner!

Here's the letter that won first prize in the Valspar $5000 Contest. And a thrilling tale it tells, with its narrative of stormy seas and a menaced ship.

Could any chemist, devising laboratory tests for Valspar, ever have conceived an experience so gruelling as the one recounted here?

Think of the tests this superlative waterproof varnish stood—first, frozen under sleet and ice, then subjected to the blistering heat of live steam.

And as though these were not enough, a three days' exposure to the corrosive fumes of the smelter furnaces!

Never has there been any question of Valspar's ability to withstand water, steam, oil, acid and hard wear. Each test endured merely adds further evidence of Valspar's superiority.

And this wonderful endurance, combined with its beauty and ease of application, makes Valspar the supreme varnish for every household use—indoors and out.

Don't forget that Valspar is also made in a wide variety of beautiful colors—Valspar Varnish-Stains and Enamels.

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Reg US Pat Off.
The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

Valspar . . . ☐
Valspar Enamel ☐
State Color.....
Valspar Stain . ☐
State Color.....

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....

Your Name.....

Your Address.....City.....

Lit. Dig. 1-5-24

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The Digest

2/3 old subscribers

1/3 new

Two old ones for every new one. Two out of three old; one out of three new. That's a good healthy condition—showing stability and growth.

More than that, a large proportion of these old subscribers renew again for the third year and so on.

To learn exactly how many, and at the same time just how strong is The Digest's hold on its readers, we began in 1916 and for five years checked the list of renewal subscribers against the original 1916 subscription list.

The percentage of renewals is large. That the percentage gets larger each successive year shows that love for The Digest "grows by what it feeds upon."

No attempt was made to keep track of subscribers who dropped out for a short time and came back again.

No record was kept of subscribers moving from one town to another.

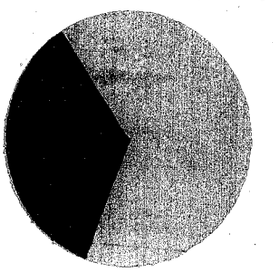
The method followed is to keep the galley sheets showing paid subscribers for a corresponding issue every year and to then check back the names of subscribers who remain at the same address.

The renewal figures apply only to subscribers, it is true. We could not check our newsstand sales in the same way. But it is safe to assume that the proportion holds good. A Digest reader is a Digest reader, whether he buys from a stand or subscribes by the year.

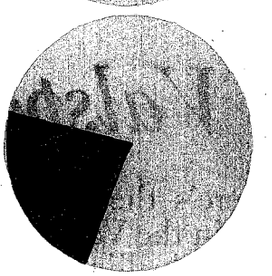
The circulation of The Digest grows larger and larger because we employ advertising and circularizing on a tremendous scale to seek out those who are of Digest caliber. The January issues are more than 1,400,000 copies per week.

The foundation of every good business is the regular customer. When that business is an advertising medium it has a double value. It is a stable business for us, and a stable audience and market for the advertiser who uses it.

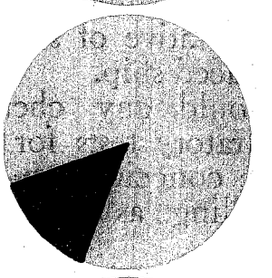
A Five-year record of renewals



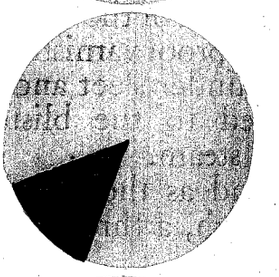
1st Year 65% renew for the 2nd year.



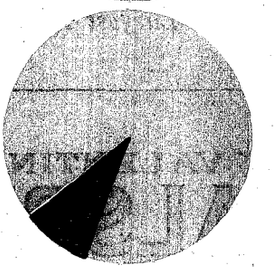
2nd Year 77% renew for the 3rd year.



3rd Year 86% renew for the 4th year.



4th Year 86% renew for the 5th year.



5th Year 91% renew for the 6th year.

The Literary Digest

Not only are Digest readers permanent, but, on account of the high positions they hold in business affairs, they are multiple buyers—buying for both a home and a business.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Mr. Coolidge, when Coolidge was Governor, as Mr. Butler.

Henry Ford, it is recalled, in his recent "swing to Coolidge," announced that the President, both for his own good and for the good of the country, should not have to devote too much time to the coming campaign. With Mr. Butler devoting all his time to it, Mr. Coolidge can keep his attention on other matters, opines a writer in the Boston *Globe*, who presents an extended appreciation of President Coolidge's "personal representative." The Massachusetts political leader, says *The Globe*, is something of an enigma, and, in solving him—

It isn't enough to explain that William Morgan Butler is one of the wealthiest mill-men in New England and perhaps the most respected by the others for his business judgment and political sagacity. It isn't enough that he happens to be the Massachusetts member of the Republican National Committee. Because those who know will tell you that he only went on the National Committee last spring to handle the Coolidge interest, whatever that might develop into. It surely isn't enough that Mr. Butler is, like Mr. Coolidge, a man of few words, a man who doesn't show his hand, a man whose "Yes" or "No" is final, but from whom the political inquirer is lucky indeed to get either a "Yes" or "No." It hasn't anything to do with it that Mr. Butler has had a business career as amazing and romantic as Mr. Coolidge's political career. There wouldn't seem to be anything in the fact that Mr. Butler was a political light in Massachusetts in the early '90's; for he hasn't held political office since he left the presidency of the State Senate in 1895.

Beginning at the beginning of the new national organizer of Coolidge victory, the *Globe* writer mentions the fact that Mr. Butler rose from a bookkeeper in a New Bedford mill to be a millionaire mill-owner, and a power in politics partly, it is said, as a result of his "luck in falling in with Murray Crane." The *Globe* man went down to New Bedford, Mr. Butler's "home town." He found, he says, that:

The question, "What do you know about Mr. Butler?" brought a blank stare even from men who had lived their lives in New Bedford and read the newspapers and vote the Republican ticket. Usually they thought a bit, and finally asked if it could be the Mr. Butler who owned the Butler Mills. It is the same.

One New Bedford Democrat, who went to school with the Presidential manager, told of "Billy" Butler when he lived on Johnnycake Hill, and his father, a Methodist clergyman, very much respected in New Bedford fifty years ago, was secretary of the New Bedford Port Society for the Moral Improvement of Seamen. The Rev. James D. Butler ran the Seamen's Bethel and the Mariner's Home. His duty it was to pray on the decks of all outbound whalers, and to conduct services the Sunday before a ship went down to the sea for all the sailors who were shipping with her. The Seamen's Bethel is immortalized by Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." The Butlers have been in New Bedford since 1629. The family name has been given to Butler Flats, Butler Street and Butler Lighthouse. The first streetcar the reporter saw in New Bedford just said "Butler," over the front. "Billy" Butler grew up a poor boy, that is, he had no money behind him; his schoolmates remember him as the boy who used to take the prizes for speaking his pieces best in school exercises.

Butler studied law and took his degree in law at Boston University and set up to practise for himself in New Bedford. His Democratic school friend will tell you that Butler had not set the world on fire as a lawyer at home when he first decided to run for the Legislature. He got into the Legislature in 1889, at twenty-eight, after he had for three years been City Councilor in New Bedford. He served New Bedford in the State House for six years, until 1895, and thereafter was not brought to the attention of the ordinary run of folks in his home city unless they read their papers carefully, until he began to get on the front page in connection with Mr. Coolidge's case in 1924.

It's certain that the remarkable rise of Mr. Butler from his modest beginnings to be one of the wealthiest and most powerful mill-men in New England, has been a constant surprize to his fellow townsmen in New Bedford, except, perhaps, the few in the upper crust who know him as a business associate.

Mr. Crane persuaded Butler, after he left the State Senate, to set up a law office in Boston, instead of carrying out his plan of returning to New Bedford to practise.

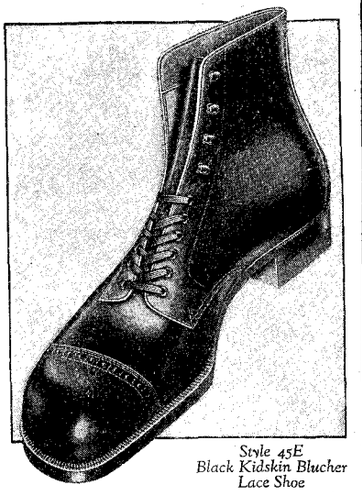
He became interested in street railways when they were just beginning in New Bedford. Later he extended his interest and became president of the Boston and Worcester Street Railway Company. His knowledge of the subject was such that Samuel W. McCall made him chairman of the public trustees of the Boston Elevated Company in 1918. Mr. Butler was legislative counsel for the Boston Gas Light Company, for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, for the American Woolen Company. In New Bedford he is president of four of the most important corporations in the city

Abbott P. Smith, for years a business associate of Mr. Butler, as close to him as any one in New Bedford, said of him:

"There isn't any man who excels Mr. Butler as an effective presiding officer, over either a political or business gathering. He'll let all the others have their say out; and when everybody else is through 'spouting,' it is Butler who puts the suggestion that is adopted. And he wastes no words doing it. He commands the immediate respect of any group of business men he meets. He is a man whose suggestions are followed, whose judgment is looked up to."

Asked whether he thought of Mr. Butler as having had any national political acquaintance, outside Massachusetts, Mr. Smith cited Mr. Butler's service on President Harding's Unemployment Conference. "In that conference," he said, "Mr. Butler met leading business men from all parts of the country, and I have been told by one of the most influential of them that, when he first rose to speak, he had instantly the respect of the group. They recognized him as a man who knew what he was talking about from the moment he opened his mouth. He was regarded as one of the ablest men at the conference. His suggestions were sound and right to the point."

Mr. Butler is sixty-two. He has been



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THE
Hanover
Shoe

Exclusively for Men and Boys

You sense the quiet dignity and perfect balance of Hanover Shoes, even before you try them on. When you wear them, your friends' admiring glances confirm your judgment. They'll find it hard to believe you paid only Five Dollars for Hanovers.

FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

We will fit you from Hanover ***—if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.***

Wintry weather—
together with hard wear, puts a double strain on boys' shoes. That's why Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially built to withstand the elements as well as hard usage. $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.

Boys' Brown Army Grain Storm Boot, 10-inch top, bellows tongue, price $3.50. Little Men's 8-inch top, $3.00

Style B872

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twice married and has five children. His second wife was his secretary before he married her in London in 1906.

Mr. Slemp, the third of the three leading workers for Coolidge-for-President, is credited with masterly achievements in preparing the way, largely through his ability in the use of language. "The nerves of the Coolidge campaign are not far from the desk of Secretary C. Bascom Slemp," writes Samuel T. Williamson from Washington to the New York *Times*. The campaign has been in full swing, according to this reporter, for some time. He testifies:

No brass bands, flaming transparencies, Coolidge-for-President marching clubs, and other "mumbo-jumboes" of political campaigns are needed to support the impression that Mr. Coolidge expects every delegate to the Republican National Convention to do his duty. It needs but a visit to the White House and a glimpse at the goings-on there. Little smoke may be showing, but there is, nevertheless, plenty of fire.

Many self-appointed well-wishers of the Coolidge political fortunes were fearful lest the President should enter the campaign too late. They exprest apprehension over the Hiram Johnson movement. They listened vainly for a noise that sounds like a Coolidge machine. But had they watched C. Bascom Slemp, secretary of the President, at work? A machine running efficiently makes little sound. Clanks and rattles and noisy explosions are signs that it is running at low speed.

Neither the President nor his secretary ever has been charged with being a noise-maker; but by their works shall ye know them. Day after day visitors—important, self-important and non-important—enter the Executive Offices in a steady stream.

Watch C. Bascom Slemp at work. Is there a postmastership snarl to be straightened out? See Bascom Slemp. Has a monthly check not reached a government ward? See Bascom Slemp. Will the President send a few words of greeting to a convention or press a gold key opening an exposition? See Bascom Slemp. Is a bureau chief holding up a government warrant? See Bascom Slemp. Must a newspaper correspondent know late at night whether the President has received a pardon appeal? Again, see Bascom Slemp.

No one knows what actually is going on behind his masklike countenance, almost Oriental in its inscrutability. No sign of annoyance passes over his features at constant, and, what must be irritating, interruptions. Patient and helpful, he works quietly and without seeming effort. And first and all the time stand the political interest and advantage of Calvin Coolidge.

Not within the memory of this generation in Washington has there been so responsible, tactful and approachable a secretary of the President as Campbell Bascom Slemp of Bigstone Gap, Virginia. The Secretary to President Coolidge is available to virtually all visitors. With the increase of business which has fallen on the White House since the war, it seems little short of a miracle that Bascom Slemp can devote time to all of his callers. But it is a double miracle that he appears able to send them away with no wounded feelings and vanities.

He has been entrusted by President Coolidge with the responsibility of adjusting many detailed matters which otherwise would eat into the Chief Executive's time. A Congressman and a Republican local leader, agreed at last upon a candidate for Postmaster, call to arrange an interview with the President. Slemp learns their business, assures them it will not be necessary to see Mr. Coolidge, that the matter will be taken care of satisfactorily. Obviously pleased, the callers say that in that case they have no reason to see the President, and prepare to leave, but almost as tho he were urging a personal favor, Secretary Slemp asks the visitors to step to the door of the President's room to say good morning to Mr. Coolidge.

Thus a large number of comparatively unimportant prolonged personal contacts are lifted from the President's shoulders. It takes an artist at diplomacy to persuade a caller from arranging an appointment with the President and then virtually insist that he shall not leave the Executive Offices without greeting him. It maintains contact, it promotes good feeling, and it does no harm politically.

By taking care of detail matters personally, Secretary Slemp has shortened the lengths of calls in President Coolidge's office and increased the number of personal contacts the President can make during the day. Gradually the custom is growing of calling not to see Coolidge, but Slemp. The President's secretary possesses the art of saying no gracefully. A delegation comes to invite the President to attend an out-of-town historical celebration. It is informed that Mr. Coolidge is accepting no invitations away from Washington. When the delegation returns home, it finds waiting a letter signed by Mr. Coolidge containing a few words of greeting and regret, together with short, appropriate comment upon the historical event's significance. Again an illustration of "sending the commuters home happy."

International Newsreel photograph

THE "HEAVENLY TWINS" OF THE COOLIDGE GALAXY

Frank W. Stearns, of Boston, on the reader's right, is known as "the original Coolidge man." William M. Butler, once in the dim past "Billy" Butler of Johnnycake Hill, New Bedford, comes from comparative obscurity to take his place with the famous national organizers of political history.

One matter of comment is Slemp's speed without haste in transacting business with callers. A three-minute conversation suffices for many, yet he has not given the impression of working under pressure, but the thought that he seems to have all the time in the world. A Republican State politician drops in to discuss the political situation in his territory. What he says appears so interesting to Secretary Slemp that he summons a stenographer and asks the visitor to dictate a statement going more fully into the matter. The Secretary is free to attend to other affairs, the caller is complimented by the consideration shown him, and the importance of his mission and the dictation is complete. C. Bascom Slemp has for his files a handy bit of political information and a list of names of prominent supporters certain to be bound to be useful as the Coolidge pre-convention campaign progresses.

President Coolidge has the first secretary with first-hand experience in Congress. Having served in the House of Representatives for sixteen years, Slemp comes to the White House knowing what a Congressman expects from the Executive Office. He also comes to President Coolidge's service with an intimate acquaintance with every important Democrat and Republican in Congress. More important still for the Coolidge political fortunes, he has had a unique political success of his own, for Bascom Slemp is that strange anomaly of a Virginia Republican who has held public office. His district is nominally Democratic, yet he was elected to the House for eight continuous terms, in one of which he was unopposed for election, and he left the House last year not because he failed of reelection, but because he decided not to run again.

Taking office but ten months before the Republican National Convention meets to select a Presidential candidate, Mr. Coolidge was under a serious political handicap. To make a campaign for that nomination he had to have a record, but to make a record he had no time to head a campaign. Hence, Bascom Slemp. He sits at the end of wires leading from the White House to Congress and to political workers, which leaves President Coolidge free to give his main attention to the duties of his office.

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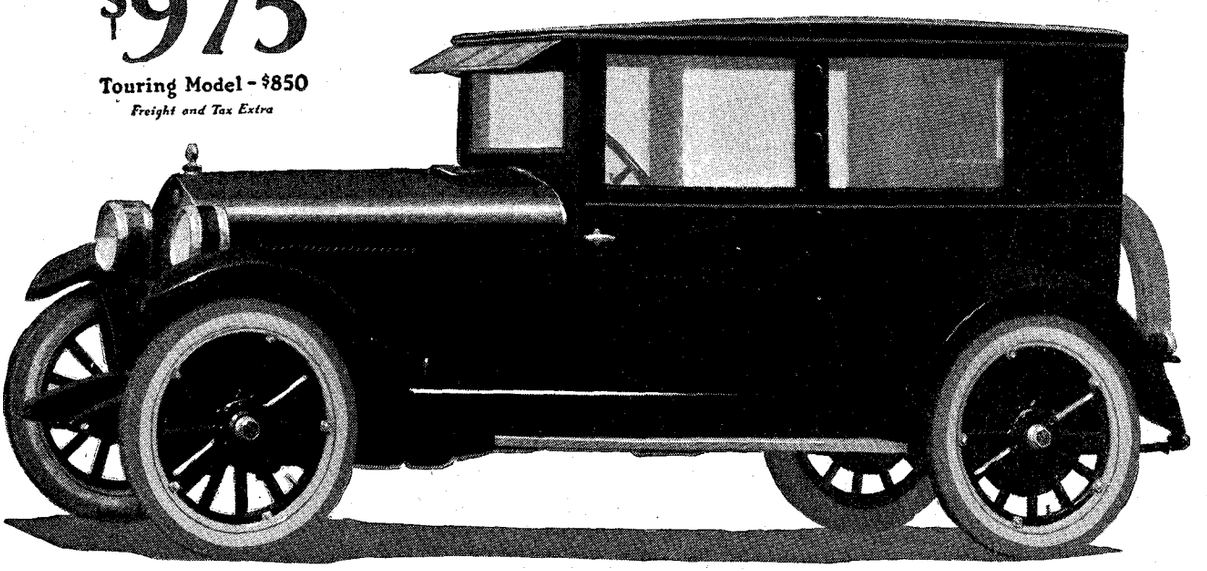
Built by HUDSON Under HUDSON Patents

The Coach $975

Touring Model - $850
Freight and Tax Extra



Essex Closed Car Comforts Now Cost $170 Less than Ever Before

Also with this lower price you get an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

A Thirty Minute Ride Will Win You

The New ESSEX
A SIX
Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents

ESSEX MOTORS — DETROIT

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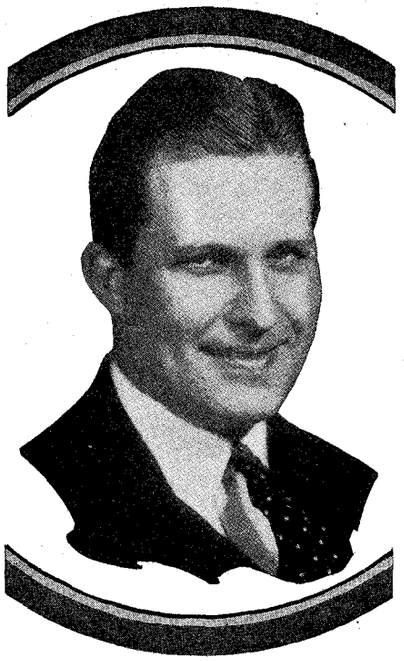


"That new hinged cap sure is a wonder"

COMPARE the Williams' cap with any other. There's nothing like it. Compare Williams' in any and every other way:

You'll like its lather—uncannily swift in the way it softens tough beards. For years the envy of other shaving soap makers.

You'll like its purity—no coloring disguise is needed in Williams'. It is a natural white.

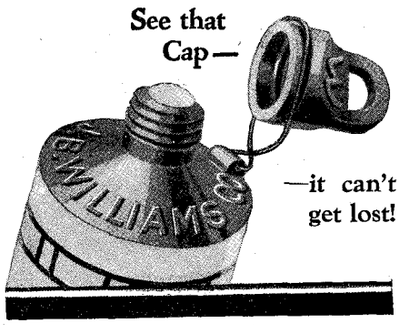
You'll like its soothing effect—no complexion soap in the world is more beneficial.

And last, there's the Hinged Cap! Add to your Williams' shave this "extra dividend" of a cap that you can't lose. Then compare.

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. The J. B. Williams Co., Ltd. (Canada). 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Williams' Shaving Cream

See that Cap—



—it can't get lost!

Williams' Aqua Velva is a new scientific formula for after-shaving use. Sample free. Write Dept. 21A

ABOARD A RUM-RUNNER OFF NEW YORK

IT was a thing of beauty, that "low, long schooner, with two sticks standing up in the sky, gently rolling at anchor on a winter sea," and the New York newspaper reporter, who had come out under false colors to go aboard her, appreciated her looks, in spite of his fears and seasickness. She was a rum-runner, one of the fleet that anchors beyond the 12-mile limit, and supplies New York with illicit booze. The inquiring reporter had gone out in a sloop with friends familiarly known as "Captain Blunt," "Eddie" and "young Johnson, with a camera." Nominally, they had sailed out to buy whisky, really they were going to see what sort of boats and men were in the rum-running business. They passed the nearest of the rum-carrying ships, a disreputable, dirty old tramp, while a revenue cutter seemed to be shadowing them, a few miles away. Then they hailed other vessels, schooners for the most part—"swaying forms, set to the rhythm of the sea," as the reporter, James C. Young, calls them. But if the boats were beautiful, the men aboard them, with whom the supposed whisky-buyers conversed, seemed to be a rough-looking lot. The reporter finally selected a boat to visit, after the watchful revenue cutter had disappeared in the mist, and three of them—the writer, Eddie and Johnson—set out from their own boat in a dory. Then Captain Blunt sailed away, leaving them "in a tiny dory on a heaving sea." The chronicler of the adventure continues, in the New York *Times:*

No landsman ever will know how big a wave really is until, seated in a cockle-shell boat, he sees one hovering a few feet above him.

But this is no time to think. It is the selected moment to do things. Eddie puts that thought into action and rows us alongside. We see strange faces peering down, one particularly villainous face belonging to a 200-pound man with a crusht mouth. Nobody waves a hand in greeting. They merely take stock of us and we of them, between waves.

This is the *Sea Witch*, a schooner of eighty tons, evidently new, all shining in black paint, with a white rail. We run up under the rail and when the boat rises with the pulsation of the sea we lay hold of a rope. Then the boat sinks and leaves one kicking in midair until the prehistoric instinct gets him safely aboard.

It is a curious meeting. The big man with the crusht mouth, afterward learned to be the supercargo, looks at us without a smile and the crew scan us closely. Evidently we do not fit in with the general appearance of their usual customers. We are conscious of this, and remember all the stories told along the shore of men who never came back.

The supercargo is a whale of a man. He seems to fill up the whole view, but another look shows that his eyes are not quite steady. He bears the New York stamp—the East Side stamp—of a familiar type. He is the kind of man who goes in for strike-breaking and rough work generally, but depends on his wits more than his brawn. We would call him Bluster by name, instead of Danger.

By this time our thoughts have collected a little and the supercargo is listening to a plausible explanation. At least, we hope it is plausible. He nods his head and courage rises. A certain New York club is short of its Christmas liquor and we want to see about a supply. What have they got? Anything we want. How much? Thirty dollars a case. Oh, but that is much too high; we already have a price of $23. Yes, but this is real Scotch—Peter Dawson's best. Well—of course, that would make a difference. But can't we get it cheaper?

The supercargo says that he will have to ask the skipper, and goes forward. Up to this minute we have taken him for the skipper. So there are more complications. We note that the schooner has eight men on deck, about half of them Scandinavians and the others Canadians, the latter looking like country boys.

The boat is freshly painted and clean, as a boat should be. Everything is shipshape. And here comes Danger himself, another hulking big fellow, fifty pounds bigger than the other one. He has the sort of an eye that goes with a knife thrust in the back, and evidently he doesn't like our appearance. He wants to know where we came from and why and how soon we expect to go back there. But all this questioning and surly looks do not ruffle our story. The supercargo returns and says that $28 a case is the best they will do for small lots. But how about bigger lots—say a hundred cases?

This sends the supercargo forward again and gives us another chance to look around. Evidently the Captain doesn't converse with ordinary bootleggers. We study him at a distance, a man of medium size, wearing a pair of cut-down tan shoes with the tongues flapping. He has on blue serge trousers, a blue shirt and knitted jacket, with peaked cap over a thin, resolute face. The cheeks are red from the wind and sun, the eyes are steely and gray, blending with the sea, and altogether he is a man able to cope with both Bluster and Danger. He probably has a pistol in that right-hand pocket of his jacket—where it bulges—and certainly he is not a man to hesitate in a pinch.

The supercargo brings word that it might be possible to let a hundred cases go at $25 each. This leads to more talk and Johnson "gets in his work by attracting the super's attention." The reporter wants to talk with the Captain. Fortunately—

The Captain walks down a little farther than usual in his pacing of the forward deck, and the narrator slips forward.

"Fine ship you've got, Captain. Looks like she would ride through anything."

The Captain unlimbers, almost smiles. He is a true sailor. Praise his ship and you win his heart. Soon we are discussing all the phases and complexities of rum-running.

"Better come below," says the Captain, "where you will be comfortable."

This seems like magic. Here we are, going down the cabin stairs, right into the lair of a rum-runner. We catch the super's eye as we start down and he looks a little surprized. That gives more confidence.

The Captain's quarters are comfortable, mighty comfortable. A ship's table is fastened in the center of the cabin, and

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PACKARD

A New and Improved Model of the Famous Single-Six

Ask the Man Who Owns One

In the opinion of more than 30,000 enthusiastic Single-Six owners, this famous Packard cannot be greatly improved.

They see no opportunity for betterment in the car which has established for the entire motor car industry a new high standard of fine car performance, of economy, of beauty, of motoring comfort.

But it has been the unvarying policy of the Packard Company, for twenty-four years, steadily to improve its product.

In pursuance of this practice, it is now our privilege to announce a new model of the Packard Single-Six, including many important new features and refinements.

In the fundamentals of Single-Six engineering and manufacture, we agree that no desirable changes are possible.

We recognize, however, in four-wheel brakes, an important advance in motor car design.

In fact, Packard Straight-Eight was the first prominent American car to carry four-wheel brakes as regular equipment.

From this time, all Packard cars will be equipped with four-wheel brakes.

To insure greater durability, long life and economy of upkeep, the new Single-Six is provided with a newly designed and heavier transmission. It is exceptionally quiet and smooth in operation.

Artillery type wheels contribute enhanced appearance.

To make the battery most accessible, it has been located on the running board, as in the Straight-Eight, and enclosed in a theft-proof box.

There are also several important refinements in regular equipment, including—

Gasoline gauge on the instrument board;

The use of adjustable window regulators on the rear windows of Sedans and Sedan Limousines;

The adoption of an efficient stop-light for all types;

Larger steering wheel;

A more beautiful instrument board, with walnut finish;

An interior tonneau light for all open models.

The brilliant beauty of design and color, which have made the Single-Six the most notable—and the most imitated—car on the market, remain unchanged.

With these important improvements, the Packard Single-Six is, in our opinion, an even more outstanding value than in the past.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Ready
January 1, 1924

To be exhibited at all National Automobile Shows

$2585

Five-Passenger Touring Car, at Detroit

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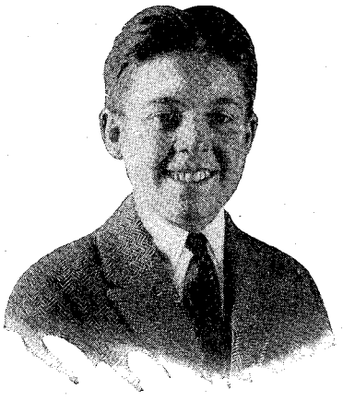

Your boy is your greatest interest

When you first got him, that son of yours was the most wonderful thing in the world. You told yourself that always he and you would be pals.

Now, suddenly emerging from your own affairs, you are faced with the realization that he is growing up, that he and you are "out of touch." Your boy, again, is your greatest interest.

The years between ten and twenty mark the turning of the tide in a boy's life. Then, boys often think parents unreasonable, harsh, unsympathetic. Parents often think boys secretive, unresponsive, callous. Left to chance, a boy in his "teens" may become anything. A mistake may be fatal.

THE AMERICAN BOY
"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

is engaged in the greatest business in the world, the making of men. Its editors, lovers of boys, students of boys, believers in boys, are dedicated to the work of helping boys understand themselves, and the world they must grapple. Through suggestions furnished by them, the greatest story writers of the day are inspired to conceive absorbing tales of actual life, in which the forces that move the universe are pictured in all their realism.

No boy can read these stories without gaining an appreciation of clean living and clean thinking. No boy can live with the flesh and blood people of these tales without understanding the difficulties that mock at effort, and without learning life is service to others and subduing of self.

Give your boy and that other boy you are interested in a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

The American Boy
The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
No. 803 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed find $2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the current issue, to
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

there are easy-chairs around. We draw up to the table and get down to business.

"How much liquor do you really want?" asks the skipper.

"Well, we might take a hundred cases off to-night if that cutter doesn't get us."

"Oh, the cutter. She can't see what's going on after dark. But why don't you take it now and get a flying start at dusk?"

We tell him that our sloop, the *Bessie Smith*, was not built for flying starts. Then he wants to know why we propose to risk a hundred cases of good liquor in a slow, old boat. This leads to the confession that we are a bit new in the bootlegging trade.

"I thought so," answered the Captain. "By the way, you must be a little cold after your trip. Have a bite—and something to drink?" He didn't wait for a reply. "John," he called, and a real cabin boy came in, one of the sort that has almost disappeared from the sea, along with the old books in which they played such heroic rôles. But this is a genuine, freckle-faced cabin boy, about sixteen.

"John," says the skipper, "bring us a bite and—what'll you have?"

"Oh, anything you say, Captain; whatever you are drinking."

"Two cups of tea, John."

There is a painful pause. The skipper smiles at last.

"Maybe you would prefer something else," he says. "I only drink tea, myself. Never touch anything stronger."

Here is another image shattered. Whoever heard of a rum-runner drinking tea? We venture on that remark to the skipper.

"Oh, I couldn't take chances," he explains, "and, besides, I don't care for it. I'm here on business, you know, and there is no rum-drinking on this ship. If anybody wants a drink, they can go ashore and get it. I won't have it aboard."

The Captain's sandwiches are excellent, and his hospitality of other kinds equally genial. He moralizes a bit on rum-running, as reported by his visitor:

"This is a game just like any other," he says. "There is big money in it and we are taking the risks. But business is pretty dull now. These cutters scare away chance customers. Only the professionals will take the chance. You are the first man I have had aboard to-day. To-night we will fill a dozen boats, and I look for a big holiday trade. Five thousand cases aboard now, and I hope to sell out in time for another trip to the Bahamas before Christmas.

"Trouble about getting it? None whatever. It is coming over from England by every ship. Why not? If your country passes foolish laws that its citizens do not respect, why shouldn't we have the benefit? There is nothing criminal about rum-running, as I see it; just a game between us and your revenue men. I wouldn't be mixed up in this business if it was crooked. I am not that sort of a man; always been on the level and kept my word. There is no funny business on this ship. Now, you, I fancy, have a big sum of money in your pocket. Well, it is safe. You can leave it there on the table and come around for it next week, if you like. It will be right there."

We looked at the Captain and believed him. But the thought of the two bruisers on deck was not so reassuring. The Captain answered without asking.

"I've got to be prepared for trouble," he said.

"Do you have much of it?"

"Well, there is more of it in the newspapers than anywhere else," he answered, and seemed to emphasize newspapers a little strongly. The gray eyes were quizzical, too, and we were just on the point of telling him the truth when that ugly supercargo came down. He made an attempt at courtesy to the Captain, and asked:

"If you fellows want that whisky, you had better take it and beat it, because we have some other boats coming out soon."

That broke up what had begun as a colorful interview. We went back on deck, dickered some more, and finally made our escape, pleading fear that the cutter would turn up.

Then we went over the side again, into the dory, and off toward the sloop. Johnson had his camera and took another chance. And the Captain presently brought the *Bessie Smith* along so that we could get aboard. This time we headed straight for the Hook, pausing just long enough to throw a newspaper aboard the other schooner and wave farewells. On we went, through the lowering evening, feeling every inch a rum-runner, expecting to be stopt any minute by the cutter. But there was no cutter in sight, and we plowed along with the evening swell until the lights of the Hook rose on our bow. It began to snow, little flakes falling like fleecy feathers on the dark water, shining here and there from the reflection of a light. This was indeed a mystical ship on a magical ocean.

Another thrill awaited, going around the Hook and up past the Coast Guard station, then into the Shrewsbury and on back to our anchorage. Not a cutter stirred. We might have had our hundred cases aboard and nobody been the wiser. Rum-running is not all romance. Under examination it is revealed as a well-organized business, and there are indications of big business.

It is neither correct nor ethical, observes Mr. Young, to confuse the terms rum-runner and bootlegger as the terms are commonly used:

The former is applied by those in the profession to the men aboard the ships. The man who comes out to fill his boat may or may not be a bootlegger. Often he merely is the transfer agent, getting $5 a case for handling between ship and shore. There the actual bootlegger takes charge of his purchase and sends it inland by motor-car. Then all of the lesser cult of bootleggers lend a hand in its distribution.

There are bootlegging syndicates with big capital behind them. It is the sort of business in which capital accumulates fast. The man who starts in with a few cases often grows rich over night. But generally speaking, the bootlegger does not transport his own liquor. This requires bold spirits and expert hands. Both have been found in abundant measure among the New Jersey fishermen. They are skilful sailors, accustomed to hardships that might well balk any bootlegger. Another class of men who get into the trade are purely adventurers, who acquire speed boats and defy the cutters. The demand for these boats has produced a special type of naval architecture, a model of motor-boat sitting

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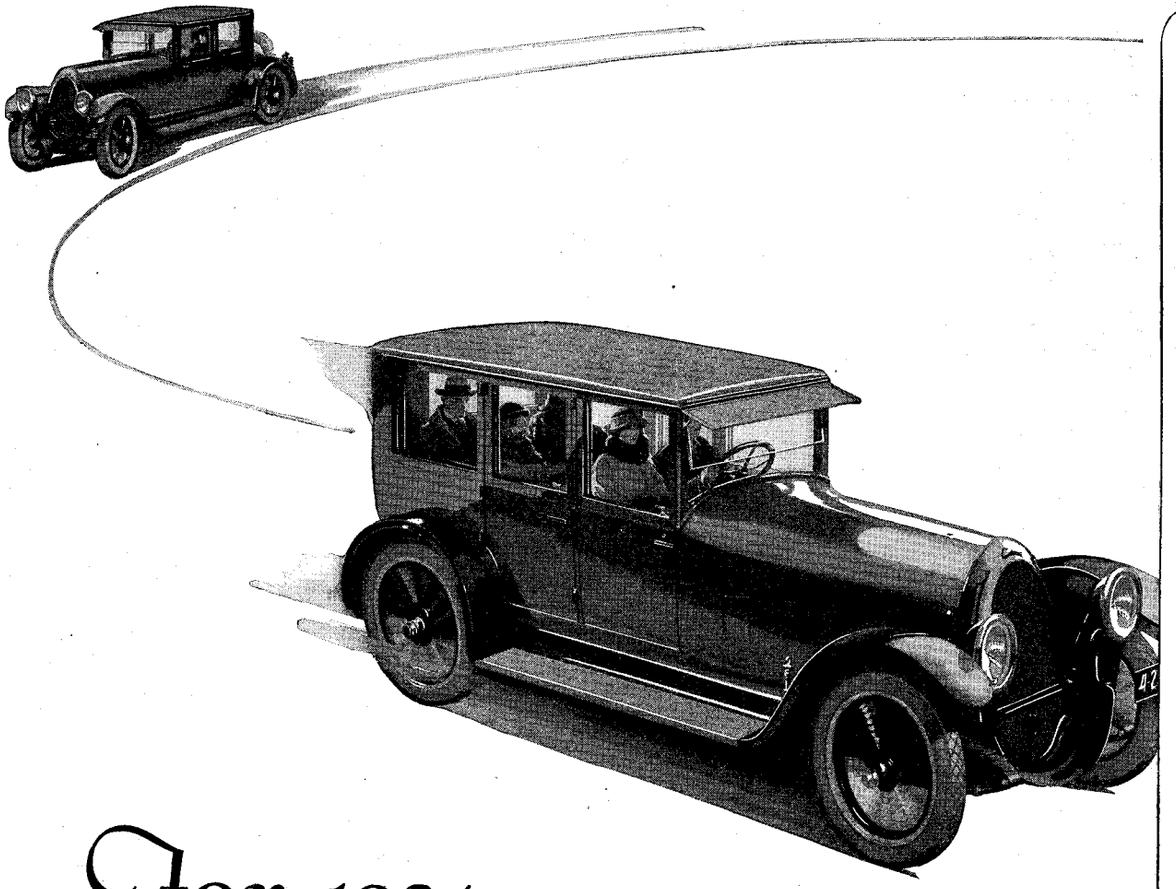

For 1924—

The 1924 models are the quietest, most powerful and dependable we ever built. They follow the largest year's production in our 22 years of manufacture—follow a wider appreciation of Franklin advantages.

Franklin's reputation for comfort is based upon qualifications for road performance possessed by no other car. And so it is with economy and dependability.

The fact that it runs perfectly under extremes of road or weather conditions that would stop any other car invites investigation and wins favor. That it cannot have any cooling troubles and that the cooling system never needs any attention makes another strong appeal to those who would get rid of that uncertainty and nuisance.

Less of routine care and longer life are the evidences of simplified construction and the use of the best of everything all the way through. A complete comparison reveals easy handling and safety, in which the Franklin transmission brake is such an important factor.

Franklin closed cars are especially popular—75% of total output against 35% for the industry. They have the finest bodies built—one reason why they are better road cars.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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Since 1839

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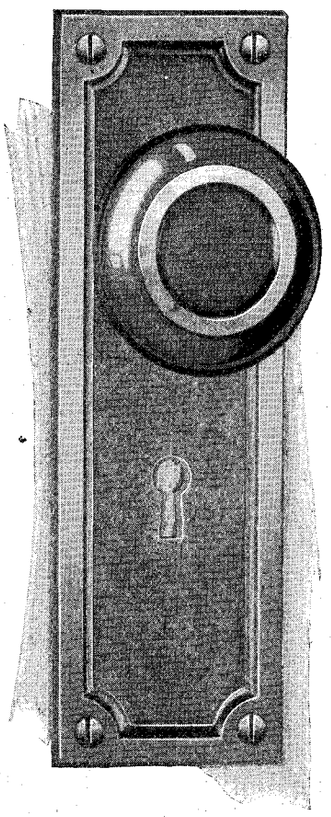
DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE



HAVEN DESIGN
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ONLY the finest of Builders' Hardware is good enough for that home of yours—

and in every piece of RUSSWIN Hardware you see the work of Artist-Designers and Master-Craftsmen.

RUSSWIN designs are beautiful, dignified and sturdy. The efficient, smooth working, trouble free mechanism, has made RUSSWIN the symbol of security, wherever there is a door or window.

So, whether you need handsome fittings for your front door, or merely a catch for your back door or garage, you cannot make a better choice than "RUSSWIN."

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize —The Economy of the Best"

Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co.
The American Hardware Corporation
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New Britain, Connecticut

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

low in the water with a deep hold, capable of storing fifty cases. Some of these boats are equipped with 200 horse-power engines, and cost from $2,000 to $3,000. They are about the fastest things ever seen in the water.

Transporting rum from the ships at $5 a case yields a fine return of $250 a trip. If this sum is multiplied by four trips a week it becomes a tempting reward to any pair of adventurers with enough money to buy a boat. And the Shrewsbury River is full of such men.

The liquor, bought around $25 a case on the ships and brought to shore for $5, rises to $50 a case when it is landed. Then must be added the cost of trucking. When sold again it is worth around $75. This easily stretches out to $10 or $12 a bottle retail. And out of these profits we must reckon large sums for graft.

Experienced bootleggers along the New Jersey coast say it is practically impossible to carry on their business any length of time without some official help. Skeptical observers in coast towns scout the idea that a conscientious effort has been made to curb bootlegging. One man put it this way: "In every town and county along this coast," he said, "graft money is changing hands. This is so common that nobody seems to think anything about it. But the Coast Guard is straight."

The troubles of the bootlegger are made acute by the highjacker. He flourishes particularly around the Highlands, where the average hardworking bootlegger and the rum-boat owner stands in daily fear of having his stocks seized. According to those who know, one highjacker in the Highlands has terrorized the bootleggers until he is a marked man. They are said to have a fund of $5,000 for the first man who will end this highjacker's career. So there may be news of a murder from the Highlands almost any day.

When a bootlegger gets into trouble with the law, reports the investigator, it is not serious for him unless he loses a large stock of rum or a valuable boat. For instance:

If the Coast Guard takes a man in the act he will be released on bail of anywhere from $500 to $5,000, which can be bought through the usual agents for bail, or will be put up by this particular bootlegger's syndicate. Then, if he ever comes to trial, it is extremely difficult to obtain a conviction. Juries are disinclined to find these men guilty. The average penalty is a fine which may be made up in a night's work. Bootleggers will continue to flourish so long as there are buyers.

The bootlegger's ships have a system of signals that keeps the whole fleet informed of what is going on. And there is sharp competition. Sometimes a buyer will be hailed by a near-by vessel while he is asking prices from another one. The other day a man went out to the fleet and visited eighteen ships without making a purchase, asking prices of each one, trying to wheedle them down. When he came to the last one her skipper had received word by the wig-wag system. He spoke short and to the point.

"You needn't stop here," he said, "just keep going. You will find the 5 and 10 cent store directly ahead."

Bootlegging has its tragedies. One of them befell a beachcomber recently. It is not unusual for cases of whisky to drift in on the Atlantic tides. They are eloquent evidence of misfortunes at sea. This beachcomber was hungry and penniless. Fate had handled him badly for many days. He walked along the shore with a hungry eye for anything the ocean might bring in. And there, a little distance off-shore, was a case of whisky—worth $50, the golden medium to all things.

We may imagine the care with which he watched that case, bobbing in the land swell, but it did not quite come into shore. Instead, a perverse current kept it swinging back and forth some hundreds of feet away. The beachcomber watched it, fearful every minute that a rival would appear. No rival came, but dusk began to close in and it was now or never.

Still the current washed the case back and forth. Summing up all his resolution, the beachcomber plunged into the December sea and swam boldly out to the case. There it was, jostled about in the ebb and flow of the tide, drawing nearer every minute. Then it was but a few feet away, an arm's-length; he reached out and grasped it. The case turned over—empty.

The Way It Felt.—Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church, and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length.

On his return from service, there being guests at dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the pie and cakes.

Some time afterwards, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands prest tightly over his ribs, and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife," little Johnnie replied.—*Brisbane Mail.*

Dollars and Sentiments.—"Are you engaged to Algernon?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. I have promised to marry him as soon as he makes a fortune."

"That isn't an engagement. That's an option."—*Washington Star.*

One of the Fifty-Seven.—SUBSCRIBER (to information operator)—"Please give me Mr. Dill's telephone number."

OPERATOR—"Is the initial 'B' as in Bill?"

SUBSCRIBER—"No, it's Dill as in pickle."—*The Mouthpiece.*

All the Joys.—At a Southend chauffeur's wedding, his comrades made an arch of petrol cans outside the church. Another pretty idea would be to strew soft pedestrians in the path of the happy couple as they drive away.—*London Opinion.*

Paternal Style.—"Now, my little man," said the barber to a youngster in the barber's chair, "how do you want your hair cut?"

"With a hole in the top, like dad's," was the reply.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

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Did he have a right to suspect her?

DUNBAR was in a terrible state of mind. He was worried sick about his wife. He was madly in love with her and she had been acting very strangely during the past several months.

The thing that troubled him most was that she now responded very reluctantly to his affectionate advances. She wouldn't even let him kiss her. The whole state of affairs was driving him mad. He suspected everything. And, yet, he alone was to blame.

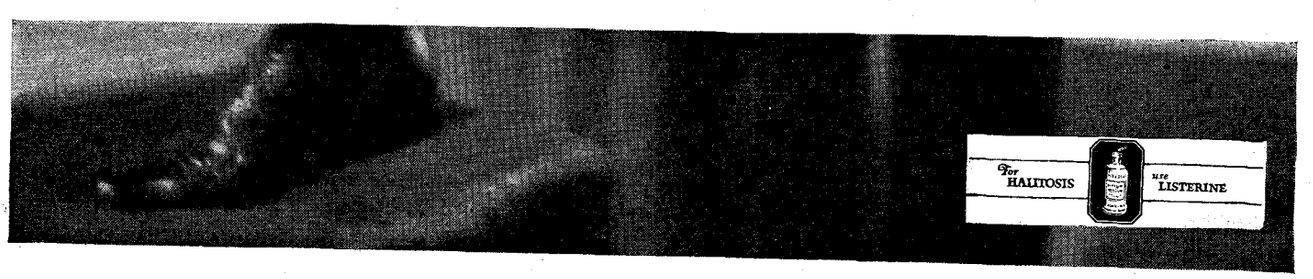
* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (*unpleasant* breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And not only closest friends but wives and husbands dodge this one subject.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

OUTDOOR TROUBLES, AS SPORT AND RECREATION

THE ANTS GOT INTO THE POTATO SALAD. Little Johnny fell into the brook. Father nearly burned his thumb off trying to make the coffee in an extemporaneous outdoor way. To cap the climax, it rained pitchforks, the wind blew the tent down, and everybody came home soaked, tired and swearing they'd never go camping again. These troubles, or others like them, are common enough, but the main trouble with such troubles, it appears, is that we haven't recognized how fortunate we are to have them. There's nothing like troubles, especially outdoor troubles, insists Thomas Curtis Davis, a writer in *Strength* (New York), to develop your sporting instincts, and make you healthy and happy in body and mind. A considerable amount of such troubles as the average citizen experiences in camping or motoring, even in the winter, helps to take the mind off the ordinary and deadly little worries of life, to give it a new slant that, in the end, at least, is healthful and invigorating. "Shake hands with trouble," advises Mr. Davis. "The thing that isn't any trouble doesn't call for strength of any sort. Any human vegetable can cope with it, and who wants to be a vegetable?" He philosophizes further:

From a drawing by Lucille Patterson Marsh, in "Strength" (New York)

THIS IS THE LIFE!

The soaked gentleman in the picture is having a bully time, even tho he doesn't know it, insists a writer with an original view of outdoor recreation.

The reason so many persons don't know how to have a good time is that they harbor the delusion that recreation and rest consist in getting away from trouble instead of robustly shaking hands with it. Healthful and enjoyable living consists partly in wrestling with trouble, and partly in picking the particular line of trouble you are to wrestle with; and wrestling is an art—one of the arts of strength. A man gets tired of wrestling with one sort of trouble all the time. That's why most of us regard the set of troubles by which we earn a living as "work." When a trouble gets to the point where it is "work" it's time to pick another variety for a while and play with it till you're tired of it and are "glad to get back."

That is why every man should neutralize his vocation now and then with a vacation. But not with the thought of getting away from trouble, not by a long shot! To get away from trouble is to vegetate. Life *is* trouble. A man may run a race, may do his hundred in ten flat all for sport, all because it gets him away from "work." But is he putting trouble on the shelf? Ask him, and he will tell you that he's taking it to his bosom, and that he never knew before what trouble really was. That's what makes it fun. And what it means if it means anything is that the biggest mistake a man can make is to harbor in his heart a dream that he would like his life to become effortless, easy, or too perfectly ordered. The only true ideal of living is that which woos trouble like a mistress—or rather *troubles*—for a change is necessary, and in this matter one should be polygamous.

If life is a variety of trouble, strength is the same. It is the impulse to look for trouble and to overcome it. It inheres in action, just as a top stands upright by spinning. The true way for one possest of strength and glorying in it is not to avoid trouble, but rather to choose it, to go around looking for it. Carry a chip on your shoulder; walk with your chest up, your shoulders back, your chin in, your elbows crooked like the forelegs of a bulldog, and the general air that if you don't own a million dollars you will in just a minute; and that in the meantime you're equal to the situation, even if you don't know just what it is just around the next corner.

The great thing about camping, announces Mr. Davis, presenting a view that has a good many claims to originality, is that "it is chock-full of so many troubles and in such variety that you can't remember anything else while you are meeting the million contingencies that arise under even the most favorable circumstances." He elucidates and explains:

Of course you have seen the advertisements, with the pictures that show the ideal camp, with one member of the party cooking at a stove that works, and another cleaning a lot of fish that probably weren't caught with a bent pin or with any other sort of difficulty; and another skinning a deer that was doubtless procurable by means of a short stroll through a wood as easy to traverse as a clipt lawn; and all present wearing the nattiest camp clothes you ever saw, just as if they had come fresh from the ironing-board; and a little purling stream near by, with a pretty velvet sward coming right down to the edges of it. Moreover, you could go into that comic opera camp and they would all sing out at once, "YES, we have no mosquitoes, no black flies, no midges, no yellow jackets, no hornets, and NO bad weather," just like that, all set to music by Mr. Irving Berlin. No trouble; no trouble at all.

Now, I ask you, what sort of a summer hotel proposition would that be? I went camping not long ago, and what I found was that the thing that makes life worth living wherever you live it is that it's just one darn thing after another. If it weren't that you couldn't go camping and forget the troubles you expressly wanted to get away from and forget, such a camp wouldn't give you a thing to think about because it wouldn't give you a thing to do.

Permit me, Gentle Reader, to put you wise to some of the reasons why you really should go camping the next time you need a change of troubles. In the beginning Angelina and I talked it all over. It was a choice between hotels and traveling expenses, and taking the flivver and a tent. I hadn't had a vacation for two years; I needed a rest; I needed to get away from trouble and to do nothing. As for Angelina, she hadn't had a rest in fourteen years. We've been married fifteen years, and our son Algernon is fourteen. Two years after he came we tried Allegra. Allegra was a change; but she soon became an old story. And now, after fourteen years of Algernon, and twelve of Allegra, we both agreed that a fortnight's change of occupation would do all four of us good. What we thought, of course, was that we'd just lock trouble up inside the house, and slip away and forget it, and let it wait as best it could till we should get back. We didn't dream of taking along any substitute troubles, you understand. We pictured the sort of camp I've been telling about, the one in the picture.

Now observe what happened—and I'll be as quick about it as I can. In the first place, we didn't have a camping outfit and had to get one. That, we thought, would be no trouble at all. We'd get a few modest little necessities, and complete our outfit gradually from year to year till we had something that would be just what we wanted. How it worked out you will know if you

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ATWATER KENT

Philadelphia

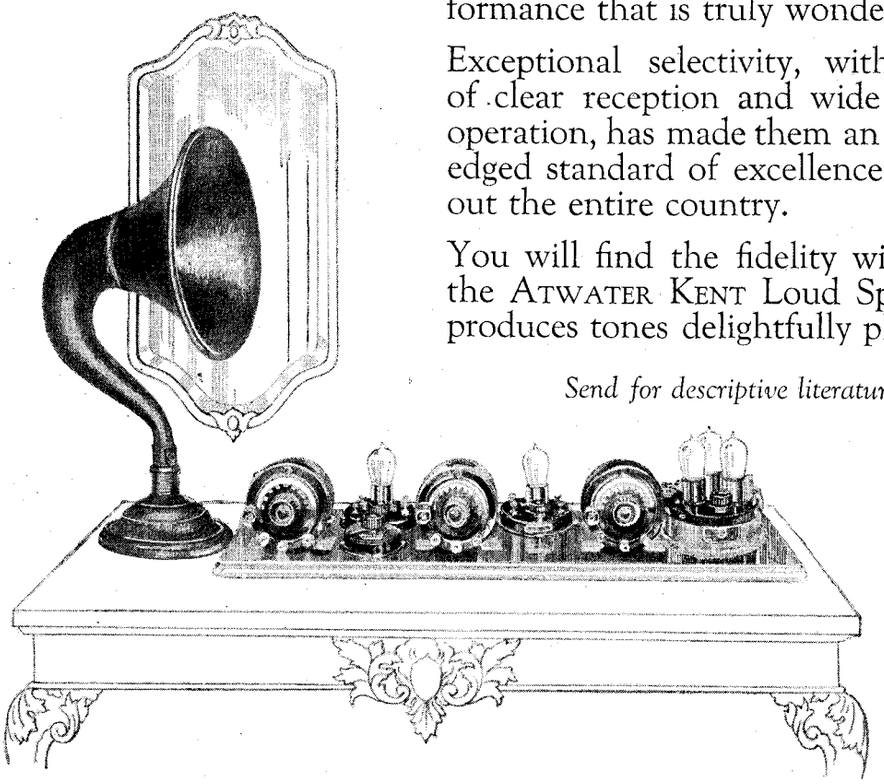
Truly Wonderful Radio Performance

THE new achievements embodied in the construction of ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets, together with the care observed in every detail of their design and manufacture, assures radio performance that is truly wonderful.

Exceptional selectivity, with volume of clear reception and wide range of operation, has made them an acknowledged standard of excellence throughout the entire country.

You will find the fidelity with which the ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker reproduces tones delightfully pleasing.

Send for descriptive literature.



ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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THE MAGNAVOX CO.
In an easy chair at home MAGNAVOX gives you the melody of concert and opera
SAFELY encased within the Magnavox Reproducer is an exquisitely sensitive device which re-creates, in pitch, quality and volume, every element of the original broadcast music or speech.
So perfect is this device that the word "Magnavox" has come to mean true radio reproduction the world over.
Magnavox Reproducers: M1 (for dry battery sets); R2 and R3 (electro-dynamic) . . $35 to $60
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Magnavox Products are for sale at good dealers everywhere. Write for Magnavox Catalogue.
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For every Receiving Set there is a MAGNAVOX
1-C

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

have ever bought an automobile, and then kept on buying the accessories, from speedometers to fenders; from garages to thief-proof locks; and from insurance to repair bills the insurance company won't pay.

Strength counts, particularly when it's the strength of your bank-roll; and in this case the said roll registered $300 minus before it began to call for help.

That meant enough stuff to carry on the running-boards and in part of the tonneau —for they were going in a "flivver." Among other things, specifies Mr. Davis:

It meant a tent, four air mattresses, a nested cooking outfit that all went into one small pot and that almost into your coat-pocket; a gasoline stove that folded up like a small suit-case, a table that rolled up and almost went into your other pocket, folding-shelves that you could poke away under the crown of your hat, almost, and which made a commodious wardrobe and catchall at night; a folding-lantern that you could carry on your hip if you didn't use the space for anything else; a folding-shovel that would do as a part of one's manicure set when it wasn't being made useful around the camp; some blankets and lamb's wool comforters that kept you warm if you didn't get cold; fishing-tackle with a supply of bent pins; *and* so on. Trouble? You bet. But after all, anybody can write a check; and after all, anybody can pack all that stuff into and on a car if one has to—the only restriction being that you must leave the family enough room so they won't have to ride on top. We just avoided that. It was great. By the time I had sweated through the preliminaries, the office, my work, and everything connected with the essential day-by-day grind of life, had sunk far below the rim of the horizon. It was as if it had never been. We were out on the bounding main; and our main lookout from then on was not to get swamped by its bounding.

We got off in good order; traveled a respectable distance that day with no mishaps, and in due time came to a town where there was a river very like the river you see in the pretty camping pictures. It had high banks, a beautiful view, and there were other camps scattered around. A woman who owned some land up and down and round about to such an extent that you couldn't escape her, told us yes, that we couldn't camp there unless we paid her a dollar a night—which we did.

All, so far, was going well. They pitched the new tent; Angelina got the stove going and supper to boot, when heart-rending shrieks suddenly rose. It appears, explains the chronicler, that:

Algernon, in driving a tent stake to hold up the fly of the tent, had inadvertently driven it into a nest of wasps. Two of them stung Algernon, and he came away from there. Simultaneously a nest of yellow-jackets rose from the immediate vicinity of the stove and its savory odors, and they simply spread all over the place. Two of them, however, concentrated on Angelina, two on Allgera, two more on Algernon; and one on me. We retired inside the bobinet curtain with which the tent had been thoughtfully provided against such emergencies and discust the situation. "The

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bacon and eggs is burning up," said Angelina determinedly, "and I'm going to rescue it, stings or no stings. Give me that coat." Whereupon, with a thirst for trouble that makes even the fiercest male of the species quail to think about, Angelina put that coat about her—while I stood by wringing my hands—and rescued the supper, without further mishaps. In that mood no yellow jacket would have stood a chance against her. The female of the species is more deadly than the male—I admit it!

After supper we anointed our wounds, made our beds, and lay down apparently safe from trouble till morning. Not so. At midnight came rain. I closed the tent. Later came a shower inside the tent. Our dog has risen from his place near the door and shook himself and treated all present to a shower. The rain had flooded the floor through an insignificant opening I had overlooked. I spent the next ten minutes wading in it and sopping it up. Then I closed things better, and went back to my slumbers.

So much for the first episode. Why drag in the rest? It suffices to make my point. What we found as the days went by was that no matter how complete and adequate your outfit, camping is camping; and that you can't make yourself a new home at five o'clock every afternoon and stow it all away the next morning, and get your meals without "modern conveniences" besides, and have time to do much but hustle. It isn't like the picture camp. You work hard; you work with your hands; dirt clings to you; you solve your new problems on the spot; you depend on yourself and you get a new outlook on a hundred matters.

For instance, I suppose there never was a husband who didn't say to his Angelina at some time or other, "Aw, why spend so much time on the house. Why can't you let things go now and then, and sit down and take a rest. You *make* work for yourself."

But in camp a man gets a different notion of it; he's too intimately mixed up with the housekeeping problems not to. And what I found was that I was more particular in camp than Angelina ever thought of being at home. I was worse than two old maids, living in a ten-room ancestral house, surrounded with dust-cloths. And as the result of that display of weakness, I've never dared to protest at Angelina's industry around the house since then. I was going in for a *new* set of troubles, and so was she.

All this is important as a part of the art of living, which is the art of being strong, which in turn is the art, not merely of having strength of body, mind and heart, but of using it and increasing it by the uses of mild adversity.

Their "mild adversities" made them mighty glad to get home again, for one thing. Mr. Davis relates and philosophizes further:

We had had a glorious time, my wife and I and the two youngsters and the dog. We had gone out and lived the simple, primitive, gipsy life you hear about. We had taken on a succession of new troubles as they came and got the best of them. We had worked hard, making and unmaking our home at will. It was fascinating; it was fun; and it was anything but easy. And when the time came to go home, what did we do?

Why we started, quite on impulse at half-past six one evening, with 145 miles before us; and we made it through a pouring rain. We couldn't wait till morning, to make it at

The Great Dancer Pavlowa and the Cantilever Shoe

She declares that foot health and comfort are essential to beauty

Anna Pavlowa

PHOTO. BY
Eugene S. Hutchinson

MADAME Anna Pavlowa studies the care of her graceful, active feet and has learned much that is helpful to other women. In a recent interview in the "New York Sun," Anna Pavlowa declared that no woman is attractive when her shoes hurt, because it shows in her face. Like many other leading women, Pavlowa is a staunch believer in the flexible-arch, naturally shaped shoe. In a recent letter to the makers of the Cantilever Shoe she says:

"Everyone should dance, for expression and exercise; even your walk should be free and graceful and strong. And it *can* be in a shoe that is flexible like the Cantilever. In such a shoe, miles of walking only serve to make the foot muscles more lithe and vigorous."

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With natural lines, trimly rounded toes, and well set heels of moderate height, the Cantilever gives your feet wonderful comfort. The shoe curves up snugly under the arch of the foot and offers helpful support. There are attractive Cantilevers in fine leathers and fashionable colors — oxfords, strap pumps and serviceable boots.

Go to the nearest Cantilever store and ask to try on a pair. In every community, just one dealer is selected to sell Cantilever Shoes (except in New York and Chicago, where several stores are located in convenient parts of the city.) If you do not find a nearby dealer in the partial list below write to Morse & Burt Co., 1 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. They will send you name of the Cantilever dealer nearest you, and enclose an informative booklet on feet and shoes.

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Allentown—907 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atchison—Bradley Shoe Co.
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (Shelburne)
Augusta, Me.—Quality Shoe Store, 234 Water St.
Baltimore—325 North Charles St.
Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
Boston—Newbury St. Cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St.
Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard Co.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Canton, O.—H. M. Horton Co.
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C.—J. F. Condon & Sons
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—30 E. Randolph St. (Room 502); 1050 Leland (near Broadway); 835E. 61st St. cor. Drexel Ave.
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulfi Shoe Co.
Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.
Columbus, Ga.—Johnson Cook Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Volk Bros. Co.
Davenport—M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—41 E. Adams Ave.
Dubuque—J. F Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 W. First St. (near 1st Ave.. W.)
Elkhart—F. A. Blessing
El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 342 Main St.
Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
Galveston—Clark W. Thompson Co.
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Great Falls—Paris Dry Goods Co.
Harrisburg—26 No. 3rd St. (Second floor)
Hartford—Trumbull and Church Sts.
Haverhill—McGregor's, 21 Washington Sq.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Hot Springs, Ark.—Rosenthal's
Houston—205 Foster—Bank Commerce Bldg.
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field
Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman
Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co., 302 Main St.
Long Beach, Calif.—Farmers' Bank Bldg.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
Madison—Family Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Castle, Pa.—229 E. Washington St.
New Haven—153 Court St. (2nd floor)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
New York—14 W. 40th St. (opp. Public Library)
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St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
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Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—445 State St.
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
Sioux Falls—The Bee Hive
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, O.—Edw. Wren Co.
Stockton—Dunne's Shoe Store, 330 E. Main
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Trust Bldg.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Topeka—The Pelletier Store
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., cor. Union
Waco—Davis-Smith Bootorie
Washington—1319 F Street
Waterbury—Howland Hughes Co.
Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

our ease in daylight and through sunshine. Nothing would do but that we go home *now*. We must unlock our regular and familiar run of troubles that very night, tho it took till the wee sma' hours to do it. And it did. We pulled into our own front yard at one A. M.

And we've been going like steam-engines ever since. We'll keep on going till the thing gets to be an old story again, I suppose—and then, of course, off we'll go again. The outfit is there. I can pack it onto the car in ten minutes any time, day or night. Never did a man spend $300 to better purpose, in my judgment, than for that seven duffle-bags of stuff, those seven precious bags of trouble—reserve trouble—other trouble. They are enough for anybody, for any week-end.

DENMARK'S RECIPE FOR SPLENDID YOUTH

A YOUNG athlete in blue, standing at the back of the stage of the Town Hall, in New York City, held aloft "the blazing scarlet and white emblem of Denmark." There was no orchestra, or any music, or any stage decorations. Suddenly, from the wings, sprang twenty-four young men clad in blue from head to ankle, "as tho it were a second skin." They came, records an editorial writer in *Arts and Decoration* (New York), "so swiftly and lightly that they seemed blown along by stormy winds." One after the other, in rapid succession—

They touched a raised platform with their hands, turned a handspring over it, then again in the air formed a magnificent arch of moving blue as tho swinging from hill to hill into a splendid new world—a world very young and clean and vital, filled with sunlight and health and a surpassing radiance. A flight of swallows on a windy March morning could scarcely be more swift, sure and ethereal.

Again and again these bronzed youths swept across the stage, leaping up in fine gesture and alighting as softly as autumn leaves drift down and touch the sod. The air seemed as sure a pathway as the earth for these splendid azure bodies, each movement a joyous assertion of the beauty which the human body can attain.

And these young men were not trained athletes or professional performers. They were a group of pupils from the People's College at Ollerup, Denmark, which is one of many similar institutions throughout Europe, organized and directed by Niels Bukh, Scandinavia's famous teacher of rhythmical gymnastics.

The pupils performing these feats of finely coördinated movement were, in the main, young men from the farms who have attended the famous school at Ollerup, and after completing their course of study and gymnastics will return to their various rural occupations. But with what a totally different, what an enlightened, outlook on life! They go back to work with a fine sense of mental, spiritual and physical sureness. The complete mastery of their bodies will have made them largely masters over circumstance. For such physical control could only result from well-coördinated minds, exulting in the overcoming of obstacles.

These blue-garbed sinewy youths were not the only interesting feature of this program, however, continues the appreciator, for—

Among the pupils at the People's Colleges, not only in Ollerup, but throughout Denmark and Norway, are young women as well as men; and the vigorous, wholesome, capable-looking women who took part in this demonstration in New York were also mainly recruited from the farms.

These women, too, were in blue, simple short tunics which left the arms and legs free. As they entered, men and women, in the first march, they were singing a martial Danish folksong, and marching in time to their own voices. The soft padding of the feet moving rhythmically to the accent of the song had the value of a gamba stop in an organ. They moved magnificently, with a fine free swing of arms and legs, swaying slightly to the music. Their heads were alert, thrown back a little, and their eyes shining like Northern stars. They seemed like young gods who had found the secret of splendid youth as they circled around the outer edge of the stage with a Danish flag floating over their heads, borne by a giant leader. Nothing could be simpler, nothing more a matter of course, yet the audience cheered these young men and women for the sense of liberation and power and beauty they conveyed.

Then the women came in alone and did some extremely graceful gymnastics, their bodies as light and supple as marsh grasses in the wash of the tide. At intervals they would burst into song, swaying and dipping their bodies to the rhythm of their fresh, young voices.

Oddly enough, all their emotions seemed to be exprest only in their bodies. Their faces were curiously mask-like. One could not picture a group of Latin youths singing, dancing, gesticulating, without the quality of abandon creeping into their expression, without smiles and flashing eyes. But nothing of the kind happened with these Valkyrie maidens. They moved with stirring swift grace, their bodies were like willow wands, they sang with the grave happiness of little children, and danced with quaint precision. The most difficult exercises were done so easily, with so little sense of effort, that they held one's vision with delight.

Early in the program the men showed the series of exercises Mr. Bukh calls Primitive Gymnastics, which are considered fundamental in the work of the pupils, and practised daily to gain strength and masculine facility. This work is most searching and aims to develop and liberate the body so that incorrect postures and bad masculine habits will be eradicated. This "primitive" work has been called "ugly," but this spectator at least did not find it so. Its purpose and value were so inescapable that the result was an effect of beauty.

Rhythmic gymnastics, continues the writer, which make up the second and final part of Mr. Bukh's system, were a no less vital part of the program. This included:

The folk-dancing to songs, a series of graceful exercises to song and the most arresting work of the men, mentioned in the beginning of this article, in those bird-like

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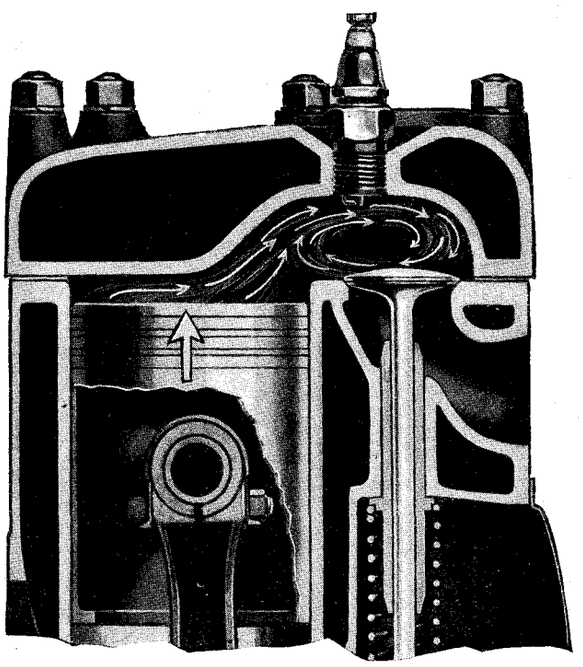
The Ricardo Head



United States Patent Granted Nov. 13, 1923 to Waukesha Motor Company as Assignee of Harry Ralph Ricardo, the English Scientist.

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at automobile shows

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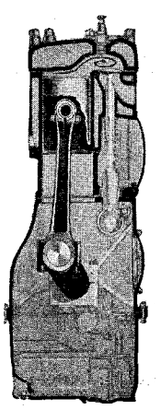

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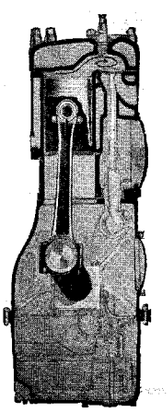

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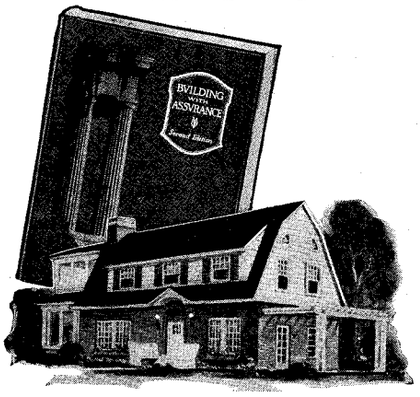

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

flights across the stage. It would be difficult to recall any gesture in the modern theater except perhaps Nijinsky dancing in "Le Specter de la Rose" that seemed more to belong to birds on the wing, fishes darting through the crest of a wave, branches swaying against the sky. For these young bodies had through their gymnastic work recovered the freedom and lightness of nature's own beautiful motions.

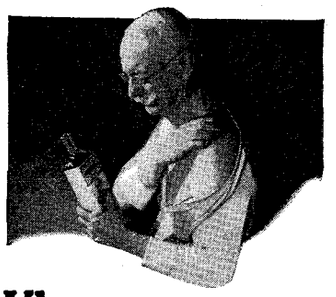
What a magnificent gift from a nation to her people! For these Danish People's Colleges have been subsidized by the nation, have won the interest and approval of the King, and are filled throughout the year with young people from all over the country, who, in time, return to their vocations, great or humble, with an unfailing respect for their bodies, a fitness for labor and an eager delight in life itself which must come to the man or woman in perfect physical condition.

Niels Bukh's system of gymnastics, as exemplified by the work of these young people, is an outgrowth, he tells us, of the system of Ling in Sweden, and of the rhythmic work of Finland. Great stress is laid in these colleges on outdoor sports and athletics. It is because the young people discover a difference in their bodies after a short course of primitive gymnastics that they are so attracted in this work in the schools, which accomplishes that fine thing of affording them the opportunity to express through their bodies the upwelling beauty which lies dormant in all youth.

Last fall the Austrian Government had Niels Bukh give an exhibition at Vienna. In the spring of 1923 he took his pupils through Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and other Central European countries. The leading physical educators in England have asked him to teach his system of physical education in that country. Everywhere his exhibitions have awakened tremendous enthusiasm as they did recently in America. It was a great satisfaction to see the work of these young Danes, without theatrical trappings of any kind, received with such interest and appreciation, and to be reminded by them of the convincing beauty to be achieved by the liberated human body.

The work of Niels Bukh's pupils seems completely to upset the theory that mature grace and beauty must be prepared for in infancy. We have seen lovely young dancers of seventeen or eighteen and have at once consoled ourselves with the thought that they have been in training since they were children, and, of course, some of them had been. It is undoubtedly the best preparation. But since seeing the Danish youths we know that much can be accomplished after people have grown up—that strength and muscular activity and swiftness and grace, all can be achieved after the first flush of youth is past. For this reason Niels Bukh's system of physical education should become as wide-spread in this country.

Because this system of gymnastics requires intense concentration and really hard physical work during the course of study, it may meet with less enthusiasm in this country, where, in the main, we like to think of exercise as a few minutes' pleasant activity accompanied by music. But the result as witnessed is well worth serious effort.



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BASEBALL SHUDDERS AT THE HOME-RUN MENACE

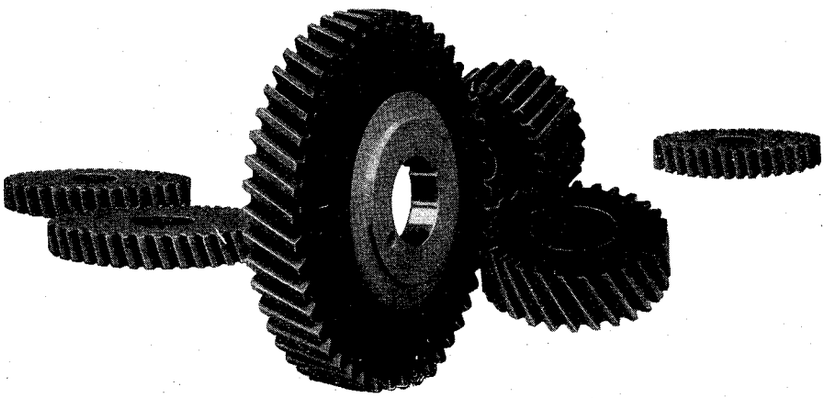
THERE were too many home-runs last summer—so many, in fact, that the popularity of baseball is said to be facing something like a crisis. As a result, the best minds and magnates of the Major Leagues will spend much of this winter, reports a sports writer, Irving E. Sanborn, devising ways and means for "the rescue of the home-run from the ranks of the commonplace, and its restoration to its distinguished position in the esteem of baseball fans." The average fan, says Mr. Sanborn, may be more forcibly imprest with the necessity for breaking the New York monopoly of major pennants and World's Series, or the resumption of the privilege of drafting recruits from the high-grade minor leagues. These reforms may be important enough, admits Mr. Sanborn, but they are not so important as "to stop the cheapening of the home-run, which has been in progress for several seasons." The average fan, he predicts, is going to lose one of his main reasons for being interested in baseball unless this is done, and when the average fan does that, as everybody knows, it is time for the best minds and magnates to get busy. Mr. Sanborn reports in *Baseball* (New York):

There was a total of 976 home-runs registered in the American and National Leagues in 1923, as against 1,054 in the two major circuits in 1922. National League batsmen contributed 536 toward the 1923 total, and American League sluggers made 442. These figures are taken from the unofficial averages, but their only difference from the official will be due to possible clerical errors, because there is seldom any argument about a home-run. The umpire decides 99½ per cent. of them—not the official scorer.

That slight decrease in four-base hits will not restore the feature to its former exalted position for a good many years yet unless some method is found by the rule-making members of the magnate oligarchy to bring about quality instead of quantity production in the home-run department. The Philadelphia Nationals, as usual, led the majors in four-baggers this year. The total number of drives which floated out or bounded out of the cigar-box in which the Phillies play their home games was 110. Ten or fifteen years ago that would have been a respectable total for the whole eight teams in either big league.

During the past season 18 home-runs were made in one minor league ball park in one afternoon when a double header was played. That happened in the bushes, of course, and probably the fences were shorter than in the bigger circuits. But it makes a joke out of what ought to be one of the most inspiring features of baseball to have it happen eighteen times in one day even on a bush-league field. And the men who frame the rules for big-league games make laws which govern all contests wherever baseball is played. There is no more tempting appeal to an epicurean appetite than quail done to a turn and served hot. But history does not record the fact that any one has yet been able to inhale thirty quail in thirty days without nausea.

The remedy? It is not the purpose of



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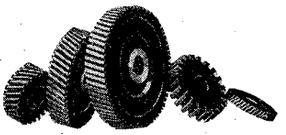

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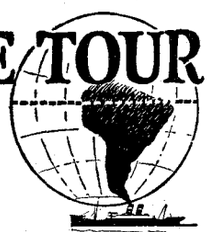

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
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this article to advance any specific process by which the home-run might be rejuvenated. Its sole object is to establish the necessity of doing something.

There are two very effective ways, announces this critic, to reduce the output of home-runs:

One of them is to enlarge the ball parks to a uniform size, which is, of course, impractical considering the price of real estate and the difficulty of moving stands of reinforced concrete. The other is to increase the difficulty of making home-runs outside of the arena. There probably are plenty of other remedies, but it is up to the rule-makers to devise or select the best one.

At present there are vast inequalities in the requirements for circuit drives in the different cities. At least fifteen varieties of home-runs are possible in the majors alone, and it would be sixteen varieties if the two St. Louis teams did not play on the same grounds at home. It has not been possible, naturally, to obtain uniform lots for ball parks, nor to construct stands and bleachers of anything like the same dimensions. Consequently the playing-fields are of all shapes and sizes. Some have short right-fields, others short left-fields, and still others have short foul-lines in both right and left fields. Some have high screens above short boundaries, others have none. Some have wire-netting in front of the bleachers, others do not.

To illustrate the point, comparison may be made of two major-league parks of widely different home-run possibilities. The Philadelphia National-League Club's arena is the smallest in area in either major circuit and the easiest one on which to make home-runs. Right-field is so short that often it is impossible to make two bases on a drive against the wall if the outfielder is experienced in playing the rebounds. It is surmounted by a very high screen, but many a tall fly drops safely outside, altho it would have been caught by an ordinary outfielder on other parks in the circuit. It is no herculean feat to swat the ball entirely out of the lot over the left-field wall and there are bleachers in front of it. Even in the deepest part of center-field drives have been made to the club-house and there are bleachers in front of that.

As contrast Comiskey Park in Chicago is close to the ideal. Right and left-field bleachers are exactly the same distance from home-plate on the foul-lines and it requires a lusty wallop to drive the ball over the high wire screen in front of them. Occasionally a brilliant right or left-fielder can go back to the bleacher barrier and catch a long fly ball, but only when he was playing deep-field at the start. Anything that strikes the ground inside the enclosure stays inside instead of bounding into the stands and is good for three bases for a fleet runner. In center-field it is possible for a fairly fast man to make a home-run inside the grounds. It takes a slugger of the Ruth type to hit anything except a foul fly entirely out of the lot which is an exact square. It cost Owner Comiskey a tidy sum to induce a wrecking concern to vacate a lease on the ground now occupied by the right-field bleachers, but the Old Roman paid it to get rid of a short right-field fence and to obtain space for a symmetrical playing-field.

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Ruth never could have made his world's record of 59 home-runs on the Braves park in Boston, or even if he had remained a member of the Red Sox, declares Mr. Sanborn. Furthermore:

It is doubtful if he could have hung up that mark, even in his best year, if the Yankee Stadium had been in existence then, so that he would have been playing there instead of at the Polo Grounds. Ruth himself, commenting on the difference between the two baseball parks in Gotham, after a preliminary practise at the Giants' grounds last October, said:

"That right-field stand is a cinch compared to the Yankee Stadium. You don't know how easy it is until you've been away for a year. I'd have hit eighty homers easily here this season."

Merely increasing the legal distance from home-plate to the boundary necessary to entitle a batsman to a home-run on a drive out of bounds will not solve the problem of standardizing such hits. There still would be the inequality of conditions due to parks where ground-balls hop into unscreened stands while other club owners screen their bleachers and eliminate that element of luck.

When first opened, the Yankee Stadium had a joke home-run zone in right-field near the foul-line where an ordinary single could hurdle the barrier for a round-trip hit. But Colonel Ruppert erected a ten-foot screen in front of that pocket, making it necessary to hit the ball over it on the fly to earn a home-run. The club owners whose open stands are not screened probably would protest strenuously if a rule were passed compelling all of them to erect ten-foot screens to eliminate lucky four-baggers. They could protest both on the basis of cost and because their patrons would object to looking through a wire netting after having had an unobstructed view all these years. But it would be possible to handle those conditions by a rule which would eliminate home-runs on balls that strike inside the enclosure and bound into an unprotected stand, cutting down such hits to two or three bases according to the distance of the stands from home-plate.

Clark Griffith, the Washington club owner, sensed the danger of stultifying the home-run by surfeiting the fans with them, and advocated over a year ago a change in the rules which would have eliminated some of them. At present a batsman is entitled to a home-run on any fair hit that goes "over a fence or into a stand" at a distance not less than 235 feet from the home-plate. If any fence or stand is closer to the plate than 235 feet, an out-of-bounds hit in that section is good for only two bases. Griffith's suggestion, as I recall it, was to change that distance from 235 to 315 feet and make all fair hits over the wall or into a stand less than 315 feet from the platter good for only two bases.

That would have helped a little by eliminating some of the joke home-runs, and it would have operated to rectify some of the existing inequalities of the different ball parks. But it would not have solved the problem of equaling the chances for home-runs on balls bounding into stands, some of which are screened and some of which are not.

Griffith's suggestion had no chance for a tryout, however, as it was opposed by the National League and by Commissioner Landis for different reasons. The American League could not try it out alone because the existing agreement makes it necessary

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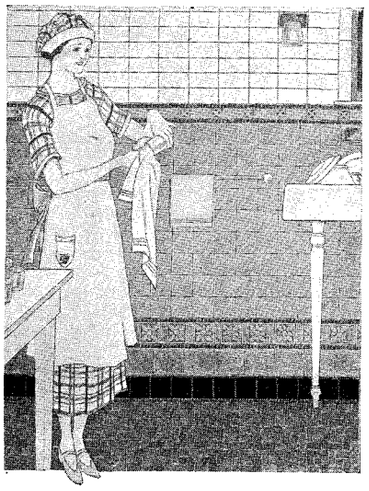

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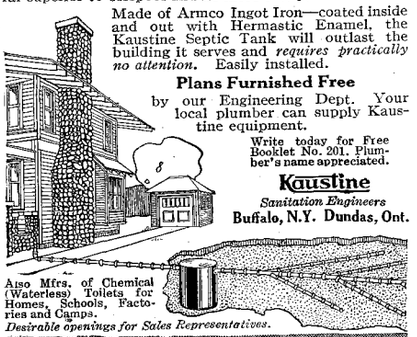

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
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for the playing rules to be uniform, thereby preventing either league from experimenting with them on its own hook. The commissioner avowed that the baseball public loved home-runs and should not be deprived of the source of one of its greatest joys. He lacked the foresight to realize that it is possible to give any man too much of any good thing—except golf. The National League's objections, if memory is correct, were more specific and had to do with the fear of confusing the fans with too many boundary lines and of adding to the woes of the umpires by increasing the chances for kicking.

"In the bad old days," says Mr. Sanborn, "the American League would have been free to give Griffith's idea a trial and probably would have done so this year." The critic protests:

While uniformity of playing rules is a thing to be desired, it is doubtful if its value to baseball offsets its tendency to throttle initiative in the matter of improving the game. It is tedious even in imagination to think what a ball-game would have degenerated into when all the batsmen had acquired the ability to foul off good balls at will without incurring any penalty for it. And the foul-strike rule might never have been adopted, or have been tried out too late, if it had been necessary to convince both major leagues, and all the club owners thereof, theoretically that it would be a good thing for the game. The same is true of other innovations adopted before the present dual alliance between the American and National Leagues produced a stand-pat policy.

The conservative majority of the magnates of the two leagues seems satisfied to "let well enough alone" and to hesitate through fear of hurting their game to make many experiments in the line of improvement. The standpatters maintain that baseball never was more popular than to-day, and point to the record-breaking world's series of 1923 to prove it.

They overlook the fact that this nation has been growing and prospering fast and that many other branches of sport have been gaining in popularity. They do not ask themselves if baseball has increased its vogue and its patronage as much as it might have done under a progressive instead of a standpat policy.

Getting down to brass tacks, the record-breaking attendance of the world's series of 1923, altho demonstrating emphatically that no greater throngs ever saw a similar event, do not prove beyond dispute that baseball enthusiasm is any greater or more wide-spread than ten years ago. They prove that the public responded more copiously to more spacious accommodations than ever before were provided for a World's Series. They do not prove that more people would not have attended previous world combats if the plants would have held them.

As indicated by the official attendance figures this fall, the maximum capacity of the Yankee Stadium under world's series restrictions was 62,817 paid admissions and of the Polo Grounds 46,302. Three games were played in each park. If they had been filled to capacity every one of the six days, the total attendance would have been 327,357. The official total attendance for the six games was 301,430. Which

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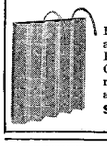

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means that almost 26,000 more folks could have seen the 1923 series if they had wanted to.

Ten years before that, in 1913, the World's Series was played in the Polo Grounds and at Shibe Park in Philadelphia. The official records show that the maximum capacity of the Polo Grounds at that time was 36,682 and of the Athletics' Park 20,563. Three of the five games in that series were played on the Polo Grounds and two at Shibe Park. The maximum total attendance possible under those conditions was 151,172. The actual paid attendance in 1913 totaled 150,992. Which indicates that only 180 more patrons could have been crowded into the parks during those five days.

Crowds were turned away at every one of those games between the Giants and Athletics, altho not as many as the throngs which could not get into the New York plants on the Saturday and Sunday of the 1923 World's Series. But the fans of 1913 knew by experience that very few seats were on sale to the general public in those days, while Gotham patrons this year had reason to hope there would be room for everybody who had the inclination and the price.

The point is just this. The record figures of last October do not by themselves prove that interest was any greater than in 1913, because no one can assert positively that the total attendance of the 1913 series would not have exceeded 301,430 if the Athletics and Giants had been able to use the Yankee Stadium and the enlarged Polo Grounds and their series had lasted six games. I am not claiming that baseball enthusiasm was any greater in 1913 than now. I am merely pointing out that there were not 26,000 vacant seats or standing spots in 1913 or at any subsequent World's Series prior to the latest series.

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"Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness."

"Applicant has never been fatally sick."

"Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child."

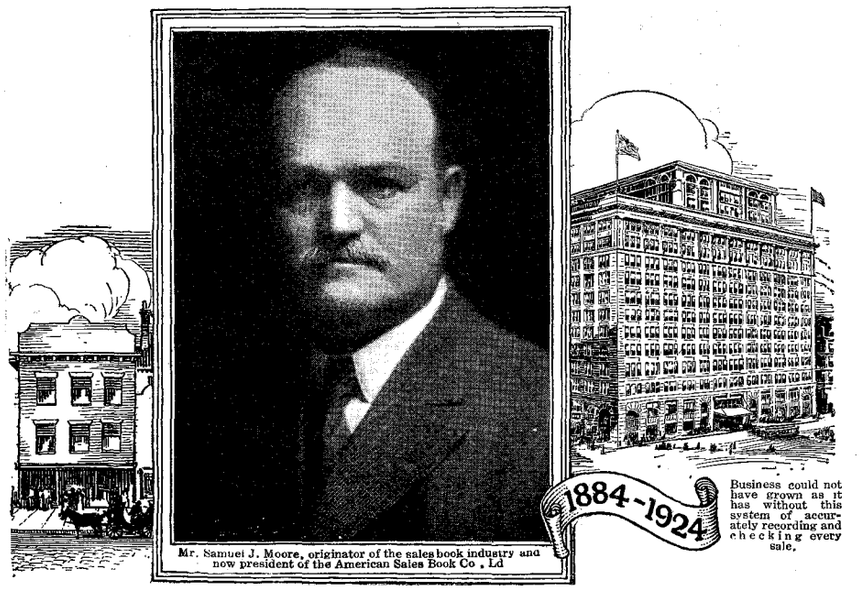
"Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow shot by an Indian."

"Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child."

"Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death."—*The Christian Advocate.*

Most Effective.—"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for fifty thousand dollars I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—*Vanity Fair.*


Mr. Samuel J. Moore, originator of the sales book industry and now president of the American Sales Book Co., Ltd
1884-1924
Business could not have grown as it has without this system of accurately recording and checking every sale.

A Birthday in Which Every Business Man is Interested

1924 is the 40th year of the achievement of a great American Institution. It is the birthday of one of the Country's most vital industries. Every American business man pays homage to this birthday because it means so much to his business in savings, protection, increased profits and control.

Forty years ago, Samuel J. Moore came to Niagara Falls with an idea which in time awakened the commercial world to its possibilities. Few supported him when he began the manufacture of sales books and other duplicating business forms. A small local merchant gave him his first order. Yet from this nucleus he and his associates have built an American Institution upon which every line of business depends. Year after year the growing requirements of business for multiple original entry forms have been met by the broad vision, creative ability and predominant leadership of the American Sales Book Co., Ld., and its associated companies of which Mr. Moore is the head. They have developed over 95 per cent of the worthwhile improvements in the sales book industry.

As a memorial to our founder, we offer on this fortieth anniversary, our crowning achievement—the Sure-Trip and Sure-Quad Sales Books. These are made possible through the development of special machinery for inserting pasted sheets which produce more copies in one writing, thus combining two or more sets of records.

Sure-Trips and Sure-Quads help prevent mistakes and annoyances, insure money reaching the treasury and goods reaching the customers, furnish smooth working interdepartmental records and point out the loyal and efficient employees as well as the undesirable.

Sure-Trips and Sure-Quads are not merely for the Big Store and the Great Manufacturer. They can help every retailer in every trade, manufacturers in all industries, wholesalers, shippers, garages, railroads, cleaners, bottlers, bakers, etc., etc.

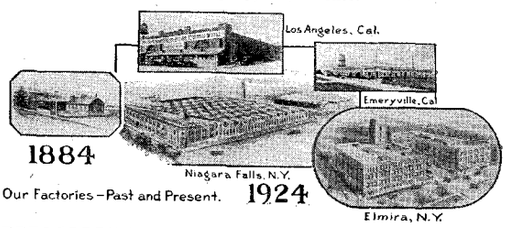
Follow your inclination to investigate. Fill out the coupon below, attach to your business letterhead, state the particular use of these books you are thinking of, and mail to our nearest plant. Our System Experts will do the rest.

American Sales Book Company, Ld.

Elmira, N. Y.

West of the Rockies,
Pacific Manifolding Book Co., Emeryville, Cal.
Pacific Coast Sales Book Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

In Canada,
F. N. Burt Company, Ld., Toronto.



American Sales Book Co., Ld.
Dept. 2401, Elmira, N. Y.

Without incurring any obligation I would like to know more about Sure-Trip and Sure-Quad Sales Books as described above.

Firm.....

My Position.....

Purchasing Agent.....

Name.....

Address.....

Note: We might also be interested in other duplicating forms such as..... (see my letter)

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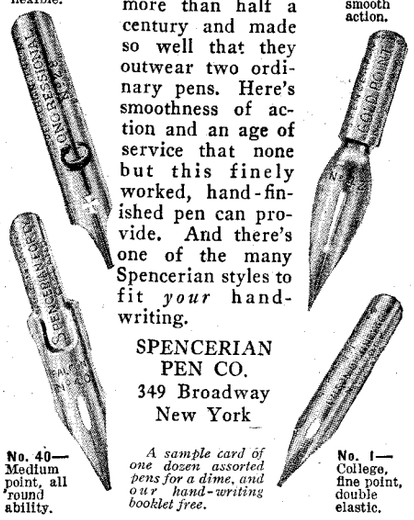
No. 28—Congressional; speedy and flexible.

No. 42—Gold and dome pointed; smooth action.



Standard of the world's writers for more than half a century and made so well that they outwear two ordinary pens. Here's smoothness of action and an age of service that none but this finely worked, hand-finished pen can provide. And there's one of the many Spencerian styles to fit *your* handwriting.

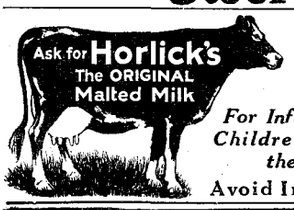
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway
New York

A sample card of one dozen assorted pens for a dime, and our hand-writing booklet free.

No. 40—Medium point, all round ability.

No. 1—College, fine point, double elastic.

Spencerian *Personal* Steel Pens

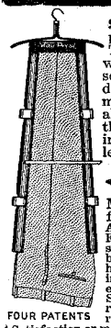


Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

Pants Always Pressed



STAYPREST TROUSER PRESSER puts a real master-tailor crease in pants. Takes the bag out of knees and removes wrinkles. Easy to use—takes only a few seconds. Always a like-new press without delay or trouble. A real convenience. Saves many dollars in pressing bills, and trousers always look like just from the tailor. Makes them last longer. Saves nap of cloth which ironing ruins. Every man should have at least one or two.

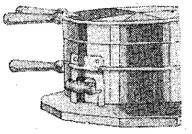
Stay Prest

Made of selected hardwood, fabric covered, canvas lined. All metal parts heavily nickel plated. Fits any size trousers. Folds into small pack to fit handbag. Strong but light. Has collapsible coat hanger. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands in use. Well dressed men have several to keep all trousers well pressed. Sold through dealers, agents or direct by mail. *Mailed postpaid on* receipt of $2.50. C.O.D. if desired. Satisfaction or money back. Order today. Book free.

FOUR PATENTS

The Getgey-Jung Company
171 G. & J. Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio

Did Santa Claus Forget This Switch?

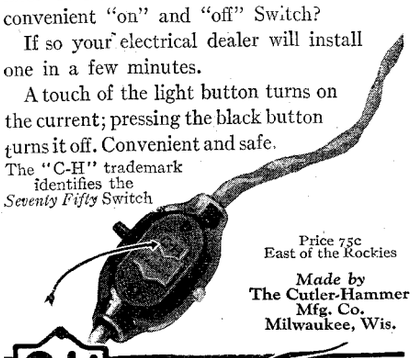


In his haste did Santa forget to equip your electric toaster, grill, percolator or iron with this convenient "on" and "off" Switch?

If so your electrical dealer will install one in a few minutes.

A touch of the light button turns on the current; pressing the black button turns it off. Convenient and safe.

The "C-H" trademark identifies the *Seventy Fifty* Switch



Price 75c
East of the Rockies

Made by
The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

C-H *Seventy Fifty* SWITCH

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

IRRIGATION BLAMED FOR THE WEATHER

HAS the irrigation of arid lands in our Southwest affected the climate of the United States? E. B. Dunn, affectionately known as "Farmer" Dunn, and long connected with the U. S. Weather Bureau, asserts that it has done so. In an article contributed to the New York *World*, he expresses his belief that irrigation in the Rocky Mountain region has swerved the average path of storm-centers across the continent and has thus changed climatic conditions over wide districts, altering temperature and rainfall in a distinct degree. Everybody in America and Europe, writes Mr. Dunn, remarks that the climate has changed, and speculates on what may be the cause. We can know but little of atmospheric conditions, much less control them, he admits. What little we have learned does not suffice to explain the real deep causes for many of the erratic conditions of recent unseasonable seasons. Nevertheless he is convinced that much of our own local trouble may be attributed to irrigation. He continues:

It may seem rash to accuse irrigation of working a revolution in our climate; but even a cursory study of well-proved facts is enough to demonstrate that serious changes in the weather of the West and Southwest have gone hand in hand with irrigation. It is largely a matter of storms.

Storms, local or general, are the result of unequal distribution of heat, or of excessive local heat, over any part of the earth's surface. This causes unstable equilibrium of the air, thus effecting constant fluctuations of barometric pressure. The climate of any place is determined by the number of and the paths traveled by the storm centers, whether to the north or to the south of the given locality.

If a low-pressure storm center pass to the north of a given locality, the wind will blow from a southerly quarter and bring warmer weather; if it pass to the south, the wind will be northerly and bring colder weather.

Storms used to enter the United States from the northwest. Now they come from the southwest. This change has caused a change of weather which is felt over the whole country. This is not a matter of opinion but of official record. It brings us back to irrigation.

As far back as 1870, when the United States Weather Bureau was quite young, it instituted a system of charting the path of storms across the country. Its records show that for many years the majority of storms entered our country from the North Pacific Ocean by way of Washington and Oregon. Very few came directly across the Central Rocky Mountains. The few that did were forced to high elevations and by contact with the colder air deposited all their moisture on the Pacific slope.

Other storms began to develop over the Plateau States, and yet others appeared on the Gulf or South Atlantic Coasts. Those that came in from the North Pacific traveled well to the north of the Canadian

LEMCO

The New Short Name for

Lemco spread thinly on buttered toast is most delicious, and makes a welcome change.

Lemco is a digestive as well as a Beef-food. It is unseasoned and free from fat.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT *of* BEEF

The most highly concentrated form of Beef known

IRON GLUE

10¢-15¢ SIZES

At all 5 and 10 cent Stores

QUICK TO STICK
SOLD TO HOLD

Mc CORMICK & CO.
BALTIMORE

BOYOGRAPHIES

Frederick Burton, of Mass., has been one of our Junior Salesmen for a year and a half. Timid at first, his interest in the game of business quickly overcame his weakness. Now he's a highly successful little business man and has an income of his own.

Persistent Boys Make Leaders

Whatever serves to make a boy persistent is a help toward his success. It is not so often the brilliant boy who comes to leadership, as the boy who has "staying power." We have a plan to help

MAKE YOUR BOY PERSISTENT

Boys who become Junior Salesmen for us develop persistence. Using their after-school hours to build up routes of customers for THE LITERARY DIGEST, they learn to love the game of business and its rewards. Let us tell your boy about our

BOYS IN BUSINESS PLAN

If you would like to receive details of how we teach the game of business to schoolboys, just send us a card containing your boy's name and address—and yours. We will send the information to *you*.

The Literary Digest
C-6 Junior Sales Division
354 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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boundary-line and passed off the coast of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. Their influence was felt over our Northern States and into the center of the country, and after their passage the old-fashioned cold wave would follow from an area of high pressure, often driving the cold or "norther" even into the heart of Texas.

For a long time it was a mystery why so many storms should be born or linger over what was supposed to be arid country. Later it was discovered that the great inducement was water. Up to 1890 Colorado had more land under irrigation than any other State. The Geological Survey at the time showed that there were 4,300,000 acres of land in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas and Utah cultivated by means of irrigation, and it was about that time the charted observations of the course of storms first indicated the connection between irrigation and climatic change.

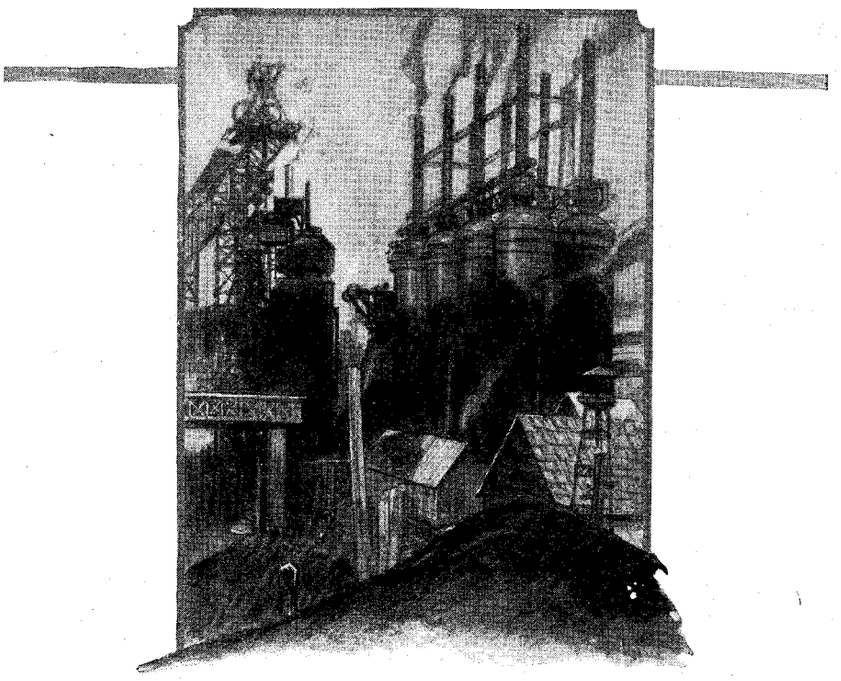
In the last thirty years irrigation has increased manyfold. To-day the water furnished for irrigation supplies 19,000,000 acres of land, extending from Montana and the Dakotas southward to Arizona, California and Texas, and east to Kansas and Nebraska.

In the Indian reservations alone there are being developed for irrigation purposes 1,392,797 acres of land, which cost the United States $52,000,000, while $134,000,000 has been expended in other sections; the persons interested are now asking for $250,000,000 more for further extension of the work.

The vast areas covered by irrigation in Southern California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Oklahoma and Texas have made nature change her habits. The result is that comparatively few storms come in from over Washington and Oregon, but most of them arrived from over Southern California. The great attraction which Colorado and Wyoming used to furnish for drawing storms from their natural path has shifted to the desert lands of the Southwest, principally in Southern California and Arizona. Here we find a succession of low-pressure storms entering and developing over the lowlands of this once arid but now well-irrigated region. The greater part of this land is now kept thoroughly saturated, and the intense heat from a broiling sun steadily draws the water from the soil up the sides of the mountains, which form barriers as if to hold in check the vast areas of depression that swing forth and back from the California coast to Texas. This continues until the storm, which has now attained its full energy, moves slowly away, generally to the northwest, with its major axis pointing toward the lake regions.

All the desert land is not under irrigation; for hundreds of miles the sun beats down on stretches of bare sand and stone which hold the heat and add to the building up of storms. As these storms move, the area of depression assumes a roughly oblong shape stretching for hundreds of miles from southwest to northeast. These storms keep under their influence the warm air from all the Southwest and Central States and carry it north over all the country lying to the south of the storm center. This accounts for the extreme heat which has so frequently covered the Western districts.

The floods which have so often in the last few years visited Arizona, Texas, Colorado, Arkansas and Utah, causing the loss of hundres of lives, making thousands homeless and destroying millions of dollars' worth of property, may then be attributed to man's zealous endeavor to utilize that great arid waste.



Paying for waste that *cannot be burned*

"12% ash" reads one item in the analysis of what purports to be good coal.

Translate this into dollars and cents.

It means that every ton of coal delivered contains 240 pounds of something that cannot be burned on the grate, something on which freight must be paid from the mine, something that must ultimately be shoveled into a cart and hauled away.

Ash, dirt, impurities that cannot be burned must be paid for heavily in freight charges and labor costs.

Industrial executives who buy Consolidation Coal reduce this sheer loss to a minimum. For Consolidation Coal is clean. It is so mined that layers of clay and slate do not necessarily fall with the coal. It is carefully prepared so as to remove extraneous and visible impurities.

As a result, Consolidation Coal is transported and burned with the minimum waste.

Consolidation Coal is *clean Coal*

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

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MILWAUKEE, WIS. *843 South Canal Street*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILL., *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.*
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Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Billiter Sq. Bldg.*
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GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*
WAUKEGAN, ILL. *Waukegan Coal Company*

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Crowds fill the air with germs. The city's dust by irritating the throat, causes them to develop. This is the beginning of most infections.

During Epidemics

—safeguard the throat

When epidemics are raging, or when colds and sore throats are going the rounds, do you take steps to protect yourself against infection?

At these times your bodily resistances, which ordinarily protect you against disease, are likely to break down. They should then have help to enable them to throw off the millions of germs that you draw into your mouth and throat with every breath you take.

Formamint tablets kill germs right here—at the port of entry. When dissolved slowly in the mouth they liberate a powerful yet harmless germicide, which, combining with the mouth fluids, penetrates to every fold and crevice in which germs can lodge and destroys them at the start.

Unlike any other form of throat prophylaxis, Formamint protects you at the very moment when infection is most likely to occur. Whenever your bodily resistances are low, in crowds, or when you must come into close contact with people with colds or sore throats—you can carry Formamint with you. You will enjoy its refreshing taste. Get a bottle today. All druggists have it.

Formamint
GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

To avoid infection, dissolve a Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

On receipt of four cents for postage, we will send you a pocket-case containing five Formamint Tablets. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. D-3, 113 West 18th St., New York City.

INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

BRITISH LABOR'S CAPITAL LEVY PLAN

THE British Labor party's advocacy of a capital levy to pay off the war debt was so much of an issue during the recent campaigning in England that it is interesting to note just what the plan is, as outlined by its sponsors. In a statement issued by the Labor party and summarized in a London dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, it is asserted that the mass of people would not be affected by the levy, that "many of those taxable would be profiteers who enriched themselves in the World War and ought now to do their part toward paying its cost," that trade would not be unduly affected because the tax would be paid only by individuals and not by the corporations in which the bulk of the nation's capital is invested. The tax, described in the Labor party platform as "a non-recurring, graduated war debt redemption levy on all individual fortunes over $25,000, to be devoted solely to the reduction of the debt," would, we read in *The Evening Post*, be levied like this:

Fortunes of £5,000 would be exempt, and £5,000 of every estate exceeding that amount would also be free. The proposed scale of the levy increases progressively from 5 per cent. on fortunes over £5,000 and under £6,000 to 60 per cent. on those exceeding £1,000,000.

The unfortunate owner of capital amounting to but not exceeding £1,000,000 would suddenly find himself deprived of more than half his wealth, as £1,000,000 would be taxed at the rate of 50.3 per cent., but the opinion may be hazarded that the suffering under this schedule would not be very wide-spread.

A more critical discussion of the capital levy plan appears in a London letter written by Mr. Herbert N. Casson to *The Wall Street Journal*. The writer observes that $15,000,000,000, the sum Ramsay Macdonald says his party would expect to raise is twice as much as all the debts owed to England by her allies and colonies, and twice as much as Germany has offered to pay in reparations. Mr. Casson offers the explanation that:

Forty per cent. of this levy would be taken from people whose fortunes are under $500,000. The tax begins at 5 per cent. and rises to 60 per cent.

A man worth $25,000 would be robbed of $2,500. If he has $100,000 he would lose $14,000. And if he had $2,500,000 he would lose $1,200,000.

And then, says *The Wall Street Journal's* correspondent, "all this violent plundering would defeat its own ends. Fortunes would disappear. They would go where they are safe—to Holland or the Jersey Islands." Finally, the writer has a word to say about European experience with this kind of tax:

Altogether, there have been seven attempts at capital levies in Europe since the war.

Germany had one and raised $5,000,000 instead of $250,000,000, as she had planned to do.

Czecho-Slovakia had one, but it had to be modified out of existence. The original law has never been carried out.

Hungary had one, and the main result was to chase capital to other countries.

Austria had one, for the purpose of improving the currency, and it was a failure.

Italy had one three years ago, and up to the present it has produced $85,000,000; but it was a very moderate levy—more like an extra income tax.

Switzerland had a referendum on a capital levy and voted against it—seven to one. But the mere proposal has had a most disastrous effect on the prosperity of the Swiss.

France, too, rejected the capital levy when it was proposed by M. Klotz, several years ago.

HOW GENERAL MOTORS WILL MAKE ITS EXECUTIVES PARTNERS

THE General Motors Corporation, which is controlled by the Du Ponts, has evolved a plan for making "special partners" of its leading executives. President Alfred G. Sloan, of the Corporation, explains that "in a great structure such as the General Motors Corporation, where problems and operation are so diversified, where capital must be employed and plants operated in the best interests of the corporation as a whole, where new capital injected should be supplied where it will do the most good, it is important to find, develop and retain, men to occupy important managerial positions, who are capable of assuming great authority and responsibilities that make these positions important." The General Motors plan, explains the New York *Tribune*, involves a complicated piece of corporation financing. *The Wall Street Journal* notes that the scheme includes the formation of a subsidiary corporation to be known as the Managers Security Corporation, by means of which the important managers of the company will be able to purchase General Motors common stock at a very low price, and will be able to share in the motor company's profits in excess of a specified minimum rate. The details are too involved for repetition here. The chief features of the plan in its general aspects, are thus briefly summarized in the news columns of *The Wall Street Journal:*

1. It gives important employees of the corporation an interest in common with the stockholders and enables them to view broadly and understand the policies necessary to coordinate the various ramifications of the business and thus secure proper return to the stockholders. This desirable result is secured at a minimum expense to stockholders.

2. It enables these employees by the

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

investment of only $5,000,000 to secure an equity in common stock of the corporation at present valued at more than $33,000,000, which holds attractive possibilities of enhancement in value before the expiration of the plan.

3. It enables the Du Pont Co. to liquidate a substantial portion of its General Motors holdings under conditions which will not be detrimental to the value of the remainder of its holdings nor to those of other General Motors stockholders.

The president of General Motors, adds *The Wall Street Journal*, "pointed out that while this plan is designed purposely to apply only to the managing executives, the company also has an employees' bonus system and a savings and investment fund. The bonus system provides for reward of conspicuous service by an annual compensation in common stock. In the savings and investment fund any employee may deposit regularly a portion of his salary, the corporation adding 50 per cent. over a period of five years to every dollar deposited and paying interest at 6 per cent."

STANDARD OIL'S INDUSTRIAL PLATFORM

WHAT might be called "the industrial platform" of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was recently summed up by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a dinner of the employees of the country. It seems to Mr. Rockefeller that the great corporation with which his name is associated has taken a high stand in regard to industrial relations. This is the way he interprets its attitude from the public utterances of officers and published reports of the Company, as quoted in the New York *Times:*

1. That there are four parties to industry—the stockholders, who provide the capital; the management, which brings technical and managerial ability; the workers, who furnish manual skill, and the public, which supplies the market. All four parties are essential; their interests are common interests; the well-being of each is dependent upon just and proper consideration of the others.

2. That labor and capital are partners, not enemies; that the bitterness, antagonism and warfare that too often exist between them is quite as much the fault of capital as of labor, and can be replaced by confidence, cooperation and friendliness only as misunderstanding gives way to a common appreciation of the other's problems and point of view; that this result is most readily brought about through frequent contact between the employees and the executives of the company, for the discussion of matters of common interest.

3. That the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day are uneconomic and antisocial, hence bad business; that the worker is a human being, not a machine; that he does his best work when he has adequate opportunity for home life, recreation, self-improvement and worship. One day's rest in seven and a working day of reasonable length is the standard which has been set up in the company and is being extended into the various branches of its business as rapidly as is practicable.

Your banker's confidence is worth gaining

SOMEWHERE in your city there is a man who is planning to expand his business—to branch out in a new direction.

He has a lot of confidence in his opportunity.

What he may not realize, however, is that certain economic forces may not be favorable just at that time for what he has in mind.

Right now is where the advice and cooperation of a banker may well prove invaluable.

A banker has an intense interest in the development of the country's resources. With this he has broad experience, an eye for conditions and a habit of discounting the future.

You will find your home banker ready to give a willing ear and the help of his counsel to people who are determined to make use of their opportunities.

Not the least of his services is his ability to execute your personal and commercial banking business in New York.

THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

16-22 WILLIAM STREET
FIFTH AVE. OFFICE, 475 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

CHARTERED IN 1822
"FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCOMMODATING THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE"

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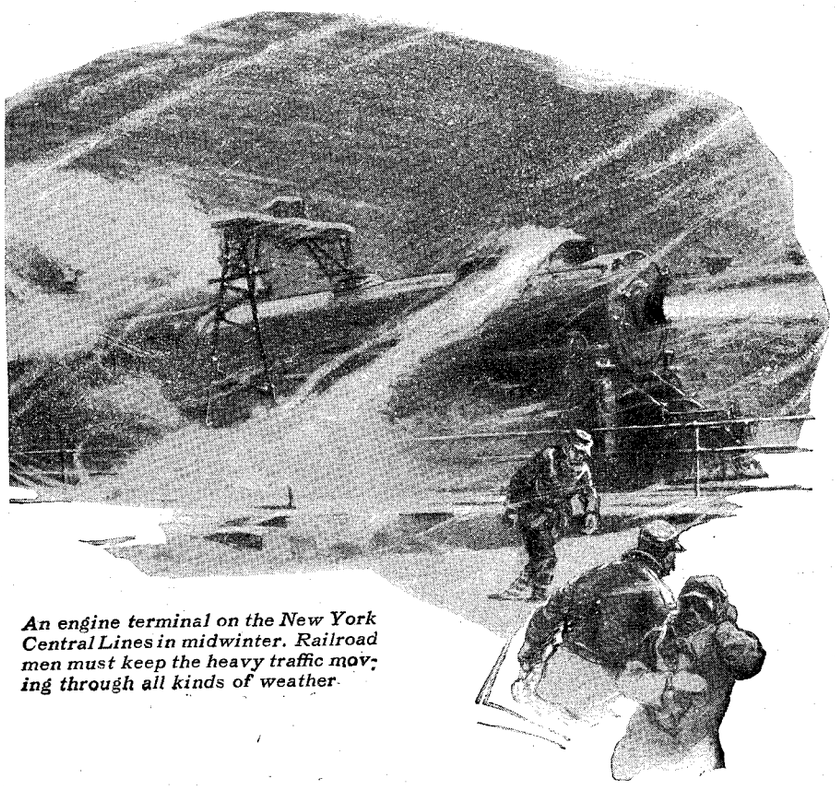

An engine terminal on the New York Central Lines in midwinter. Railroad men must keep the heavy traffic moving through all kinds of weather.

Achievement

THE American railroads in 1923 hauled the largest tonnage in their history—and with an efficiency of operation never before paralleled.

To this achievement the New York Central Lines contributed a notable measure of public service.

The very heavy program of rehabilitation inaugurated by the New York Central Lines immediately following the termination of Federal control—involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars for new equipment and larger facilities—placed this railroad system in a position to meet the growing traffic demands of the great territory it serves.

While car loadings throughout the country for the first eleven months of 1923 showed an increase of 27% over 1921, and 16.5% over 1922, the New York Central Lines gained 44.3% over 1921, and 19% over 1922.

The New York Central program of expansion—in anticipation of the greater traffic demands of the coming years—is going steadily on.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 18.—The Mexican Federal troops take Puebla and San Marcos, the strategic point between Vera Cruz and Mexico City, according to dispatches from Mexico.

Former Prime Minister Asquith announces that the Liberal party will not form a coalition with either the Conservative or Labor party, but remain free from all alliances.

December 19.—King George and Queen Elizabeth leave Greece at the request of the Government, pending settlement by the Constituent Assembly of the question whether the country shall continue as a monarchy or take some other form of government.

Revolutionary headquarters in Vera Cruz report a general retreat of the Obregon forces from Apizaco.

Dr. John Henry Jowett, eminent Congregational preacher, known on both sides of the Atlantic, dies at his home at Belmont, near Croydon, England, in his sixtieth year.

December 20.—Three towns in Sonora, Mexico—Granades, Huasbas and Opto—are reported razed by an earthquake.

Admiral Coundouriotis assumes the regency of Greece, and a group representing 4,000 officers of the Greek Army and Navy telegraph to former Premier Venizelos in Paris urging him to return to Greece.

The Reparations Commission selects Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; Sir Josiah Stamp, economic and statistical authority, and Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, as British experts on the committees which are to investigate Germany's financial situation.

Revolutionary forces under General Guadalupe Sanchez are reported to have captured Apizaco and four other towns in their march on Mexico City, from where they are now said to be 35 miles distant.

December 21.—Georg Tchitcherin, Soviet Foreign Minister, denies in a statement issued at Moscow that the Soviet Government had sent communications to the American Workers party or had any negotiations whatsoever with that party. Such documents as purport to prove the contrary, he says, are forgeries.

December 22.—The Council of Ministers in the Greek Government invites former Premier Venizelos to return to Greece, offering him complete liberty of initiative and imposing no conditions.

December 23.—Cuernavaca, capital of the State of Morelos, about forty miles south of Mexico City, has been captured by rebel troops under General Figueroa, according to a statement issued by revolutionary headquarters at Vera Cruz.

Pope Pius XI holds his third public consistory and creates two new cardinals, Monsignor Lucidi and Monsignor Gallo.

The release of prisoners from internment camps and jails in the Irish Free State continues rapidly. The releases include Republican deputies elected at the last election and some of the members of Eamon de Valera's rival republican administration.

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DOMESTIC

December 18.—Secretary Hughes replies to the recent note from the Soviet Russian Government offering certain guaranties in exchange for recognition by saying that "if the Soviet authorities are ready to repeal their decree repudiating Russia's obligations to this country and recognize them, they can do so," and that "it requires no conference or negotiations to accomplish these results, which can and should be achieved at Moscow as evidence of good faith."

Senator Watson of Indiana introduces a bill to appropriate about $27,000,000 of accrued interest deposited in the Treasury under the trading-with-the-enemy act for the purchase of wheat and fats for the sufferers in Germany.

December 19.—Henry Ford, who had been considered a potential Presidential candidate, endorses President Coolidge for nomination and election.

December 20.—Representative James A. Frear of Wisconsin offers a resolution calling for the investigation of the administration of Gen. Leonard Wood as Governor-General of the Philippines.

December 21.—Frank Irving Cobb, editor of the New York *World*, dies at his home in New York, in his 55th year.

December 22.—Master Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, designated by General Pershing as "the outstanding American soldier in the World War," the possessor of ten military decorations, is retired with full military honors at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, after twenty-two years and five months of service.

Application for a review of the impeachment of former Governor Walton of Oklahoma is made in the United States Supreme Court by his attorneys. The petition alleges prejudice by the Oklahoma Senate, which tried the Governor, and by the House of Representatives, which preferred the impeachment charges.

December 23.—Secretary Hughes announces he has an original copy of the *Izviestia*, official organ of the Soviet régime, which shows close connection between the Soviet Republic and the Communist Internationale, which he alleges has been conducting propaganda against the American system of government.

In Conference

There was a tired business man, a member of that busy clan that shields itself from prying eye behind that good old alibi— "In Conference."

He rested in his office chair and ducked a lot of toil and care and smoked cigars in sweet content, and thus his busy hours were spent— "In Conference."

Came anxious strangers by the score to camp outside his office door, and angrily they went their way, for he was busy all the day— "In Conference."

And so he died, and at the gate an angel bade him stand and wait and said to him with frowning brow, "St. Peter's mighty busy now— In Conference."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Natural Philosophy.—"Nature is a grand thing," said Jones. "It is wonderful to think of how nature brings the seed to shoot, the shoot to plant, the plant to bud, the bud to blossom and the blossom to fruit."

"Yeah," said Bingham, "you're right. An' didn't nature act sensible when it put four legs on a quadruped so'd t'hold up all th' corners!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Mr. Cole Still Hangs On

—Mr. Cole can't let go. Down to work—home again—down again tomorrow. Pretty hard on a man of his age—sixty or thereabouts!

Things look gloomy for Mr. Cole. In a year or so he'll *have* to stop. He and his wife will get along somehow—but exactly how, Mr. Cole himself couldn't tell you....

He could have saved himself all this. The means were simple—the alternative, terrible. The future was easy to forget—until it became the present.

Happily, the Mr. Coles' are becoming fewer. Every year more men realize the wisdom of laying aside money. Old age endowment insurance assures them a comfortable income when they need it most—or an income which goes to their dependents should they die prematurely.

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The Provident Mutual plan, as it is carefully arranged by our representatives to suit the individual case, is accomplishing great good in lessening the most pathetic form of poverty. Consult your nearest Provident Representative concerning a plan of old age endowment insurance for you today. If you do not know his address write to the Company itself.

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What Should a "Young Liberal" Read?

WHEN Somerset Maugham was visiting in this country recently a "young liberal" from the West with literary aspirations wrote and asked him to prescribe a course of reading. Mr. Maugham replied and listed twelve books. Both letters appear in the January INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW and around them Richard Le Gallienne has built an interesting speculation as to the literary influences which have molded the author of "The Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage." . . .

In this issue Frank Swinnerton, the distinguished English novelist, turns his critical mind to an examination of American literature. One of Mr. Swinnerton's duties, when he isn't occupied with writing, is to read manuscripts for a well-known English publishing house, and he has wide knowledge of the best and worst in current literary efforts both in England and America. In his article, "American Literature from the Outside," he names some of the American writers who have interested him—and there is a long line of them, from Louisa M. Alcott to Sinclair Lewis. . . .

Rebecca West, who is known in England as a brilliant critic as well as novelist, reviews Arnold Bennett's latest book, "Riceyman Steps."

Here are a few of the other important books reviewed in this issue:

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
Reviewed by
T. R. Ybarra

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD
By
Leonard Merrick
Reviewed by
Alexander Black

THE OVERCOAT, AND OTHER STORIES
By
Nicolay Gogol
Reviewed by
John Middleton Murry

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1915
By
Winston Spencer Churchill
Reviewed by
Henry E. Armstrong

YOUNG FELIX
By
Frank Swinnerton
Reviewed by
Edwin Björkman

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA
By
Charles M. Doughty
Reviewed by
Isaac Anderson

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"E. P.," Detroit, Mich.—Of the terms cited, he following were sponsored by "The Academy," ondon, in a literary (?) competition conducted few years ago.

Bluedomer—One who declines to go to church ecause, he says, he worships God "under the lue dome of heaven."

Conflumption—Muddle, catastrophe.

Croton—An occurrence that enables you to crow ver another person.

Flopulent—A method of sitting down or reclin- ig attributed to stout persons.

Glug—[New Sense]— A greasy mud peculiar o streets of large cities.

Gluxy—An adjective denoting the quality that not oily, or creamy, or glutinous, but something f each.

Quinnedingles—Irrelevancies and trivialities.

Roofer—A letter, written after staying with a iend, to express your gratitude for the pleasure ou have had under his roof.

Screel—To feel the sensation produced by hear- ig a knife edge squeal on a plate.

Scrungle—The feeling of hearing a slate pencil queaked on a slate.

Sinequanonymous—Most essential.

Smarmy—Saying treacly things that do not ound genuine.

Tilge—A decoction of tea that has stood too ng, whether warm or cold.

Twink—A testy person full of kinks and cranks.

Whifflesnent—Object of small importance.

The definitions quoted above are supplied rom the pages of "The Academy" itself.

The wisdom of omitting these and of keeping hem on file to watch to what extent they might ome into use has proved the justification of heir omission. Altho the terms have been several ears before the public, only three instances of heir appearance in print have been sent to the ditorial rooms of FUNK & WAGNALLS STANDARD DICTIONARY.

"D. C.," Oakley, Idaho.—"Is there such a word s *auto-intoxication*, and if so, what does it mean?"

Yes, there is. *Autointoxication* is the same as *utotoxication*, which is "the poisoning of the ody, or of some part of the body, by toxic matter enerated therein."

"O. C. D.," Albany, N. Y.—A *moron* is "a erson whose mental capacity has been arrested luring development and who represents mentally he condition of a child of 12 years of age."

"G. T. W. P.," Iowa City, Ia.—The name *Inge* s pronounced *ing—i* as in *hit*, *g* as in *gin*.

"J. E. S.," New York City.—The word *crux* is pronounced *kruks—u* as in *but*.

"N. D. S.," Jamestown, N. Y.—"Kindly tell me how to pronounce the name *Montague*. What is the origin of the name?"

The name *Montague* or *Montagu* is pronounced *mon'ta-giu—o* as in *not*, *a* as in *final*, *iu* as *eu* in *feud*.

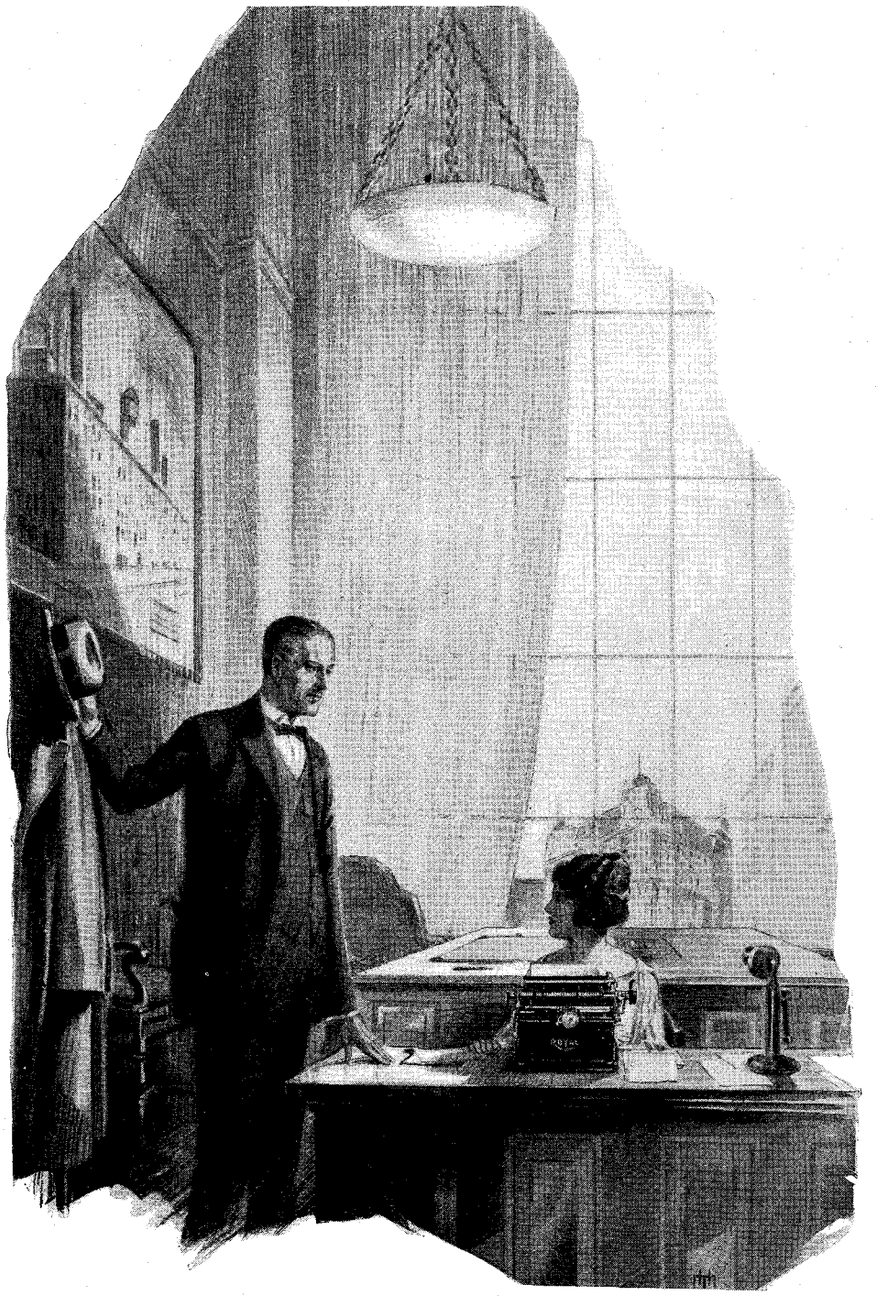
The name which came into English from the French is of Latin origin, and means "belonging to *Montaigu* (Normandy)." Here *Montaigu* equals *Peaked Hill;* from French *mont* (Latin *mons, mont-is*, a hill) plus French *aigu* (Latin *acutus*, pointed). This name was Latinized in medieval documents *de Monte Acuto*.

There are a *Montaigu* and a *Montaigu-les-Bois* in the Manche Department in France.

"R. O. Y.," Ogallala, Nebr.—"Please give me the correct pronunciation of *Camilli Saint-Saëns*."

The name *Camille Saint-Saëns* is pronounced *ka"mil'* (*a* as in *art*, *i* as in *police*) (not *Camilli*) *san"-sans'* (first *a* as in *fat*, *n's* with a nasal sound, second *a* as in *art*. The final *s* is silent.

"A. S. C.," Chicago, Ill.—*Foci* is pronounced *fo'sai—o* as in *go*, *ai* as in *aisle; posterior* is pronounced *pos-ti'ri-ar—o* as in *not*, first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*.



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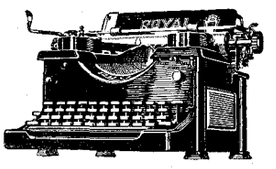

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Reason Enough.—Bananas grow wild in many parts of the world, it is announced. Who can blame them?—*London Opinion.*

Unique.—THE LADY—"I wonder why the artist has called this picture 'Home'?"

THE MAN—"Because there's no place like it, I should say."—*London Opinion.*

Concealing the Evidence.—JUDGE—"This man says that after he fired a shot, he saw you run from his chicken-coop."

RASTUS JOHNSING—"He could easy be mistaken, jedge. Fast ez Ah was runnin', it mought have been some one else what faintly resembles me."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Base Canard?—The boy furrowed his brow over the examination question, "What is a canard?" At last he wrote down his reply, "Something you canardly believe." He still finds it painful to sit down!—*London Post.*

Too Late.—OLD GENTLEMAN (engaging a new chauffeur)—"I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?"

CHAUFFEUR—"I'm sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service."—*Punch (London).*

It All Depends.—The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Cheap Work.—DOCTOR'S WIFE—"I see in the paper where a man was killed for three dollars."

DOCTOR (absently)—"What a small fee! The fellow who did the work must have a fake diploma."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Spreading Beauty.—TRAMP—"Would you please subscribe half-a-crown to my fund for beautifying the village?"

THE VICAR—"But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?"

TRAMP—"By moving on to the next village!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

Lucky Dog.—HE—"Ah, your little dog has an enviable position!"

SHE—"Do you mean because he is always with me?"

HE—"Not exactly, but I was just thinking how happy I would be if I had some one to pay all my taxes for me!"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Kind Boy.—AFFABLE VISITOR—"Well, and do you do a good deed every day, Tommy?"

TOMMY—"Yes, sir. Yesterday, I visited my aunt in the country, and she was glad. To-day, I came back home again, and she was glad again!"—*The Humorist (London).*

Probably Would.—When a man gives a motor cop a tale of wo, the cop merely says: "Tell it to the judge."

But when a pretty girl gives the cop a dazzling smile, he doesn't advise her to try that on the judge.

He knows it would probably work.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*with benevolent intentions*): "Are you the same persons who played here last year?"

CHORUS (*anxiously*): "No, sir! I swear it wasn't us, sir."

—*London Humorist.*

Forced to It.—"I was only acting the part of peacemaker," explained a prisoner.

"But you knocked the man senseless!" said the magistrate.

"I did," was the answer. "There was no other way to get peace."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A Rogues' Gallery.—An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was haled before the bar of justice in a country town.

"Ye're charged with bein' drunk and disorderly," snapt the magistrate. "Have ye anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the prisoner in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so timid as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so—"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Ninety days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think they're as bad as he is."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Modern Art.—FRIEND—"Yes. It's fine picture of a lady. But where is th motor-car that ran over her?"—*Karik turen (Christiania).*

How We Help.—America is a nation progress and radio is one of our new racket Marconi may have discovered it. He ma have made it possible. But we are makir it impossible.—*Baltimore American.*

Placing the Blame.—KEEN, BUT NE VOUS, AMATEUR—"I say, old chap, wha shall I do if they ask me to sing?"

CANDID FRIEND—"Do? Why, sing, course—It'll be their ow fault!"—*The Humori (London).*

Why So Many?—"What's the use your putting your ha in the ring? You haven a chance of beir elected."

"I know that," an swered Senator So ghum; "but a little pul licity that involves me tion of high office isn going to hurt anybody. —*Washington Star.*

The Problem.—Sh was bidding her lover fond farewell, for he wa going on a prolonge business trip round th world.

Tearfully she clung t him and asked: "M dear Adolf, will you b true to me when you ar far away? Promise m that you will write t me from every town yo visit!"

And as he gathere her in his arms, he cried "Oh, Ada, is it love tha prompts you to say this? Ada, swear t me, do you really love me—or are yo merely collecting foreign postage stamps?" —*Calgary Daily Herald.*

Aside from That.—AUTHOR—"Have you read my new book?"

FRIEND—"Yes."

AUTHOR—"What do you think o it?"

FRIEND—"Well, to be candid with you I think the covers are too far apart."—*Calgary Daily Herald.*

A Willing Sacrifice.—"Mamma," said little Elsie, "I do wish I had some money to give you for the poor children."

Her mother, wishing to teach her the lesson of self-sacrifice, said: "Very well, dear; if you would like to go without sugar for a week I'll give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered solemnly for a moment and then said: "Must it be sugar, mamma?"

"Why, no, darling, not necessarily. What would you like to do without?"

"Soap, mamma," was Elsie's answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

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